



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07079668 9





2/19
004

OUR MONTHLY.

A

MAGAZINE

—OF—

Religion and Literature.

VOLUME III.—JAN. TO JUNE, 1871.



164/21

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

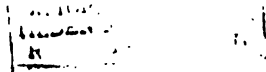
CINCINNATI:

THE PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE COMPANY.

1871.

DONATED BY THE
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
NEW YORK CITY

972381



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871,
BY THE PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE COMPANY,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

WILSTACH, BALDWIN & CO.,
PRINTERS,
Nos. 141 and 143 Race st.,
CINCINNATI.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.

A.	PAGE.		PAGE.
Ancient Coins Found in Holy Soil. Dr. Robert Morris.....	37, 121	Sin Against the Holy Ghost. B. P. Aydelotte, D. D.....	201
Alexandria of the Ptolemies. Prof. J. C. Moffat, D. D.....	106, 336	Shan O'Neil and the Irish Scots. Prof. Wm. M. Blackburn, D. D.....	251
Among the Trees. Harriet A. Farraud.....	203	Sidereal Systems. Prof. Daniel Kirkwood.....	301
Abelard. D. M.....	376	U.	
B.		Under the Yoke. Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, 112, 180, 291, 325	
Bible and Temperance, The. Rev. Jas. B. Dunn.....	425	V.	
C.		Victories of Science. Prof. J. E. Nourse, U. S. N.....	367
Continental Politics. N. C. Burt, D. D.....	447	POETRY.	
E.		A.	
Edgar A. Poe.....	52	At Set of Sun. Samuel W. Duffield.....	195
Eye and Its Structure, The. E. Williams, M. D.....	376	B.	
F.		Borrowed Wings. Edgar A. Fawcett.....	381
Floral Metamorphosis. Claude Iris.....	191	D.	
G.		De Fide. Rev. T. Hempstead.....	189
Good Card for Ireland, A. Prof. William M. Blackburn, D. D.....	48	Dying Flower, The. (From the German of Buckert.) C. L. T.....	453
I.		F.	
Impending Reorganisation of Eastern Europe. W. F. M.....	130	Feast of the Zephyrs. Rev. Arthur T. Pierson.....	56
L.		Found Drowned. A. A. E. T.....	111
Life of the Prophet Hosea. Prof. W. Henry Green, D. D.....	40, 139	I.	
Leaves from the Note-Book of a Village Doctor.....	90, 196, 285, 345, 417	In April when the Leaves were Young. L. G. P.....	273
M.		L.	
Mantle of Elijah. Geo. Lee.....	5, 85, 165, 257, 351, 431	Lethe. Claude Iris.....	300
My Sister's Wedding. Edgar Fawcett.....	28, 101	Muriel. Edgar Fawcett.....	430
Morristown and Washington. Pres. J. F. Tuttle, D. D.....	216, 277	M.	
N.		My Birthday. Mary A. Ford.....	129
Notable Women of Christianity. Prof. L. J. Halsey, D. D.....	18	O.	
Nursery Witch, The. W. W. Woodson.....	371	Old Year, The. Nellie.....	64
O.		P.	
Our Hospitals and Our Charity. Prof. Wm. Clendenin, M. D.....	61	Prairie Farmer. Rev. T. Hempstead.....	342
Our Polity. Rev. Francis J. Patton.....	273	S.	
P.		Saul of Tarsus. Rev. T. Hempstead.....	25
Progress of Reason, The. Rev. D. Swing.....	177	Serenade. C. L. T.....	47
Pulpit Casual, The. Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.....	405	Sufficient unto the Day. Samuel W. Duffield.....	367
Presbyterian Weakness, The.....	443	T.	
Plantation of Ulster, The. Prof. Wm. M. Blackburn, D. D.....	455	Tongues of Flame. C. L. T.....	215
S.		OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.	
Scots in Ireland, The. Prof. Wm. M. Blackburn, D. D.....	124	A.	
		A Teacher's Counsel. (Poetry.) Thos. McDougall.....	233
		At the Window. (Poetry.) Edgar Fawcett.....	465
		B.	
		Battles of English History: Hastings, Ban-	
		nockburn, Cressy, Poitiers, and Ajincourt.	
		"Bound O.".....	160, 310, 460

	PAGE.		PAGE.
C.		Earthquake-proof Church.....	473
Cash (Poetry.).....	73	Early Crowned. (Poetry.) L. P. M.....	159
Crusade of the Children. A Parlor Lecture.		Encouragement.....	160
Gertrude Mason.....	383	Friendly Chat.....	238
Child's Prayer. (Poetry.).....	155	Female Intemperance.....	394
F.		Forms of Address.....	76
Frost Elf, The. What Lenny saw on New Year's		Hill-top Letters—The Fashions.....	79
Day. E. W. Keith.....	153	“ “ —Fashions at Church.....	157
Fairy Under the Pulpit. Amelia Lefferts.....	304	“ “ —Fashionable Calling.....	474
G.		Heavenly Sign, The. (Poetry.) Louis Munson.	77
Goat Moth, The. Rev. Samuel Findley.....	227	Jesus and I will Bear It. (Poetry.) Louis Munson.	238
Guilty Conscience, A. (Poetry.) Edgar Fawcett.....	399	Kind Words.....	156
I.		Little Shops.....	396
Idle Myth, An. October.....	404	Lawyers and Ministers.....	473
L.		Mistaken Prophet.....	235
Legend of Cannon Mountain. N. M. Colles,		Noble Letter.....	234
65, 146, 224		No Pure Water. Gertrude Mason.....	156
Luna Moth, The. Rev. Samuel Findley.....	380	Out with the Boys. E. O. Dana.....	159
M.		Our Greeting.....	75
May-Day in Ye Olden Time. E. W. Keith.....	469	Our Serial.....	394
N.		Our Mission. (Poetry.) Emma C. Kennedy.....	398
Nothing That I Want. Olive Thorne.....	231	Our Third Volume.....	471
P.		Same Old Hash.....	475
Peacock Moth, The. Rev. Samuel Findley.....	68	The Fashions Again.....	237
R.		The Good Wine. (Poetry.).....	395
Ruth Deane's Birthday. Olive Thorne.....	466	That Chimney.....	398
W.		Those Mice.....	77
Wire-Working. Olive Thorne.....	73	Those Waiters.....	236
OUR MISCELLANY.		Truth.....	160
Abounding Iniquity—Waning Piety.....	474	Under the Yoke.....	239
Architecture of Liberal Christianity.....	158	Women's Associations.....	77
Bennie's Surprise. (Poetry.) Mrs. N. M. Stewart.....	157	With You Alway. (Poetry.) M. B. C.....	236
Chicago Side Show.....	471	Woman Again, and her Rights.....	471
Churchless, The.....	156	Young Idleboy.....	235
Day of Rain. (Poetry.) Annetta Darr.....	473	OUR BOOK TABLE.....	80, 161, 240, 320, 399, 476
Domestic Labor at a Premium. Gertrude Mason.....	397	OUR GLEANINGS.....	83, 164, 243, 323, 404, 47

14



OUR MONTHLY.

A

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY--1871.

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH.

BY GEORGE LEE.

FRONTISPIECE.

SNOW! Snow on the housetops, where it lies white and pure; snow in the streets, where it is soon converted into a muddy slush; snow on the trees, on the fences, on the meadows, and flying in big, damp flakes in the chilly air; snow on the hats and overcoats of hurrying pedestrians, and on the broad backs of the teamsters, who cower and shiver on their high seats as they impatiently urge on their steaming horses; snow lying white and untrodden in the narrow lane, leading whither nobody wants to go, on the wooden steps of a decayed and perishing house, in a mean little room of which is a woman and a boy. The boy is lame, and the woman is dying.

"Johnny, my darling," she says feebly, "is it snowing yet?"

"Yes, dear mamma, as hard as ever it can."

She draws a long, long sigh, then says again:

"Johnny, my darling!"

"Yes, dear mamma."

"Are you *sure* the minister said he would come to-day?"

"Real sure, mamma. He said he would be here by noon."

"What time is it now?"

The little boy climbs upon a chair, and after studying for a moment the face of the clock, which ticks on its unpainted wooden shelf, says slowly:

"Half-after 'leven; but I know he'll come."

She draws another long breath, like one who is wayworn and weary, and stretches out a pitifully thin, white hand.

He goes to her and puts his own small hand into that poor thin one.

"You will be seven years old to-morrow, Johnny."

"Yes, just seven, mamma."

"What do you think will become of you when I am dead?"

"I don't know, mamma," he says, clinging to her and beginning to weep.

"You have been a great comfort to me, my darling—a better son than your wicked mother has ever deserved. You are like your father, dear child," she continues, softly stroking his forehead. "You never saw him—not even his picture. I gave it to your sister. Poor little Maggie! I wonder if she is alive."

He says nothing—only weeps, his head on her pillow.

"You are too young to understand it, Johnny; but you will know some day I have done you wrong. I am dying now, as I deserve to die, in poverty and disgrace, unknown and uncared for by anybody in all the world. But I have repented of my sin, O, long ago! and my punishment has been bitter, very bitter, my poor child, but just. I want you to promise me, Johnny, that when you have grown to be a man and know, as you will know then, who your poor mother was—and how sinful, but how penitent—O, how very, very sorry, my darling, and how terrible her punishment was; I want you to promise that you will forgive her, and try to think kindly of her. Promise me, my child."

He is looking wonderingly into her face, but promises, and she adds in a fainter voice:

"You will never forget this, will you? Promise me you will never forget it."

He promises this also, and again lays his head beside hers on the pillow. Drawing his face to hers, she kisses him, not once but many times, and holds him to her cheek almost convulsively.

"So like your father!" she murmurs at length, drawing back her head to look at him. "So like your father!" Then, after a moment's silence: "He was a good man, a noble, kind, generous man; and I—God forgive me!—killed him." She lies with her eyes closed, and there is perfect stillness in the room save only the ticking of the clock.

The sound of wheels is heard, and a man drives up to the door. He alights, and tying his horse to the fence, gently knocks.

"He's come! mamma! He's come! I'm going to the door to let him in."

The minister takes her hand, kindly, and asks her how she is.

"O I am so glad—so glad you have come! I was afraid I should die without seeing you. You are very kind. I want to talk with you about my

child." And she looks wistfully into his face with her large gray eyes.

"I got your letter," he says, "in which you intrusted him to my care. And, though at a loss to understand why you have chosen me to be his guardian, further than that I am a clergyman, nevertheless, I shall consider the trust a sacred one."

His hasty termination of the sentence is apparently caused by a look of anxiety on her countenance.

"I have made arrangements for taking him into my own family. He shall be cared for, even as my own son, dear madam."

"That is enough," she answers, the anxiety disappearing from her face. "I know he will be in good hands. You will train him up to be a good man. His father was a good man."

"God helping me, I will," says the minister, earnestly.

"This is the package," she whispers, taking one from under her pillow and placing it in his hand—"the one I spoke about in my letter —."

She seems desirous of speaking further. Her lips move, but no sound comes from them. She puts out her hand again, and for the last time draws the little lame boy's face to hers. The clergyman kneels at her bedside, and prays.

"My — husband."

It is a long, quivering breath; but on her still lips is a sweet, glad smile, as though it were a smile of greeting.

I thought then, however, only of its being a very sweet, glad smile. Looking back, and knowing what I now know, it seems a smile of greeting.

"Ah! there are many things in life, the true significance of which we fail to see, except as we look back upon them through the lights and shadows of after years!"

And is it not a pleasant thought—surely we may entertain it—that when *all* of our existence here is something past and finished, we shall be able, from our stand-point on the Other Side, to better comprehend its meaning?

CHAPTER I.

AT THE PARSONAGE.

I was just turned seven when the Rev. Elijah Trowbridge introduced me to his family. It was a long time ago, yet I have a distinct recollection of the occasion.

It was late in November, 1847, the day before Thanksgiving. The air was full of vapor, which seemed uncertain whether to fall in rain or snow. It was a raw, chilly atmosphere, causing the noses of such travelers as we met to exhibit an inflamed appearance, and to require frequent applications of a pocket-handkerchief. Our ride was a long, dismal and, for the most part, a perfectly silent one. Mr. Trowbridge was wrapped in his own reflections, and I was too deeply affected by the events of the past few days, and the novelty of my present condition, to volunteer any remarks. So I snuggled up to his side as closely as I dared, and peeped out over the buffalo robe, in curious expectancy, at every house we approached. I had been told that I was to live in a parsonage, and my imagination ran riot in its endeavors to picture the edifice so named. I thought a parsonage must be some very remarkable place, indeed; something like a church, perhaps; and, O, delightful thought! possessed of a steeple. How nice to live in a house with a steeple on it! But when, just as the gloomy day was darkening into night, Mr. Trowbridge suddenly reined up his horse at the gate of a little red house, standing far back from the road, and marked by no distinguishing feature whatever, I could hardly believe my senses.

"Is this the parsonage?" I asked doubtfully.

"Yes," said Mr. Trowbridge, lifting me to the ground, "this is the parsonage."

"I don't see any steeple," I faltered.

"Very likely. The steeple is on the church."

"Don't parsonages have steeples?"

"No; not as a general thing," he replied, with a grave smile. My questions seemed to amuse him. I was disappointed, and limped along by his side in a state of considerable mental bewilderment. He ushered me into a room where was a tall, middle-aged lady, getting supper. She kissed me with genuine tenderness and hoped, in a rather weak voice, that I was pretty well. It afterwards dawned on my apprehension that this lady was a maiden sister of Mr. Trowbridge, and for the time being his housekeeper. She wore, on the evening in question and on all state occasions, as I afterwards learned, a stiff black silk, which rustled like a husk mattress, or a small corn-field stirred by a gentle breeze.

I was next introduced to my new brother. "Elisha," said his father, "this is the little boy I told you about, whose mother died the other day. Come and get acquainted with him." But Elisha only favored me with a prolonged stare, until, as I was turning away, he startled me by saying, in a terrific voice, "How are ye?"

I informed him that I was pretty well, and he maintained an unbroken silence until supper time.

The long ride had given me a famous appetite; and being unused to the ceremony of grace before meat, I seized the mug of milk, which stood by my plate, and prepared to refresh myself with a long drink. But Elisha burst into a fit of astonished laughter.

"Why, child, what are you laughing at?" said his aunt.

"Him. He was going to eat before pa asked the blessing."

This blunt reminder so disconcerted me that I poured the milk into my lap instead of down my throat, whereupon my new brother was so uproariously amused that his father summarily dismissed him from the table, greatly to my relief. Then the blessing was asked, and I got on with my supper very well except that Elisha distressed me by making faces and shaking his fist, from the kitchen, the door to which happened to be directly in front of my

chair. He continued his absurd grimaces and gestures, for some time, to his own infinite satisfaction apparently, but with no positive effect upon his sole and just then preoccupied spectator. At last, however, a crisis came. As I was in the act of drinking, looking over the rim of my cup at Elisha, he effected a maneuver, which so far surpassed all his former efforts, that my sense of the ridiculous was fairly touched and demanded instant expression. This, of course, brought on a violent fit of coughing and choking.

"What made you laugh so suddenly?" asked Miss Trowbridge; when, after a great deal of spluttering and gasping and swelling of veins on my part, and a vigorous thumping between my shoulder on hers, quiet was restored. Filled with shame and confusion at a so undignified mishap, I replied with some asperity,

"He was making up faces at me."

"Who? Elisha?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Elisha, come here."

He obeyed, rubbing his fists into his eyes, and protesting that he didn't make up no faces neither.

"Yes, you did!" I shouted wrathfully. "They were awful ones, too."

"Hush-h-h! Don't dispute about it, dear," said Miss Trowbridge, mildly.

"Elisha," said her brother, "you may go up stairs to bed, and stay there until you are sorry you told a lie."

"I'm sorry a'ready," was that young gentleman's frank confession, as he moved reluctantly toward the door. Being admonished by a movement of his father, he suddenly quickened his pace and disappeared up the stairway in a twinkling. Before two minutes had elapsed, however, I saw him cautiously peering around the door-post. Having caught my eye, he began another series of facial and bodily contortions. This exhibition might have continued indefinitely, had I not, after gazing at him for a moment with great admiration, promptly exploded into another fit of immoderate laughter.

"Why, what does possess the child?"

said Miss Trowbridge, looking at me with uplifted eyebrows. "I don't see anything to laugh at."

"He's making up faces again," I explained.

"I ain't neither!" halloed Elisha from the region up stairs, "and if I was, he couldn't see 'em. I'm in bed."

"He was right there in the doorway. I saw him," I asserted stoutly.

Mr. Trowbridge rose from the table and proceeded up the stairs. Before he reached the upper landing, Elisha could be heard snoring.

"Elisha," said his father, "were you making faces again?"

No answer.

"Elisha!"

"Elisha!"

But so deep was Elisha's sleep that no vocal emphasis could awaken him.

A succession of peculiar sounds, suggestive of rapid applications of an open hand upon a smooth and tolerable firm surface, such as may be found on the person of any well regulated boy, was soon accompanied by a discordant roar. The criminal speedily confessed his guilt, and sued for pardon, apparently with hearty contrition.

"When you feel like a good boy," said Mr. Trowbridge, "you may come down."

He came down immediately and presented himself at the table, as though nothing unusual had happened.

After supper we went into the parlor, where Elisha astonished and delighted me by making the cat "lighten." Getting me into a dark corner, he held Tabby by the neck with one hand, and with the other vigorously stroked her back in the wrong direction, an operation which produced sparks, much more to our edification than that to the unhappy victim of his manipulations. Tabby growled ominously.

"Hear the thunder?"

I nodded breathlessly.

"This kind of lightning never strikes anybody," he remarked philosophically. Alas for Elisha! Greater savans than he have paid the penalty of too carelessly experimenting with electricity—

and as for cats, their treachery is proverbial. This one in particular, had no notion of submitting to be handled roughly, even by an expounder of scientific phenomena. There was a prolonged growl, a fierce hissing sound, accompanied by a quick stroke of her velvet paws, and a bloody scratch appeared on the back of Elisha's left hand, the cause of which instantly escaped into the dining-room with rattling celerity. He gazed at his wounded member for a moment, in rueful astonishment, and then the full extent of his injury burst upon him, and his loud outcries brought Mr. Trowbridge from his study, and his aunt from her sewing, to the scene of his discomfiture.

The wound having been attended to, Miss Trowbridge said, calmly,

"Electricity, Elisha, is a very dangerous plaything under *any* circumstances, and cats especially, as I have often told you, do not love to be made galvanic batteries of. I don't wonder she scratched you."

These observations did not appear to comfort the sufferer much.

I afterwards discovered that Aunt Cynthia, though really one of the kindest souls alive, had a gift for making remarks of such exceeding wisdom and appositeness as was truly exasperating; and that she could draw a timely moral from the most trifling circumstance. If a person chanced to meet with any mishap, her pertinent words were to his soul as a mustard plaster to an inflamed skin. "*Similia similibus curantur*," seemed to be her principle of action, whenever we youngsters got into difficulty.

About nine, Mr. Trowbridge came in from his study, and conducted family worship. I was very tired, and during the prayer fell asleep, but was brought to consciousness again by Elisha's pricking me with a pin. He was detected by his aunt, and afterwards, in private, mildly reprimanded. She did not allude to it in Mr. Trowbridge's presence. The good lady's correctives were truly homeopathic, being administered in

small doses, with great frequency—the more so, probably, because they were so weak. It must be confessed, however, respecting her remedies for moral delinquency, that if they never did much good, they as certainly effected little harm. In general, they had no discernible effect whatever, beyond producing a slight temporary irritation.

Elisha's deportment during the exercise was certainly not devout. He tried a great variety of postures, from lying flat on his back to standing on his head—a feat which he performed with the skill of a trained acrobat. I recollect that on another occasion, similar to the one in question, he astonished and almost horrified me, by creeping out at the open door during the prayer, running completely around the house, and kneeling at his chair again without discovery; indeed, he seemed to know to a second when the amen would be said; and that word always found him in a proper attitude.

After prayers, Aunt Cynthia went with us to the little chamber overhead, and heard us repeat our own brief formulas before going to bed. Elisha rendered his petition in a loud voice, his eyes wide open. I had been accustomed to go through the exercise in a different manner, and my voice was scarcely audible. He maintained perfect silence until I had finished, when he remarked with an air of conviction:

"I know God didn't hear it, 'cause I couldn't more'n half hear from where I was."

"It isn't always those who pray the loudest that He hears the easiest, Elisha," replied Aunt Cynthia.

Aunt Cynthia was right.

When we were alone, my new brother told me he was sorry he had made faces at me, and pricked me, and that if I liked, we would sleep together. There were two beds in the room, but we both nestled into his, and he assured me of his desire to share with me everything he had.

"What made you lame?" he asked, suddenly.

I did not know.

"I do," he said; "God made you lame. He didn't make me lame, though, and I am glad of it. If any of the boys make fun of you 'cause you're lame, just tell me, and I'll give it to 'em. I can throw Fred. Williston, and he's a year older'n me."

"Who's Fred. Williston?" I asked.

But Elisha was asleep.

A few minutes later the door was gently opened, and a tall form came and stood at our bedside. I was not afraid, for I knew instinctively that it was Mr. Trowbridge. He stooped and kissed his boy, at the same time laying his hand tenderly on my own head. The moonlight flashed through a rift in the clouds, and came streaming in through the window, illuminating all the room. There was a look of unutterable love and yearning on his face, and his caress was like that of my mother, the day she died, for gentleness. He uttered something—I think it must have been a prayer; but I caught only these two words: "immortal souls."

The next morning he was grave and cold, and I was afraid of him again. I thought of his tenderness the night before, and was almost persuaded that I had dreamed a beautiful dream. It was not until many years afterwards that I knew for a certainty whether the vision was real.

But through all that long and terrible night, though the moon shone on thousands and thousands of pale, dead faces, it shone on none that were paler than was the living face of him who sat in that same chamber, by that same bed, and in anguish of soul, spoke the words of the grief-stricken king of Israel: "(O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

CHAPTER II.

FATHER AND SON.

Rev. Elijah Trowbridge was of descent. His father, a Con-

necticut farmer, had lived and died a staunch believer in all the accepted doctrines of that most orthodox of churches—the New England Congregational. He bestowed on his first born son the name of the prophet whose history he never tired of reading; and he prayed that the spiritual development of his boy might be such that the Lord would take him in his especial service.

Elijah's mother, too, like Hannah of old, piously gave her son to God, with many prayers and tears. It would appear that the prayers of this devoted couple were heard, and their offering accepted. The boy grew up to man's estate, serious and thoughtful; helpful to his parents, and fond of books. But when he proposed to his father to give him a collegiate education, in order that he might be fitted to preach the Gospel, the godly man's heart fairly overflowed with joy and gratitude. Though he rejoiced that his son desired this high destiny, he knew a liberal education to be expensive. The burden of it, in justice to himself and his large family, he dared not assume. Whether he looked forward to this period in his son's history, the day on which he dedicated him to the ministry, is uncertain. Probably he did not, or if he did, he might have reasoned that if God could send birds of the air to feed His chosen prophet, He could and would provide for the man whom He should choose to be His messenger to a different people and in another age. Perhaps also he expected, or at least hoped, that his circumstances, after a score of years of industry and economy, would admit of his bearing the expense of his son's education. However, this may be, the eventful time came, and Ezekiel Trowbridge was still a poor man. He told Elijah, when he made known his desire, that nothing would so crown his days with thankfulness as to see him in the ministry, but that he could furnish him little pecuniary assistance.

"If," said he, "you are disposed to prosecute this worthy purpose, I will give you your time and earnings from this very day. That is all I can give

you, except my counsel when you want it, and my prayers always."

Elijah accepted the situation, and for two years chopped wood, worked in the hay-field, and taught school, with patient industry, devoting his spare moments to his books. When he formally entered upon his course of study, he was as old as many a young man who already wrote B. A. after his name. Nothing daunted by this fact, but rather stimulated to greater exertion, he applied himself to the work before him with characteristic earnestness. He was not a man of brilliant ability. His scholarship was sound; but he acquired by persistent effort, rather than by intellectual acuteness. He was a plodder; he turned neither to the right hand nor to the left, but crept steadily onward toward the goal he had set for himself. By close economy and occasional aid from various sources—there are always those who are willing to aid a faithful student—he got through his collegiate and seminary courses. As has been said, his mind was naturally of a serious cast. It was made still more so by his long, and in many respects, arduous struggles for an education. He never, while in the seminary, shrank from embracing any Calvinistic doctrine, however forbidding at first sight to a sensitive mind. He was one of those few students who seem never to doubt. He believed in God, the Bible, Calvin, and the Faculty of his Seminary, implicitly. He accepted the first, because the existence of such a Being had been taught him, primarily, by his parents, and because such a belief was a necessity of his own mind in its maturer development. Probably his belief was strengthened by the arguments which he found in books. But he believed before he could read, and had he never learned to read would have believed just the same. In after life he was a skillful manipulator of the established arguments, and could never understand how it was that considerations which were so satisfactory to his own mind made so little impression on the minds of others. I find this record in his journal:

"Verily the Lord hath hardened the hearts of the people of this community. They hear, but *will* not understand. Query: May a man or a community of men wickedly persist in disbelief until God's righteous anger is kindled against them, and He blinds their eyes and stops their ears and hardens their hearts so that they *can not* understand the truth—in a word, abandons them to hopeless atheism? It is a terrible thought. I pray that such may not be the awful case of this poor people."

Belief was so easy with him that he had little sympathy with such minds as were by nature skeptical. Heresy rolled from his mind like water from a swan's back; and he had no patience with such of his colleagues as suffered themselves to be drawn aside from the truth, even temporarily.

Although he marveled at the slowness of his hearers to understand, and mourned his own incompetency to instruct them, yet it is a fact that his series of discourses, in refutation of widely prevalent infidel notions, were remarkably effective. He delivered them in many places, and always with marked results. It was while thus occupied that he made the above quoted entry in his journal. Under another date, and while, obviously, similarly engaged, he wrote this: "It is largely owing to my own unfitness for the work that so little good is accomplished. I wonder that the Lord deigns to employ so unprofitable a servant. I am unworthy of my high office." The results of his labors in this field were doubtless far below his desires, but they were sufficient to satisfy a man of greater vanity and a less vivid sense of the responsibilities of his calling. His standard of morality also was very high, so much higher than that of men in general, that he was almost daily surprised and grieved at conduct for which less sensitive consciences felt no twinge. The wayward sheep might err without compunction, but the shepherd suffered. He shrank, as from contamination, from words and actions, the sinfulness or even impropriety of which

never occurred to many very good people. Having decided this to be right and that wrong, he was anxious to bring all men to adopt the same high standard. He lamented their willingness to remain contented with a lower one. He could tolerate no half-way morality. In his view, right and wrong were like white and black, side by side perhaps, but always in sharp contrast; the one never blending with or shading off into the other by imperceptible degrees, as is the theory of some.

Although Mr. Trowbridge thoroughly believed in the depravity of the human heart, he did not understand it. He was different from the majority of men, and not in sympathy with the ordinary run of poor humanity. He was above it. He could preach to it, argue with it, pray for it, and feel for it; but, alas! not with it. He could reason with and convince men, but he could not persuade them. His sermons were apt to be elaborate arguments, in which the plan of salvation was clearly set forth as the only logical, reasonable, or possible method whereby men might be saved; and he did not hesitate to pronounce sentence upon those who should neglect to avail themselves of this way of escape from the wrath of an offended God. Redemption, as he portrayed it, was, indeed, through and only through the all-sufficient merits of Christ's blood. But the healing rays of his Sun of Righteousness were so hidden behind those sullen clouds: justice, inflexible and eternal; God, omnipresent, omnipotent and angry; man, depraved and already condemned, and only to be saved from an eternity of irremediable woe by a substitution of victim for victim, that they failed to reach the heart with their kindly warmth, and quicken into activity its latent germs of good. He could present the God who thundered on Mount Sinai in all his terrible attributes, and could earnestly urge his hearers to become reconciled to him through his atoning Son. But the Christ of the New Testament, the Divine Teacher, the perfect Example,

the tender and sympathizing Friend, Him Mr. Trowbridge failed to make real either to himself or his congregation. As a natural consequence, after listening to a sermon over which he had labored and prayed with an agony of solicitude, the old men went home saying it was a sound, an excellent discourse; and the younger people went their way, wishing the minister *wouldn't* be so painfully long and dry. He saw that this was so, and mourned over it; but it was long before he knew how to remedy the evil.

With all his gravity and apparent coldness, his nature was by no means lacking in capacity for loving. He loved an immortal soul wherever found, and felt that somehow he was personally responsible for its salvation. As has been intimated, this sense of responsibility weighed him down and saddened him; and when he saw how little fruit his labors produced among his people, he felt that he was indeed (it is recorded again and again in his journal) "a weak instrument, a most unprofitable servant."

His peculiar character at middle life was, doubtless, largely owing, also, to an experience which was, in brief, as follows:

He married a young lady of a family very different from his own. It had been a wealthy family once; but reverses in business had scattered the rich merchant's property and sent himself into a premature grave. He left two children and their mother to fight the battle of life, with a slender income, and no experience in the art of living on next to nothing a year. They bravely conformed themselves to their altered circumstances, however, and bore their misfortunes with cheerful faces.

Mrs. Prime's two children were a son and daughter. The name of the former was William. He was his sister's senior by three years. He entered a wholesale store at an early age, and ultimately became a successful merchant. His history will be spoken of more particularly hereafter. The

daughter's name was Madge. She was a beautiful girl, full of life and fun, with a dash of her mother's independent and naturally somewhat haughty spirit. One Sunday, soon after Mr. Trowbridge graduated from the seminary, and before he was settled, he chanced to preach in the village where Madge was fighting her part of the battle as a teacher. In that first moment, during which his eyes rested on her, this earnest, silent, grave young minister fell in love with a woman who was, apparently, in every respect, his opposite. It is probable that the love which she returned him was of slower growth. He was not a man to suddenly inspire a beautiful woman's heart with affection. He conducted his wooing as he had pursued his studies; earnestly, systematically, and persistently. He had a good, almost a commanding form; a fine pair of eyes; a strong, intelligent face and an agreeable address. Every body respected him, and spoke well of him; which was fortunate, as he had little to say either for or of himself. He was a man of few words.

There are people who aver that there is not a girl in the world whom a handsome and decently smart young clergyman in good and regular standing can not marry, if—pardon the expression, good brethren of the profession—he plays his cards rightly; and, provided, of course, the lady's affections are disengaged. Without offering any opinion as to the truth of this assertion, it is certain that in due process of time the beautiful and high-spirited Madge was prevailed upon by Mr. Trowbridge to lay down her birchen scepter and assume the management of himself and his prospective household. She had not long left the school-room for a parsonage, when observers noted a change in Mr. Trowbridge. His face, words, and manner indicated the presence, in his life, of something which had hitherto been lacking. He had found his nature's true complement, and was happy. His wife's cheerfulness lighted up his

whole existence. Her buoyant hopefulness gave him courage, and her love soothed, sustained, and strengthened him. His affection for her, on the other hand, appeared not only in his personal relations with her; it permeated his entire daily life and glowed in all his actions and spoke in all he said. There had existed in this man's heart, from childhood, a fountain of love and tenderness; but it had never been unsealed. Madge was the first one who had ever caused its waters to overflow. The ice, which for so long had overlaid and bound them, melted under the warm sunshine of a woman's love, and he was a new creature. How he loved her! He feared that in his affection for her, he was a violator of the first commandment. He prayed that he might not love her too well—so well that God would take her from him. He trembled at his own felicity. He was accustomed to preach that true happiness belonged to those only who had triumphantly passed through the trials and disappointments of this vale of tears and had effected an entrance into heaven. Yet he beheld himself happy here, even here—bound up in an earthly love and satisfied with it. Was it a snare?

Ten years of married life passed quickly away. Then the end came suddenly, and it was bitter. She was gone; gone in a night, and he was alone. Had he made an idol of his wife and bowed down to it? If so, the idol was broken now and taken from him. He did not know; he could not reason about it; he could not think. He could only kneel by the bed on which she lay, so pale and beautiful, and say, over and over again, "Thy will be done," and try to feel it in his heart, and be resigned.

Ah, it is hard to be submissive when your life's dearest treasure is snatched suddenly away! It is hard to be resigned to a Providence which has turned your day to darkness! He did it in love—is full of tenderness; look to Him and see it in his face. Nay, but his face is hid from me; the sky

is overcast; the heavens are black; I can not see his face. O why, why has He done this?

You, my brother, who are suddenly thus bereaved, are like a traveler lost in the catacombs of Rome, his lamp gone out and his guide fled. It may be night, and the pole star be gleaming in the north; but it gleams not for him nor helps him to direct his steps. It may be day, and the sun be shining bright and gloriously overhead; but it shines not for him; there is a mass of earth above him, darkness around him, and he can not see.

So you who are stricken, may believe, by a cold process of reasoning, that God's face still glows with love; but you can neither feel the warmth nor see the brightness of it, because of the clod of earth—that heavy, heavy clod which rests upon the coffin where your heart lies buried.

Your dear one's spirit, however, is not in the grave, but has risen to Him who gave it. Your faith, too, is not dead; it has not utterly perished; it is only stunned. It mounts up again, at last; and you feel once more, not only that God is Love, but that God loves you. And you say sorrowfully, indeed, but humbly and sincerely: It is the Lord. He gave and He hath taken again: blessed be his name!

Did I say that Mr. Trowbridge was left alone? No, not alone. Madge was gone, and in his first great grief and loneliness he scarce took account of the wee baby which she had left to comfort him. But as the child grew, and in its development took on more of the likeness of his lost wife, the lacerated tendrils of the father's affection began to twine themselves about his boy. He was changed, however. The fountain in his heart, whose sweet and kindly waters Madge had made to overflow, still remained, but no longer sparkling and bubbling, and revealing its presence in a hundred ways. His reserve increased. A gravity, ten times more serious than before, settled down upon him. He went heavily in and out before his people, discharging his

duties with almost painful conscientiousness. He preached with unabated, some thought with increased, vigor; and his fame went out, like that of the Master, into all the regions round about him—so much so, that he was presented by an admiring college with a D. D.

Mr. Trowbridge's people were well pleased that their minister was made a Doctor of Divinity. They had always respected him, and this formal recognition of his merits, by a corporate body, served to confirm their good opinion of him by assuring them that he really was all that they thought him to be. They laid more stress upon his new title than the recipient of it did. They raised his salary a peg on the strength of it, a proceeding against which he made no remonstrance, as would have been the case had they seen fit to lower it instead. He looked upon money as his necessity, not his reward. So that he had enough to maintain himself and family with decency and comfort, he was content.

But though his people honored him, they were not familiar with him. The oldest men among them felt a secret uneasiness in his presence. The young stood in awe of him. If he chanced to pass a bevy of school children at play on the green, they involuntarily ceased their sport and eyed him gravely. His entrance into a room full of youths and maidens was sure to act as a constraint upon their mirth. Yet, his words, though few and serious, were kind. It seemed a pity that he was not more demonstrative. The fountain was there yet in his breast, and its waters may be were deeper and sweeter than ever; but the ice had formed over them again, and there was no Madge to charm it away by her magical influence. The child could not do this. By his wife's death, Mr. Trowbridge's whole system, mental, moral, and physical, received a shock, from the effects of which it seemed likely never to recover. A heavy sense of the vanity of earthly happiness took possession of him. He fully believed that by his wife's sudden death he had been rebuked and pun-

ished for his idolatry, and he accepted the babe not as a blessing to be enjoyed and cherished because it was his own and Madge's child, but as an immortal soul, entrusted to his keeping, and for the temporal and eternal destiny of which he would be held accountable. If, in his married life, he had trembled lest he should love his wife too well, he was doubly fearful now of centering his affections in his son, who reminded him of her every day.

He would love the boy, as a teacher loves a favorite pupil, not as a fond father clings to the only child of his angel wife. He would train him to walk in the paths of righteousness and fit him for a useful manhood, but he would not carry him, tenderly folded to his bosom, when he saw that the little feet were weary.

It was comparatively easy for him to refrain from demonstrations of fatherly affection, for he was by nature undemonstrative. But to keep from feeling a deep and tender love for his boy was impossible. He soon discovered this, and the firmer root he saw his affection taking, the more he tried to check in himself all exhibitions of tenderness. Perhaps he cheated himself, sometimes, into the belief that it did not exist.

And, so, as the little motherless boy passed through the many petty griefs of childhood, the father did not kiss away the tears which gathered in his eyes, nor press the small, wet cheek to his in mute caress.

Mr. Trowbridge's maiden sister, Cynthia by name, had lived at his house, with more or less constancy, ever since his marriage. She had conceived a great fondness for Madge and delighted not only to be with her, but to relieve her as much as possible of the cares and burdens of housekeeping. She was a good soul, firmly believing in and admiring her brother—all his family were proud of him—but, as was hinted in the preceding chapter, a person of no great force of character, nor acuteness of intellect. After Madge's death, at which she was present and for which she deeply mourned, she took

the little motherless babe to her own bosom, with genuine tenderness and a heartfelt desire to supply, so far as she was able, the place of its dead mother. And if the babe drew its daily nourishment from a junk bottle, instead of from a human breast, throbbing with warmth and maternal love, surely it had reason to be grateful—if gratitude can be felt so early in life—to its simple-minded but kind-hearted and long-suffering Aunt Cynthia, whose solicitude for the child's welfare and gentle patience in administering the judiciously prepared contents of the junk bottle, were the theme of universal admiration. Whether the child was thankful or not, Mr. Trowbridge certainly was. He soon formally installed his sister as mistress of the parsonage, and foster-mother of his son.

One day, when the latter was about three months old, the minister was reading the story of the prophet Elijah; how that, when his work on earth was done and he was caught up to heaven in the chariot of fire, his mantle fell and was taken up by the youthful Elisha; and how that, as is implied in the narrative, the spirit of the prophet rested on Elisha from that time.

"Heaven forbid," said Mr. Trowbridge, as he pondered over the wonderful story, "that I should liken myself to the holy man whose name I bear, in anything except my office. He was an ambassador from God to men—His chosen messenger—and, such, I trust, am I, though in a far lower sense and endowed with but a titling of his spirit. I am an unprofitable servant." How often he used to say that! "I should rejoice to see this child, as he grows up, indued with a double portion of the spirit which has led me to choose the work of the ministry as my life-work." Thus he reasoned; and the child was baptized Elisha, and dedicated to the Lord.

The little fellow early manifested a disposition to revolt against Aunt Cynthia's authority. That good lady's long experience as a spinster had not especially fitted her for the manage-

ment of such a high-spirited, fractious young gentlemen as was Master Elisha about the time when he got into his first pair of pants. He had, naturally, a hot temper, which had doubtless been aggravated by the trials of his unfortunate babyhood. Indeed, had nature blessed him with a temper of angelic sweetness, it would probably have become humanized in consequence of that abominable junk bottle. For though Aunt Cynthia took unwearying pains with the article in question, she was a frail woman, and as such liable to make mistakes. For instance, how could she, by simply poking her calloused forefinger into the milk, know for a certainty that it was at exactly the proper temperature? Authorities differ as to the treatment best calculated to insure the welfare and happiness of motherless infants, but I believe all who know anything about the matter, concur in the opinion that milk which is either too warm or too cold is liable to give babies the colic. Elisha must have suffered the painful consequences of many such blunders on the part of his faithful nurse.

It was Aunt Cynthia's misfortune also to have a cold in her head for weeks together, sometimes. We all know that the person thus afflicted experiences difficulty in distinguishing accurately the many stages between very sweet and extremely sour. Aunt Cynthia was no exception. She occasionally pronounced the bottle sweet when it was, in Elisha's judgment, decidedly the reverse; hence, loss of temper, and a swelling sense of wrong, with a dim perception, perhaps, that at the best, he was being humbugged and defrauded of some inalienable right of babyhood? What wonder? I have seen much older people go into a tantrum at being disappointed in their hopes of a faultless dinner! On the whole, however, Elisha held his glassy friend in high esteem. It was only in exceptional cases that he became enraged at it. It is on record that he craved the privilege of taking it to bed with him in more than one instance,

and that, in the more advanced stages of his pre-articulate existence, he would fondle the unconscious object of his affections for hours together, at the same time crooning this delightful sentiment: "Mum - m - m, mum b-z-z-le, w-z-z-le."

Mr. Trowbridge in all his studies had met with nothing so untranslatable as this, but Aunt Cynthia declared that it plainly was, "My ma, bottle, wottle;" and straightway pronounced Elisha a born poet, and in every other respect a very remarkable child—as he was to be sure.

As he grew older and waxed in strength, both of mind and body, he showed little respect for his aunt's authority. She was too tender-hearted to deny him anything when she found that he was bent on having it. He soon learned that he had only to try hard enough to carry his point, whatever it might be, and Aunt Cynthia would certainly yield. When she made sweetened doughnuts—an edible for which he early showed a remarkable appetite—and gave him one to eat, piping hot, but when that was disposed of refused him another lest it should make him sick, he had only to kick and scream with vigor and perseverance to obtain the victory with its accompanying spoils—as many doughnuts as he could eat.

He manifested also, while still of tender years, a strange propensity for doing what Aunt Cynthia didn't want him to do, as nearly as he could make out what that was. Was she filled with consternation at seeing him in company with the blacksmith's children! He sought the society of those depraved boys most perseveringly. Did she forbid him to poke the setting hen with a long stick! He thought it the best sport in the world, and poked her on the sly with prodigious satisfaction. He caused poor Aunt Cynthia a world of trouble and anxiety. Mr. Trowbridge directed her to report Elisha's misdemeanors to him, but the reward which he meted out to the offender was more than her kind heart could endure.

It was only when Elisha was guilty of some very grave offense indeed, that he was reported in the study. Mr. Trowbridge was by no means a harsh man, but he believed with Solomon in the efficacy of the rod as a corrective of moral delinquency. The young gentleman had a wholesome respect for his father, and dreaded official treatment more than anything else in the world, unless it were his Sunday lessons in the catechism. He did not become acquainted with the latter, however, until private interviews in the study were an old story.

He was a bright, handsome little fellow, and with all his faults winsome and lovable. Sometimes, after having tried Aunt Cynthia's patience sorely all day long, he would at bedtime put his small arms around her neck, and his fresh young face against her withered cheek, and say:

"Dear Auntie Cynthia! I love you; Auntie Cynthia, I do." And the lonely woman would clasp him to her bosom and lavish upon him all the rich treasure of her affectionate nature. That little outburst of feeling, on the boy's part, amply repaid her for a whole day of anxiety and trouble. Poor "Auntie Cynthia!" There was a wealth of love in her heart which had never been called out. She had endless capacities for loving, but until now no child to love. She was enjoying now something for which she had hungered many years; and she received the little boy's nightly caresses and pretty avowals of regard, as the dry earth absorbs the first scattering drops of a long delayed shower.

I once heard a California man say—and he was a competent authority, if one might judge of his experience in gold-hunting, by his worn and jaded appearance—that gold was often found "stowed away in most unlikely spots. Ye can't," said he in his inimitable drawl, "y-e can't never calkelate the valure of a section from the looks of it. The ore, ye see, don't lay on top, mostly, an' likely 'nough ye'll walk right a past a hull swad of it, an' never know its thar till some blamed sharp feller'r

'nother comes along an' diskivers it an' makes his pile."

It strikes me there are a great many women in the world whose worth can not be truly estimated by looking at them, in consequence of which fact short-sighted wife hunters pass them by, until some sharp fellow, shrewd enough to look beneath the surface, discovers the treasure hidden in the heart, and sets up his claim for the section. Whether Aunt Cynthia was a woman of this class, I leave the reader to judge. I do not say she was; tastes differ, you know. The jewel which one man is proud to wear, another scornfully rejects. What is to Lazarus a fortune would not keep Dives in spending money a week. The buxom lassie, whom stout John, the farmer, or honest McHammer, the blacksmith, would treasure as the apple of his eye, Pimlico, the banker, or Classicus, the professor, would keep below stairs at three dollars a week. Take your time, my good sir, if you are searching for a wife. You have only to look long enough and you will be sure to find the right person; for the man does not live, be he a king with a crown on his head or a laborer with a shovel in his hand, for whom there hath not been provided a helpmeet, provided the man be an honest one. If he be not honest, then heaven forbid his marrying at all. There is enough of hereditary evil in the veins of the best of us. There would be no immediate danger of a millennium, even though thieves, drunkards, and murderers should *not* marry. But for Aunt Cynthia, this much may be said, beneath a somewhat unpromising exterior she carried as kind a heart as ever throbbed. And if as much can not be said for her head qualities, why, we have it on good authority that it is out of the abundance of the *heart* that the mouth speaketh. It must be acknowledged that when Aunt Cynthia attempted to speak out of the abundance of her head, she said very little that was worth repeating. But what sane man ever married a woman for her head?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTABLE WOMEN OF CHRISTIANITY. No. VI.

HANNAH MORE.

BY PROF. L. J. HALSEY, D. D.

ABOUT the middle of the eighteenth century, when Lady Huntingdon, in the prime of her long and useful life, was laboring in the cause of evangelical Christianity, a little girl was growing up in the parish of Stapleton, who was destined to achieve a wider and more enduring renown than any woman of her age.

This was Hannah More, whose name has become a household word throughout England and America, and whose piety, genius, and learning have wreathed undying laurels for the crown of noble womanhood. Her works, revealing a high order of intellect and eminent practical wisdom, have enriched the domain of literature, and what is more, have now for several generations exerted a powerful influence on society, and in forming the minds of the young, both in her native country and our own. As has been aptly said by an American author, "We have felt the effect of her writings ever since we began to reason, in the nursery, in the school-room, and even in college halls."

In addition to this valuable legacy of her gifted pen, her labors for the moral and religious improvement of the lower classes in England entitle her to rank as one of the benefactors of the human race.

Hannah More was the youngest but one of five sisters, daughters of Mr. Jacob More, the master of the parish school of Stapleton. Her father was a man of talent and learning. He had been brought up with higher expectations than that of filling the post of village teacher; but in early manhood he lost his mansion and estate by lawsuit, and thankfully accepted this hum-

ble position. With the good sense which characterized him, and which his daughters inherited, he soon became reconciled to his altered fortunes, and devoted himself to the duties of his calling and the education of his children. In cultivating their minds he found an ever increasing delight. Having lost his library with his estate, he was obliged to adopt a new style of teaching history. This was through the fascinating medium of conversation and story, and his own interest in the lives of the heroes of antiquity was stimulated by the eager, rapt attention of his little daughter Hannah. She early read with ease and intelligence, and displayed so great an aptitude for learning that her father soon began to teach her Latin. But with all his good sense, Mr. More had a horror of a learned woman, and Hannah's progress in the classics was so astonishing that he gave up his pupil for fear she would become pedantic. Some months after, at her earnest entreaty, he allowed her to resume her favorite study, and from this time she read and studied as she pleased.

As the family grew up their means became more straitened, and the elder sisters determined to assist in the expenses by teaching school. Accordingly the three oldest left home and established a boarding-school in the neighboring town of Bristol. Their success was greater than they had expected. Pupils flocked in, and the school soon acquired a high reputation.

At the age of twelve Hannah joined them as a scholar. The brilliant stand she at once took in every department reflected credit on the school, and

attracted the attention of the most cultivated minds of the place. Men of science and letters delighted to converse with the school-girl, scarcely in her teens. At this early period her conversational powers were unusually attractive. Illustrating this, an amusing story is told of her physician, Dr. Woodward. He one day called to see her, in his medical capacity, and so far forgot the object of his visit in the fascination of her conversation, that he had left the room and was half-way down stairs before he remembered his remissness, and hastened back, exclaiming: "Bless me! I forgot to ask the girl how she is." In her seventeenth year she made her first essay at literature. This was in the form of a pastoral drama, entitled "A Search after Happiness." So great was its popularity, that it immediately ran through three editions. Like all her after productions, it was written for the purpose of reforming abuses. To quote her own words, it was inspired by "an earnest wish to furnish a substitute for the improper custom which then prevailed, of allowing plays—and those not always of the purest kind—to be acted by young ladies in boarding-schools."

Having completed her education, the young authoress remained in her sisters' school as a teacher. And now comes the one romance of her life. This was her engagement to Mr. Turner, a gentleman of large fortune, residing on his beautiful estate near Bristol.

It was through two young cousins, who were at the Misses Mores' school, that he made her acquaintance. They spent their holidays at his house, and Hannah and Patty More, being near their age, were frequently invited to accompany them thither. Hannah's intelligence and fascinating manners soon made a deep impression on his heart. He was twice her age, but a gentleman of cultivation and refinement; and, notwithstanding this disparity, he became her accepted suitor. Had things gone on smoothly, the

world might have lost the brilliant career and valuable works of Hannah More. But she was not destined to settle down into a country lady. The world of fashion and literature was waiting for her in London. What broke the engagement is not known. As in so many other cases, something came between them and they drifted apart. Mr. Turner never lost his respect and admiration for her character, and his first toast every day, whether alone or in society, was always "Hannah More." Long afterwards they again met, and their acquaintance was pleasantly renewed. This seems to have been the only time that she seriously thought of marriage. Probably her heart was not deeply interested in this affair. We can scarcely imagine a character more devoid of sentiment than hers; and it is certain that this disappointment in love, if such it was, left no lasting wound behind.

At the age of twenty-two Miss More was introduced into London society. It was a brilliant period for a young authoress to make her *debut*. The celebrated Bas Bleu Club was then in existence, presided over by the elegant Mrs. Montague, the Queen of the Blue Stockings, and her friend and kindred spirit, Elizabeth Carter. Dr. Johnson and Garrick were in their glory; and Sir Joshua Reynolds in the full tide of successful genius. To this accomplished circle the sprightly wit and wonderful conversational powers of Hannah More proved a valuable addition. Dr. Johnson at once elevated her to the position of privileged favorite. Her friends were much amused at the warm friendship which sprang up between her and the famous doctor. Sarah More, who was with Hannah in London, gives an entertaining account of one of their witty encounters:

"Tuesday evening we drank tea at Sir Joshua's, with Dr. Johnson. Hannah is certainly a great favorite. She was placed next him, and they had the entire conversation to themselves. They were both in remarkable high spirits—it was certainly her lucky

night. I never heard her say so many good things. The old genius was extremely jocular, and the young one very pleasant. You would have imagined we had been at some comedy, had you heard our peals of laughter. They indeed tried which could pepper the highest, and it is not clear to me that the lexicographer was the highest seasoner."

While delighted with the social and literary life to which she was thus introduced, Miss More found much in society of which she could not approve. Especially did her simplicity and good sense rebel against the customs and requirements of fashion. We can not refrain from quoting her sensible comments on the extravagant style of hair dressing, which it would seem has not yet gone out of vogue. She writes to her sister in her usual lively style, "I am going to-day to a great dinner; nothing can be conceived so absurd, extravagant, and fantastical, as the present mode of dressing the head. Simplicity and modesty are things so much exploded, that their very names are no longer remembered. I have just escaped from one of the fashionable disfigurers; and though I charged him to dress me with the greatest simplicity, and to have only a very distant eye upon the fashion, just enough to avoid the pride of singularity, yet in spite of all these sage cautions, I absolutely blush at myself, and turn to the glass with as much caution as a vain beauty just risen from the small-pox, which can not be a more disfiguring disease than the present mode of dress. Of the one, the calamity may be greater in its consequences; but of the other, it is more corrupt in its cause." What would be her opinion could she see some of our modern belles!

It was during a brief visit home that Miss More determined to make another literary effort. For the past two years she had been flattered and caressed by the choicest London society, without having done much to prove to the world that the encomiums of her

friends were just. As she laughingly said to her sisters, "I have been so fed with praise, I think I will venture to try what my real value is, by writing a slight poem."

Within a short time appeared "Sir Eldred of the Bower," and "The Bleeding Rock." These met with a warm reception from the public, and increased the author's already brilliant reputation. An amusing incident is related by Hannah herself in regard to the first named poem. We quote again from her ready pen: "After dinner Garrick took up the Monthly Review and read 'Sir Eldred,' with all his grace and pathos. I think I was never so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively that I cried like a child. Only think, what a scandalous thing to cry at the reading of one's own poetry! I could have beaten myself; for it looked as if I thought it very moving, which I can truly say is far from being the case. But the beauty of the jest lies in this: Mrs. Garrick twinkled as well as I, and made as many apologies for crying at her husband's reading, as I did for crying at my own verses. She got out of the scrape by pretending that she was touched by the story, and I by saying the same thing of the reading. It furnished us a great laugh at the catastrophe, when it really would have been decent to have been a little more sorrowful."

Of all the friendships which Hannah More formed in London, that with Garrick, the prince of English actors, and his beautiful and accomplished wife, was the most delightful. At their town house, and their rural home at Hampton, she was always welcome. It was at his request that she determined to turn her attention to the drama, and composed the tragedy of "Percy." Garrick was delighted with it, and immediately made arrangements for having it brought out. It was received with enthusiasm, and for twelve nights was played to crowded houses. The Duke of Northumberland and the Earl of Percy congratulated Miss More

on her distinguished success, and thanked her for the honor she had done them by choosing her subject from the records of their family. The authoress alone did not share in the enthusiasm. Not until the ninth night did she think of witnessing the performance. "It is very odd," she wrote to her sisters, "but it does not amuse me."

At this period, it was rather indifference than deep-settled principle, that kept her from the theater. She had been brought up to consider the drama a proper amusement. The highest dignitaries of the church frequented it, and her intimacy with Garrick would naturally bias her mind in its favor. It was not until some years later, that the change took place in her views which led her to look upon all theatrical performances as injurious and inconsistent with the profession of religion. She was now convinced of the impropriety of many representations, but thought that the stage, under certain regulations, might be purified and become a school of virtue. With this hope of reformation, which proved to be a delusive one, her own plays were composed. Two more dramas completed the list of her theatrical productions, then her connection with the stage closed.

The death of Garrick, which took place about this time, made a deep impression on her mind, and threw a gloom over the literary circle with which he had been associated. It was the first death which had taken place among them, and it startled all. They were forced to think of the transitory nature of earthly things, and their accountability to God. With many these feelings were but momentary, but they were lasting with Hannah More; and from this time she gradually withdrew from the gay world. She had drifted carelessly along on the tide of literary and social pleasure, her strong good sense and high principles keeping her from any excess; but now her character became deepened and strengthened, and she was conscious of a great life-purpose. She consecrated her talents

to God, and laid the foundation for those religious works, which afterwards appealed so powerfully to all classes in the land.

Another gap was now made in the brilliant circle which had welcomed her to the city. Dr. Johnson was dying. A warm friendship had existed between her and the great lexicographer, from the time of their first acquaintance, and his death broke another link which had bound her to London. A life of retirement was more congenial to her tastes than the exciting whirl of society, and she determined to settle down in a quiet home of her own. When her intention became known, her friends opposed it by every argument they could advance. Her decision was, however, unalterable, and she soon became the mistress of a little cottage in the parish of Wrington, ten miles from Bristol.

Previous to this, we have seen Hannah More only in the society of the gay, the fashionable, and the great. We now behold her in the calm serenity of middle age, enjoying, in company with her beloved sister Patty, the rural pleasures of Cowslip Green. From this time her views of religious duty became confirmed, and she entered on the sphere of usefulness she had marked out for herself. Up to her fortieth year she had written little of importance. For some time past she had been acquiring materials for renewed literary labors. The first work, which issued from her retirement, was a little volume entitled "Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society." This appeared anonymously, and was first attributed to Wilberforce, and then to the Bishop of London. Finally, its authorship was traced to the right source. This attack on the fashions and foibles of the day, was productive of great good. It was read extensively, and many of the customs rebuked were abandoned. This was followed by an "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World." It struck another blow at the frailties of the higher classes.

The little cottage was thronged with visitors from London. Among them was often seen the celebrated Wilberforce. It was during one of his visits to Cowslip Green that a scheme was set on foot for benefiting the people of Cheddar, a forlorn and half-savage community, about ten miles from Miss More's cottage. Wilberforce became deeply interested in their welfare. He offered to pay the expenses of establishing schools among them if Miss More would do the work. She and her sister went heart and soul into the enterprise. By energy and perseverance they surmounted all obstacles, and a Sunday-school was opened by Hannah in person. To this was soon added a day-school. The good work thus begun did not stop at Cheddar. Before the year was out schools were established in nine equally destitute parishes. The difficulties attending this mission were of a very trying nature. The people were so ignorant, and so prejudiced against any effort to benefit them, that they were almost worse than the heathen. It required all Miss More's courage and resolution to keep the work in progress. She was always at the post of duty. For more than twenty years, when at Wrington, it was her custom every Sabbath to visit at least three parishes. In doing this she had to ride from ten to thirty miles, often being exposed to the weather for thirteen hours. In allusion to her labors she says at this period, "Henceforth I desire to have little to do with the great. I have devoted the remnant of my life to the poor and those that have no helper; and if I can do them no good, I can at least sympathize with them, and I know it is some comfort for a forlorn creature to be able to say, 'There is something that cares for me.' The simple idea of being cared for has always appeared to me a very cheering one; besides the affection they have for me is a strong engine with which to lift them to a love of higher things. Alas, I might do more and better; pray for me."

While thus leading a life of active

benevolence, establishing schools and visiting the poor, Miss More was not indifferent to politics, nor was her pen idle. She saw with sorrow the spirit of the French Revolution extending to her own country, rendering the people discontented and seditious. With a view to this state of affairs "Village Politics" was written, and proved to be the very thing for the masses. Its popularity was immense. One hundred thousand copies were issued. It was circulated in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and copies even found their way to France and Italy. This work, and one which followed it, entitled "Village Christianity," did much toward maintaining law and order among the laboring classes. They appeared under the signature of "Will Chip," and excited the curiosity of the public to the highest degree. Every one was on the *qui vive*. Who could "Will Chip" be! Who was the shrewd intelligent fellow who showed such a deep insight into the politics of the nation! They never thought of suspecting a woman until the secret leaked out, that it was Miss Hannah More. So great was the good accomplished by these pamphlets, that the friends of the author besought the aid of her powerful pen in behalf of temperance, economy, and morality. Accordingly "The Cheap Repository," a monthly publication, was designed. This was intended to place good religious reading in the power of the poorer classes. So great was its circulation, that two millions were sold the first year. Some of Miss More's best productions appeared in its pages; among others, her well known tract "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

In the winter of 1794, she found time from her labors to make a short visit to London. Her friends welcomed her with delight. Dining at Mrs. Montague's, she says: It was two years since I had found myself in such *grande monde*; so I told them if I should be caught doing any thing vulgar, they must give me a jog. We were fourteen at dinner, and many more were added

after, most of them my old and intimate friends, who seemed to receive me with great kindness. I told them to make much of me, for their opportunities of seeing such a rarity would be few. Mrs. Montague is well, bright, and in full song, and had spread far and wide the fame of Cowslip Green and the day she passed there." Again she says: "I felt too much pleased at the pleasure expressed by so many accomplished friends on seeing me again. Keep me from contagion." The New Year of 1798 found her at her cottage home, renewing the dedication of her powers to God. "Lord, grant that my religious advantages may never appear against me," is her prayer. "Many temptations this week to vanity; flattery without end. God be praised, I was not flattered; twenty-four hours headache makes me see the vanity of all this. Am I tempted to vanity? Let me recall to mind the shining friends I have lost this year; eminent each in his different way, yet he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than either."

The fame of Hannah More was now world-wide, and the cottage of Cowslip Green was too small to entertain the friends and admirers who flock to see her. Accordingly she built a more commodious dwelling, and removed to Barley Wood, as her new home was called. Her three older sisters, who had been living at Bath, joined her, and the five became one household. Here they lived in loving companionship for more than ten years; then death entered the sisterhood, and took them one by one. They were all remarkable women, but Hannah's brilliant talents eclipsed the rest, and they cheerfully admitted and were proud of her superiority. She was the queen of the household, the leader and director of every enterprise. Weak and suffering as she often was from illness, she never relaxed her labors. Her cheerful spirit and elasticity of mind met every demand made upon her. With constant company, and an extensive correspondence, she found time from

works of benevolence, to continue her admirable series of religious composition. "Practical Piety," and "Hints toward Forming the Character of a Young Princess" were written at this time. The latter was dedicated to Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Exeter, preceptor to the Princess Charlotte, "Coelebs in Search of a Wife" was one of the most popular of her works. It was translated into several languages, and travelers found it enlivening the circle round the evening fire in Iceland.

India also benefited by her labors. Portions of her writings were translated in Tamul and Cingalese, and were read with interest by the natives. So great was her popularity, that the first edition of her "Reflections on Prayer" sold, on the first day, for fifteen thousand dollars. Even, with such unexampled success, so great was her humility, that she declared, that the only remarkable thing which belonged to her as an author, was that she had written eleven books after the age of sixty.

But the delightful sisterhood at Barley Wood was to be broken up. The oldest of the band was taken first, and within five years the next two followed. For a little while Hannah was left with the youngest and best beloved, who was endeared to her by the close companionship of so many years, then she too was taken from her. At the age of seventy-four she found herself the last of the household band. Suffering in body, and bereft of her loved ones, her cheerfulness and serenity never deserted her. In the beautiful words of the poet:

"Yet, when as one by one sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
She wore no less a loving face,
Although so broken-hearted."

Barley Wood had now become as hallowed ground. Every tree and shrub had been planted by her own or her sisters' hands, they had laid the first stone of the cottage, and every spot was precious to her lonely heart. Here, where the spirits of the departed seemed

lingering, where she had spent so many hours of sweet communion, and had seen her sisters, each in turn, laid to rest, she had hoped to end her days in peace and quietness. But once again she was obliged to change her abode. Her servants took advantage of her age and infirmities to act so disgracefully that the neighborhood was scandalized, and by the advice of her friends she removed to Clifton, and curtailed her establishment.

By this change she escaped one evil, but met with another. Clifton was more convenient to the world than Barley Wood, and visitors crowded to see her until her strength was exhausted. In the first three weeks, nearly four hundred visited her. This so fatigued her that she was obliged to set apart two days in every week to receive general company. Her friends were admitted at any time. She still retained her remarkable conversational powers, and was now, in declining years and ill health, as much the object of admiring interest as when the friend of Garrick and the favorite of Dr. Johnson, she had charmed London circles by her wit and brilliancy. Truly, hers was the noblest kind of fame!

We have been unable to find a description of Hannah More as she appeared in early youth. In the charms of her intellect and heart, her personal graces have been overlooked. The following graphic sketch gives some idea of her attractions in old age, and also presents her character in a beautiful light:

"I was much struck," says this writer, "by the air of affectionate kindness with which the old lady welcomed me to Barley Wood; there was something of courtliness about it, at the same time the courtliness of the *vieille cour* which one reads of, but so seldom meets. Her dress was of light green Venetian silk; a yellow, richly embroidered crape shawl enveloped her shoulders; and a pretty net cap, tied under her chin with white satin ribbon, completed the costume. Her figure is singularly *petite*; but to have any idea of

the expression of her countenance, you must imagine the small withered face of a woman in her eighty-seventh year; and imagine also (shaded, but not obscured, by long and perfectly white lashes) eyes dark, brilliant, flashing, and penetrating; sparkling from object to object with all the fire and energy of youth, and smiling welcome on all around. When I first entered the room Lady S—— and her family were there; they soon prepared to depart; but the youngest boy, a fine little fellow of six, looked anxiously in Miss More's face, after she had kissed him, and his mamma said, 'You will not forget Miss Hannah, my dear?' He shook his head. 'Do not forget me, my dear child,' said the kind old lady, assuming a playful manner; 'but they say your sex is naturally capricious. There, I will give you another kiss; keep it for my sake, and when you are a man, remember Hannah More.' 'I will,' he replied, 'remember that you loved children.' It was a beautiful compliment."

The life, which had been such a blessing to the world, was now drawing to a close. She revived again and again from repeated attacks of illness, until 1832, when mind and body became prostrated. Thus she remained for ten months, then death released her from suffering. Her faith grew brighter as her strength became weaker. Such expressions were constantly escaping her as, "Jesus is all in all." "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "Happy, happy are those who are expecting to meet in a better world! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" "It is a glorious thing to die." In this state she lingered until the 6th of September, 1833, then extending her arms and calling "Patty," the beloved sister of her youth, she passed away with the early dawn.

She was laid beside her sisters in the church-yard at Barley Wood. After her death it was found that she had realized from her works the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of this a large portion was bequeathed to the public institutions in which she

had been so long interested. One of the most touching tributes to her memory was shown by the long line of weeping villagers which followed her to her last resting place, all attired in such mourning as their poverty would permit them to obtain.

Such a life and character as that of Hannah More is worthy of the admiration of every Christian heart. Never has a woman wielded a more powerful influence. Even before her death the effect of her writings was apparent in the improved moral state of society. Her brilliant reputation gave her religious works an entrance into the highest circles of the land, and in this way she preached an earnest faith and practical piety alike in palace and cottage. But with all her powers of intellect and literary fame, it was her deep religious feeling which commended her to the people, and won for her works such enviable renown. Who can measure the amount of good which her single pen has accomplished? How many benighted souls have been led by her beautiful tracts to the way of life! In how many hearts have the seeds of morality and religion been planted by her hand! And the good work is not

yet ended. In the Sabbath-schools of our land many of her works are still teaching the same living and evangelical faith. The statesmen of her day bore willing testimony to the salutary and potential influence exerted by her writings on the public mind of England. In stemming the torrent of French infidelity and revolution, the brilliant and profound productions of Edmund Burke did not perhaps do a greater service.

Many editions of her writings have been circulated in our own country and in England. Fifty years ago, the collected pieces of Hannah More, in two large octavo volumes, formed a standard work in all our book stores, and in all our public and private libraries. Several biographies have also appeared containing her letters—one in four volumes by Roberts; and recently Mrs. Helen C. Knight has given an interesting account of her in a volume published by the American Tract Society. Some complain that woman has no opportunity for her powers, no adequate sphere of active labor. There are few men in history who have made and filled a more useful and honorable position than Hannah More.

SAUL OF TARSUS.

BY REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.

SAUL of Tarsus, evil-eyed,
Hates the Marred and Crucified.

Hurrying from the city down,
He hath to Damascus gone.

Hiding in the desert glooms:
Low-sung hymns in upper rooms;

Caves and shadows hear the prayer
Which may not the morning dare.

Who shall comfort, who can screen,
You who trust the Nazarene?

Saul of Tarsus.

[JANUARY.]

Forward, forward, forward, full
Of the wrath that can not lull.

Forward, fast relentless feet,
Clouding dust and Syrian heat.

Past the shepherds with their flocks,
Panting by the flickering rocks.

Past the Eagles and the Shields;
Past the yellow barley fields

By the roots of stately palms;
In their tops the whispered psalms.

Over all the Syrian noon;
Fig tree, palm, and fountain swoon.

Forward through the gaps of green,
Tower and roof and wall are seen.

What is the whisper in the air?
The Martyr's still pursuing prayer?

Across the valley and up the hill—
Can the dead man never be still?

A flash that cleaves the ilex shade,
Sharper than the lightning's blade.

A mystic thunder moaning round;
Saul is dumb upon the ground.

"*Mr, O persecutor, why?"*
Darkness flaps against his eye.

In Damascus prayeth he;
Now first can Saul of Tarsus see.

He hath looked into that eye
On which Death shall look and die.

He hath walked with the Unseen,
"Tis enough, O Nazarene!

To a better world than this
Leads the Palingenesis.

For the man and for the day,
Better is the world alway.

Greener is the earth for Saul,
And the graves both great and small.

Not so ghastly is the drape
Of the funeral-flowing crape.

Not so galling is the load
We must bear along the road.

Up his track from the gulfs of night,
Ever the world wheels into the light;

Blown from triumph to triumph along,
With purple of peace and blossom of song.

Roll the years—the tortured beast;
Roaring rabble, foaming priest.

Libya's glaring lord let loose;
Blood-stains left with Ephesus.

Roll the years—beneath the stars,
Saul is on the Hill of Mars.

To a crowd of polished stone,
Preaching the dear God Unknown.

Roll the years—round Malta's rocks
The night-storm twists its frothy locks.

Writhes and creaks the gored ship,
In the tempest's grinding grip.

As the driftwood blazes higher,
Squirms the viper in the fire.

Taunt of slave and ruler's scorn;
Blows, and the unsleeping thorn.

Meager, robeless, hunger-wan;
Rocked upon Euroclydon.

Pillowed on the frosty stone:
Five times forty stripes save one.

Times, with horror bristling, three,
In the black teeth of the sea.

Perils in the desert sands,
Perils from the robber's hands.

Perils where the tough oak rips
On the grim rocks' yelling lips.

The East Wind singeth west to Rome;
What if it should sing him home?

Dear, strong wind of the morning, blow
To the tents of Peace from the reefs of Woe!

Favor him, blue and beautiful Sea,
Never his equal rocked on thee.

My Sister's Wedding.

[JANUARY,

A thousand hues the sunbeams shed;
Nero loveth best the red.

The lyre hath a golden tone;
Nero loveth most a groan.

Curse and snarl, and blare and whir,
In the Amphitheater.

Silence! rabble; here is Saul;
Let out the biggest of them all!

Edopol! that thronging mane;
Alike the spider's thread and chain.

What a breast! those brazen paws!
Thickness of tremendous jaws!

Jaws that at a single quaff
Sucked dry the throat of the giraffe!

A wide and steady glare around—
Does he think it Nubian ground?

Is he crouching in rushes rank,
For the shy gazelle on the Niger's bank?

From that bound and awful blow,
Morning bursts and roses grow.

Drag him out! the heart is still,
And over all is God's sweet will.

Drag him out! the corpse is cold;
Saul of Tarsus walks on gold.

MY SISTER'S WEDDING.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

I.

I THINK it would be a very difficult matter to fancy a duller place than the village in which all of us were born, from myself to Katy, were it not that this conclusion results from thought and comparison. We love our village dearly enough, in the days, to flush up into angry looks if any answers if evil-minded outsiders cast the shadow of a slight upon

it. As for myself, this sort of diminutive patriotism made me quite high-tempered at times. I remember a tearful afternoon in my twelfth year, and a night of restless, sobbing sleep, all over an imaginary defeat in the school-room. My antagonist was older than myself, and, as mother quietly remarked afterwards, ought to have known better? Supremacy of our re-

spective villages, one above the other, was the subject of this argument. But the defeat, as I before said, was purely imaginary. Even Ellen Andrews, with sixteen-year-old magnanimity, acknowledged this fact after her spleen was cooked to a cinder, though I never valued my laurels from the time that she owned up.

I am three years older than Maud, who was a beauty at nineteen, and the senior of two little step-sisters by so many years more that I have never taken the trouble to count them. I can perfectly recollect my own father, though his death happened in my tenth year. Indeed, even for any child of that age it would not have been difficult to recall the devoted, untiring wifehood with which mother almost consecrated the last months of her husband's death, surrounding him with all those exquisite delicacies of care and attention which only a woman of refined, cultured nature, and at the same time one who loves deeply, has it in her power to bestow.

Mother's widowhood lasted five years, and at the end of that time she married John Jerome, our village doctor. No man ever more thoroughly ennobled his profession than John Jerome, who saved many a life with thankful tears as his only reward. Of course, mother's first bloom of affection, so to speak, had faded away with her first husband's death; but she nevertheless loved Dr. Jerome tenderly, and had made him a very faithful wife before it was decreed that she should again become a widow. Poor mother! she bears suffering with something of the stoic's own courage. Her nerves are iron. I shall never forget the night she nursed little Katy in the crisis of a terrible fever. It was the night of the day on which John Jerome had been buried. There must be no flinching then; that brave woman knew it. The mourning-time must be postponed a little. So she watched by Katy through those dark hours—darker with the shadow of death—and saved her.

I often look at mother now, and marvel at her mild-eyed, placid stateliness. She has had enough of sorrow in her life-time, dear soul, to have made many a less courageous spirit bitterly despondent.

Once to see my sister Maud in all her maidenly loveliness of those old days, was seldom to forget her. Almost everybody granted the charm of those gray eyes that could shine spitefully, at certain unfortunate periods, but never sternly. She has grandmother's hair, I should judge—that is, if the old-fashioned portrait of our ancestress, that hangs in the sitting-room, is to be relied on. It is soft, curly hair, that sparkles in the sunlight, and is yellowish brown of a dim day. In short, nobody would ever have thought of calling Maud anything but pretty.

It is better to announce the fact with boldness, and pride myself upon it, like that clever woman of the *ancien régime*—your humble servant is *very* homely. At fifty I shall be a kind of genteel, church-going Meg Merrilies, or a respectable female Quasimodo, minus the hunch. But most people like me. I am not given to moods, like Maud, and I never was sulky for over ten minutes at a time during my whole life. I have thrice my sister's energy and resolution, if I may be pardoned for the apparent conceit of saying so. Mother sometimes looks at me regretfully with, "You ought to have been a man, Gertrude. You would have made your mark in the world, then."

"Hush, mother;" I answer snappishly, "there's nothing of the Liliatype or the 'princess'-type about me. Who accuses convention of beating us down? Not I. We are convention ourselves."

My delicate health would have prevented me, in those days, from assuming any active part in the management of household affairs, even if mother had been willing to receive my help. The educational charge of Lill and Katy was all that came within my sphere of usefulness. "Teaching the

young idea how to shoot" is not a very interesting branch of horticulture, and the pleasure I took in elucidating Lill's Primer and superintending Katy's pot-hooks, sprang entirely, I suppose, from the love which I bore my two little sisters. But even these slight tasks became in the course of time too much for me. An imperative medical veto put an end to their further performance; and as the schools in the village were not thought suitable for two such young children, and as Maud insolently yawned in mother's face at the bare suggestion of *her* turning school-mistress, a family-governess was decided upon. So mother wrote to her brother Robert Chauncey—Uncle Bob, as he was called in our household—on the subject of engaging a lady for this purpose. A very hopeful letter soon reached us from Uncle Bob. Among all those who had answered his advertisement there had not been one agreeable-looking person. There had been "nothing but cotton gloves and high cheek-bones and poky bonnets and green spectacles." Uncle Bob, in his characteristic language, patronizingly informed mother that she wanted nothing of this sort. He knew the article that would suit her, evidently looking upon the engagement of our governess in the same light in which most people would have regarded the judicious selection of a sewing-machine. She wanted "something lively and pleasant and well-dressed—something pretty, too, since there were no marriageable sons in the Jerome family?" Acting on this conviction, Uncle Bob had given up advertising, after the first day, and had made inquiries among a few of his lady-friends. One lady offered to furnish just what was required—a real prize in the market of governesses, who had been living for the past year with a family in Philadelphia. Unfortunately her pupil—an interesting girl of fifteen years old—had died, and the prize was thrown out of employment. The bereaved parents would give superior recommendations. Uncle Bob's friend had

written to Philadelphia, and found that the prize was not yet snatched up. The young lady's name was Miss Helen Rowe. Would mother write to Philadelphia?

As may be supposed, mother lost no time in following this direction, and in the course of another week matters were satisfactorily arranged on both sides. I recollect feeling quite nervous on the evening of Miss Rowe's expected arrival. Mother had gone in the carriage—our one old family-vehicle—to meet her at the railway-station, and Maud, Lill, Katy, and I were together in the sitting-room. All that the "bereaved parents" had taken pains to write in her praise could not banish from my mind a certain misgiving which I felt relative to the personal appearance of Miss Rowe. Nothing could be more probable, I thought, than that the taste of these Philadelphians differed widely from our own. Besides, I had grown to regard governesses in the light of a mournful sisterhood, into which only those were admitted who had renounced the vanities of the world, and clipped off all its roses from the tree of life with the inflexible scissors of common sense. This fancy, odd as it seems now, was based, perhaps, upon an experience of early years, when Maud and I had explored the mysteries of Colburn under the grim guidance of a certain Miss Jane Crowsfoot, a very Lycurgus of the school-room.

"I wish Miss Rowe had sent us her likeness," I said, going to the window and looking out on the lawn, aglow with a summer sunset. "I don't care about being shocked by anything *very* homely."

"What do you expect, Gertrude?" Maud asked, looking up from her book. "A fascinating beauty? If you indulge in any such delusions it would be as well, I suppose, to show you this little sketch, which I have made, in order to dispel them."

She took a strip of card-board from her pocket and handed it to me. My sister, always an admirable caricaturist

with her pencil, had quite surpassed herself in this sketch. I saw a tall female in a dress that barely reached her ankles, owlish spectacles, and an enormous bonnet. What my criticism would have been it is impossible to say, for the carriage was heard at this moment on the graveled road without. Maud, after picking up the sketch which I had indignantly thrown upon the floor, went out to meet the arrival of Miss Rowe, with an indifference that I would have given much to imitate. As it was, I did not move, but sat awaiting the stranger anxiously enough, with Lill and Katy on either side.

In a few moments mother came into the room followed by a tall, pale woman, in a gray bonnet and traveling dress. Her figure was elegant, the carriage of her head graceful, and her face, without laying claim to positive beauty, made up for its defects of feature by an expression of the most perfect amiability and sweetness. I felt quite conscience-stricken on meeting the object of my unreasonable suspicions, and gave her my hand without any introductory ceremony having taken place between us. I next presented Katy and Lill, with a little humorous attempt at formality, and Miss Rowe, stooping, kissed them both, stroking their curls and uttering some benevolent commonplace about a resemblance to mother. I saw Katy's troubled look brighten up into a pleased smile at the mere sound of her voice, and felt Lill's frightened hold upon my dress relax.

Tea passed off pleasantly enough. Mother was unusually talkative, and the new governess charming beyond measure. Concerning her residence in Philadelphia, and the calamity that had ended it, she spoke tenderly and with feeling, but left us quite in the dark as to circumstances of an earlier date. She went to her room soon after tea, complaining of a slight headache, occasioned by the fatigues of traveling; and in truth there was a weary, suffering look on her face as she rose

and bade us good-night. I remember how enthusiastic Maud became as soon as she was gone, and how approvingly mother listened to her praises of Miss Rowe.

"Where," said my sister, "is that insulting sketch, made in my sad unenlightenment? Won't somebody punish me?"

"Perhaps mother will resume the habits of former times," I remarked, "and administer a little bodily punishment, or else a 'dose of dark closet.'"

"One circumstance alone restrains me," answered Maud, "from soliciting such treatment. I should be obliged to shriek; Miss Rowe might hear me, and leave the house in terror."

"In that case," said mother, "a more ingenious penance might be discovered. Show the drawing to Miss Rowe, acquaint her with the motive that induced you to execute it, and implore her pardon."

"I'll sleep on your suggestion," Maud replied, becoming serious.

"Make it a command, mother," I said, "and decree that the family be present to witness so rare a sight."

II.

The next day, much to the surprise of mother and myself, Maud, with an assurance that no one but Maud could have assumed, delivered the fancy sketch of Miss Rowe into the governess' own hands. She was much amused when the story of the sketch was told; but, struck with the talent which it displayed, imposed, as the only penance, some daily drawing lessons under her own supervision. Maud gladly agreeing, two hours each afternoon were occupied either in drawing from nature or from copies belonging to Miss Rowe's portfolio. The teacher became interested in the rapid progress of her pupil, and owing, I suppose, to the close intercourse which these lessons engendered, and to the irresistible way which Maud used to have of winding herself about peoples' hearts, she began to feel great fond-

ness for my younger sister. No one would have doubted the substantiality of Goëthe's theory who could have seen them together. Miss Rowe's quiet, meditative look was the veriest opposite of Maud's restless, light-hearted face, and the difference in their respective ages made the fact of their intimacy and friendship even stranger to witness. I do not believe that they often played at that cosy game of "give and take" in which some women love to dispose of their dearest secrets. I am quite certain of my sister's inability to intrust Miss Rowe with anything very important in the shape of a confidence; and as for Miss Rowe, "she is one of those who believe in the sanctity of sorrow," I used to say to myself, "and bury their dead hopes in no crypts but the echoless chambers of their own hearts." I can not tell what there was about this woman that impressed me with the belief that she *had* suffered at some time in her life; or why, when the look of sad dreaminess which I had often noticed came into her eyes, I thought of one who views all faintly through a folded past, bitter memories of tears and farewells.

The favorable impression which Miss Rowe had made upon each member of our family, soon deepened into a sincere attachment. She had a rare faculty for teaching children, and a happy method of simplifying the knowledge she imparted to them, besides clothing it so attractively as to make her services in the school-room very valuable. Her close intimacy with Maud did not prevent long chats with mother and myself, and her evenings were seldom spent away from the sitting-room. She had a sweet, well-cultivated voice, and a large *repertoire* of pretty ballads, which we were never tired of hearing. She often read aloud to us from favorite authors, and I noticed that mother never fell asleep, no matter how late the readings continued.

One day in the middle of September, about three months after Miss Rowe's arrival at The Elms, our governess announced to mother, in her

quiet way, that she had received news which rendered a further continuance in her situation unnecessary. Would mother still require her services up to the appointed time? Of course mother could only express her regret at losing Miss Rowe, and consent to her departure, sudden as it was. The thought of her absence from the home, which her loveliness and intellect had so brightened and adorned, depressed me sadly. As for poor little Lill and Katy, they were quite heart-broken at the loss of their friend.

That evening Maud and I watched Miss Rowe pack her trunk, for she was to start on the following day. While we were bidding her good-night, a circumstance occurred which has impressed itself fixedly on my memory. Maud's violent grief had found consolation in the shape of a promise from her friend that she would write often, and pay us a visit during the winter. My sister was trying to look on the bright side of her sorrow, and was already talking of her future visit.

"I shall have Emily Leveredge up from the city," she said, her hand on the knob of the door, swinging it to and fro, in her childish way, as if imaginary nuts were being cracked by the operation, "and we shall organize the loveliest sleighing-parties and coasting-parties; and Cousin Charlie, who will be back from Europe before then, shall be sent for to entertain us. You haven't ever heard me speak of Cousin Charlie, Helen, have you? He's the dearest fellow to make fun in a lonesome place like this!"

"Is he a cousin on your mother's side?" asked Miss Rowe, indifferently enough, folding up a garment while she spoke.

"No," Maud answered, "he's the son of father's step-brother—Gertrude's and my real father, you know. His name is Ascott—Charley Ascott."

The name had hardly left Maud's lips before I noticed a change dart over Miss Rowe's face like a momentary spasm of suffering, leaving her very white, with a glitter in her eyes that

had something of wildness about it. But the voice with which she presently spoke was composed enough; "you haven't mentioned your cousin's name to me before, Maud. Is he in Europe?"

Charley was a severe weakness of Maud's, and her neglect in not having mentioned him previously was only to be atoned for by a eulogy that threatened to last an hour. My sister failed to notice the altered expression on Miss Rowe's face, which I attributed to one of the severe pangs of neuralgia from which she often suffered. "Come, Maud," I said, breaking in upon her remarks most abruptly; "you will weary Helen. It is already long past eleven o'clock, and you must remember the journey to-morrow."

III.

The farewells were very warm and affectionate. Maud had a severe relapse of weeping at the last moment, and there was a world of wretchedness in Katy's great pensive eyes. Miss Rowe bore up bravely, though it was easy to see how strong an effort she made to keep back the tears.

There followed a dull time at The Elms for a month or so after Miss Rowe's departure. We missed the graceful accomplishments, the fluent conversation that had so enlivened our home during the summer—we missed, too, the quiet humor that had made it merry. It was like raking down the hollies after Christmas, as Maud expressed it, to begin the old hum-drum life again, without that pleasant influence which her spirit had shed around us all. By and by we learned from mother the real reason for Miss Rowe's departure; a subject in which she herself had quietly repelled everything like inquiry both from Maud or myself. She had been left, by the death of her Philadelphian employer, the possessor of a comfortable annuity, and had determined to pay a visit to some relations living in the South. When mother, influenced by a very pardonable curiosity, had asked a few questions about

these relations, to use her own expression, "Miss Rowe had snubbed her in the politest manner possible."

In October we were surprised by a letter from Cousin Charley, informing us of his return from Europe, and of his intention of spending a few days at The Elms. We all knew that with Charley "a few days" might mean a single day, or it might mean a fortnight; and mother, who has deep-seated prejudices in favor of "making a difference for company," entered upon preparations to receive our guest. On the appointed day he arrived by the train. I remember saying to Maud, as we waited his coming together in the sitting-room, "Helen was our last visitor, and it is five months ago to-day since we met for the first time."

We found Charley very little altered by his European tour. Maud's description of him to Miss Rowe had been hardly a truthful one. Charley certainly possessed a large fund of wit and pleasantry when he chose to draw upon it; but I had noticed during his last three or four visits that the romping fellow, who had made our house noisy with mirth and spirits, seemed to have undergone what very few could have called a change for the better. There seemed to have come upon him a habit of saying cynical things about men and women; a bitter way of launching forth against the world's most established customs, opinions, and forms; a contempt for the fashionable codes of the circle in which he had formerly moved. This change of temperament had been so gradual with Charley, and had made itself known by so few misanthropic outbursts, that Maud still believed him, perhaps, the same light-hearted fellow who had once corrupted her into the mischievous employments of stealing bird-nests and spiriting-off the neighbors' fruit. Moreover, a great deal of Charley's old playfulness of manner was still shown towards the companion of his boyish follies. When he *was* lively it was sure to be in Maud's company. Finally, I noticed as his sojourn at The Elms began to lengthen,

that day by day he treated her with more tenderness and respect, and that where she had at first only amused she now began to interest him. I thought of this a great deal, and pondered upon it, and asked myself whether anything would come of the altered relations between them. Then I gave up thinking about it altogether, after a while, and determined to patiently await results.

Charley had not been at The Elms more than a fortnight, when mother told me, in her composed way, that he had asked my sister to be his wife, and that Maud had accepted, and that the engagement had received her (mother's) sanction.

This announcement surprised me not a little. I felt quite indignant at Maud, on first hearing it, for not having intrusted me with her confidence before outsiders were free to talk of the affair as something definitely settled. "It was very trying," I said to myself, "that one sister should be unwilling to seek the advice and sympathy of another, and especially trying in Maud's case, as she had reason to know of my fealty in the matter of secrets." But I felt my annoyance considerably lessened by the graceful way in which she said to me after tea, that evening, when we happened to be left alone together:

"Mamma says she has told you all about it, Gertrude. I hope you are glad, and I want you to kiss me and say so."

Then she told me, in the winning, childish way that used to become her so well, how strange it had seemed, at first, to have Charley ask her to marry him; and how she had said, "give me a little time to think it all over;" and how it had come upon her, by degrees, that a deep love had been deepening ever since their childhood, and had grown out of their romps and frolics, not quickly like a flower, but with the slower growth of a tree. I heard her story, and kissed the sweet ripe mouth that told it, and then became inquisitive in a matter-of-fact manner as to when and where and how they were to be married. The engagement was to be a very short one, Maud said. It was

Charley's wish and her own and mother's, and she hoped that it was mine also. She was not quite sure as to the exact "when." Something had been said about next month, but there would be so much to do for several weeks that such an arrangement appeared next to impossible. She wanted to have a nice quiet wedding at the old church in the village, and to have a little party afterwards. She was going to plan a splendid surprise for Helen Rowe, and should not write a word about the engagement till a week beforehand, when the accumulated confidence of a month should burst upon Helen with the most meteoric effect, accompanied by cards for the wedding, as a sort of guaranty that the whole thing was not merely a playful fiction.

Mother and I kept very busy superintending the *trousseau*, and Charley was sent to New York with a letter for one of our female relations, containing all sorts of commissions in the line of dry-goods and dress-making. Maud was not at all *désolée* in his absence; I think her happiness was by far too genuine for so slight a trouble to overshadow it. Somehow my sister acquired a habit, during Charley's absence, of stealing into my room in her dressing-gown and slippers just as I was about retiring for the night. Her favorite seat, on such occasions, was the foot of the bed, whereon she twisted herself into so unrecognizable a heap as to be quite a painful sight for anyone but a professed contortionist to contemplate. Her knees, drawn up to a level with her chin in the most unnatural manner, formed a sort of bundle, from which her head protruded, its great mass of blonde hair tumbling out of her close prim night-cap and completely hiding her shoulders. Having accomplished this gymnastic attitude to her full satisfaction, she very often succeeded in putting me to sleep with her low musical chatter about Charley and herself. One evening, however, her confidence took so interesting a turn that I listened without feeling at all drowsy. I heard something that kept

me awake, thinking over it, long after Maud had left the room. It was a very sad story, and it related to Cousin Charley's past life. I shall give it in my sister's own words:

"I am quite sure, Gertrude," Maud began, "that Charley would be vexed and disappointed if he knew that I had told what I am going to tell, even to you. But it is such a great unwieldy secret that I seem to need a little help in keeping it. Of course, there is no danger of your repeating a word. This was the way Charley first came to tell me: You and mother went to bed rather early, you know, the night before he left, and we were alone together in the sitting-room, talking very pleasantly before the fire. I happened to mention the nice surprise which I had planned for Helen, when he suddenly asked:

"Do you know anything about this lady, Maud? I mean, have you found out anything of her past life? I don't want to be uncharitable towards your friend in particular, but one meets with very clever adventuresses occasionally, in her line of business."

"I was so angry, Gertrude, when he said this, that I could have slapped him soundly. I shall certainly try to correct Charley's proneness for saying ugly things about people after we are married. The mere idea of calling Helen by such a name! You may imagine how I defended her. First, I availed myself of everything that could be advanced in favor of her respectability; then I described her sweet character as eloquently as I knew how? He was silent for a long time after I had finished, and I began to fear that my pique had vexed him. The light had been turned down very low, and I could only see his face dimly, in the glow of the fire. After a while he spoke, with an odd sound in his voice that I could not account for.

"Your friend may be an angel, Maud," he said, "but I have known women quite as evil within as lovely without. I knew one of them, once, to my great sorrow."

"A certain mournfulness in his

tones thrilled me with pity. I suppose it was because I love him so deeply.

"Tell me about it," I said, tenderly. He did not speak, so I took his hand in mine and pressed it. I am not clever at guessing things, you know, Gertrude, and his words puzzled me. But something made me feel that if I was fond of him, now was the time to show my fondness. I put my other hand on his shoulder, and whispered very softly:

"Don't you think that you had better tell me, Charley? Two can do battle with a grief better than one."

"After this I did not try to persuade him again, and we sat together in silence, both looking into the fire. Presently he began to speak, and when he had finished I knew the whole story, from beginning to end.

"It is five years ago since Charley went to New Orleans to spend the winter. He must have lived a gay reckless life while there, Gertrude, if I am to judge from the hints which he threw out when speaking of New Orleans society. He talked a great deal about the city and the indolent ease in which the inhabitants pass their days, until I suspected that he was dreading to commence the history which I was waiting to hear. I can not say whether this hesitation was caused by an unwillingness to awaken unhappy recollections, or whether by a mistrust of their effect upon myself. I certainly did not feel very comfortable, Gertrude, when he spoke at last of his acquaintance with 'a handsome, clever, educated woman,' his senior by a few years, who lived as governess to a family in which he visited intimately. From what Charley said I should suppose this woman to have been the incarnation of all that was charming—one of those syrens who make strong men kneel at their feet and weep over them, and commit all kinds of absurd actions. I don't believe that Charley, however, was guilty of any such follies as these. He only loved her devotedly (I was jealous when he said that), and asked her to be his wife. She did not refuse.

Charley says that the love of an honest man is always schemed after by women of her stamp. She knew the utter trustfulness of him who offered her his love, and felt no scruples in using it as a means of furthering her wicked plans. When Charley asked her the all-important question, *Who are you?*—a question which he put, I suppose, in more roundabout and lover-like terms, she answered him sadly enough with a touching story of her past life. He believed this story, as he believed everything about the woman who told it. Their engagement was a short and secret one. In a little more than a month's time from their first meeting, Margaret Elison was Charley's wife.

"The first few weeks of his married life must have passed very happily. Charley rented a pleasant cottage at a short distance from the city, intending to remain there during the winter and return north in the spring. But when spring came, Gertrude, it found that cottage vacant and Charley a very miserable man. He had parted from his wife forever."

Maud paused, and I said impatiently: "Why don't you go on? Do you mean that she died?"

"No," said my sister, "it would have been better if she *had* died before Charley found out what a wicked creature he had married. I can not tell you through what means he made the discovery of his wife's falsehood and shame. He gave me but the outline of the story, entering into but few of its shocking particulars. The name of Margaret Elison veiled another to which the most infamous notoriety had been attached. For want of sufficient evidence she had narrowly escaped conviction on the charge of poisoning her first husband, and by sheer force of artful cleverness and cool audacity had succeeded in establishing herself, far away from the scene of her disgrace, at the household in which Charley had first met her. If she had really borne any affection for the man whom she succeeded in marrying, one might be able to regard charitably the

act which brought dishonor to his name. But the motive which urged her to this step was altogether a mercenary one, as she confessed to Charley at their last interview, in a cruel, brazen way. I, who find it difficult even to imagine a character like hers, uniting every outward charm with the deepest inward depravity, beautiful and infamous, lovely and hideous, I shudder when I try to realize the extent of Charley's fearful disappointment. Many another man would have reproached and cursed and sneered upon her. Charley did nothing of this sort. He had once loved her passionately, and however unworthy of its object he afterwards found that love to be, it was not easy to root it up and cast it away in a moment. Yesterday he had worshiped—to-day he could not insult, her.

"Almost the last words that Charley spoke to his wife before they parted, related to the question of her future support. The law compelled him to allow her a yearly income. He offered this and she, strange to say, refused it promptly and decisively. I think there was something in this act, Gertrude, that showed regret for the inhuman deception she had practiced. They say that the worst natures can love. Perhaps she had found out this truth, and could not bear to receive the gold of the man who would scorn and despise her in the years to come. And so they parted, and Charley left almost immediately for New York. Since then he has heard of Margaret Ascott but once, and then he heard of her death."

"You have a beautiful work before you, Maud," I said, kissing her for good-night. "With you it shall be a labor of love to drown your husband's dark past in the clear dawn of a new contentment. Charley's faith in womankind is weak—you must strengthen it. There is a 'rooted sorrow' in his memory which your hand must pluck out. May God make this second marriage as full of peace as the first was full of misery and regret!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANCIENT COINS FOUND IN HOLY SOIL.

BY DR. ROBERT MORRIS.

No. II.

BEFORE me, on my study-table, lies a confused mass of several hundred specimens of the bronze coinage of the Greek and Roman Empires, mingled with autonomic coins, those of the Saracenic powers, Persian, Cufic, and what not. They display great ingenuity in design, with much talent in execution. Were there equal numbers of the piles of ancient ruins lying here before me, they would not be more really monuments of antiquity than these coins are.

What delicacy of thought and richness of illustration some of these objects display! Here is one of about B. C. 490. In a square frame is a head of Bacchus. The letters *Methu* appear upon it—a word signifying wine. It is a coin of Methymne, an ancient town of Lesbos. Bacchus was the tutelary deity of that place; hence the emblem. "On later coins," says Humphrey, "Arion is seen seated upon a dolphin." Now Arion was born in Methymene, and the dolphin is fabled to have saved his life. How many of these strange myths are thus preserved, amid the most valuable facts of history upon coins! But this is not all that this ancient token teaches. One of the surnames of Bacchus was the *Methymnian*, on account of his worship here; and the comparative age of the coins of this place is distinguished by the use of *epsilon* upon the older, and *eta* upon the more recent coins in spelling the word *Methu*! Every numismatist is posted up on many such minute distinctions.

And here is a coin of Hadrian (A. D. 117 to 138), of whom Gibbon,

in one of his fine generalizations, says: "Were all our historians lost, medals, inscriptions, and other monuments would be sufficient to record Hadrian's travels."—Chapter I. Upon the obverse of this is a fine portrait, inscribed AVGVSTVS HADRIANVS, exhibiting a man with short military hair and clipped beard. Upon the reverse, Sabina, his wife, under the effigy of Cybele, is represented in a chariot drawn by four lions, with the words *Cos III*, implying the third year of her husband's consulship. Looking in my old Francis Camp's quarto of 1695 (bought in London in 1868 for one English shilling sterling!) I find among other coins of Hadrian one that gives a full length of Minerva, as honoring him for his patronage of science and the arts; one that presents a coin struck in his honor by the colony of Laodicea when he visited that city. This has the Supreme Jove upon the reverse, in standing posture, holding his characteristic emblem, the Eagle, in his right hand, and many others. Thus, a single monument of this sort suggests a whole series. Let me call out a few of them one by one: This with a reclining female holding a wheel on her knee; this with Hercules seated on armor; this with the Egyptian emblems of the Sphynx, hippopotamus, etc.; this with Hadrian on horseback, etc.

But this coin, which has lain unnoticed in sacred soil for so many centuries, has yet more to tell us. It speaks to us of the purpose of the Emperor Hadrian to rebuild Jerusalem (A. D. 130); to establish a pow-

Charley says that the love of an honest man is always schemed after by women of her stamp. She knew the utter trustfulness of him who offered her his love, and felt no scruples in using it as a means of furthering her wicked plans. When Charley asked her the all-important question, *Who are you?*—a question which he put, I suppose, in more roundabout and lover-like terms, she answered him sadly enough with a touching story of her past life. He believed this story, as he believed everything about the woman who told it. Their engagement was a short and secret one. In a little more than a month's time from their first meeting, Margaret Elison was Charley's wife.

"The first few weeks of his married life must have passed very happily. Charley rented a pleasant cottage at a short distance from the city, intending to remain there during the winter and return north in the spring. But when spring came, Gertrude, it found that cottage vacant and Charley a very miserable man. He had parted from his wife forever."

Maud paused, and I said impatiently: "Why don't you go on? Do you mean that she died?"

"No," said my sister, "it would have been better if she *had* died before Charley found out what a wicked creature he had married. I can not tell you through what means he made the discovery of his wife's falsehood and shame. He gave me but the outline of the story, entering into but few of its shocking particulars. The name of Margaret Elison veiled another to which the most infamous notoriety had been attached. For want of sufficient evidence she had narrowly escaped conviction on the charge of poisoning her first husband, and by sheer force of artful cleverness and cool audacity had succeeded in establishing herself, far away from the scene of her disgrace, at the household in which Charley had first met her. If she had really borne any affection for whom she succeeded in mar- might be able to regard a

act which brought dishonor to his name. But the motive which urged her to this step was altogether a mercenary one, as she confessed to Charley at their last interview, in a cruel, brazen way. I, who find it difficult even to imagine a character like hers, uniting every outward charm with the deepest inward depravity, beautiful and infamous, lovely and hideous, I shudder when I try to realize the extent of Charley's fearful disappointment. Many another man would have reproached and cursed and sneered upon her. Charley did nothing of this sort. He had once loved her passionately, and however unworthy of its object he afterwards found that love to be, it was not easy to root it up and cast it away in a moment. Yesterday he had worshipped—to-day he could not insult, her.

"Almost the last words that Charley spoke to his wife before they parted, related to the question of her future support. The law compelled him to allow her a yearly income. He offered this and she, strange to say, refused it promptly and decisively. I think there was something in this act, Gertrude, that showed regret for the inhuman deception she had practiced. They say that the worst natures can love. Perhaps she had found out this truth, and could not bear to receive the gold of the man who would scorn and despise her in the years to come. And so they parted, and Charley left almost immediately for New York. Since then he has heard of Margaret Ascott but once, and then he heard of her death."

"You have a beautiful work before you, Maud," I said, kissing her forehead good-night. "With you it shall be a labor of love to drown your husband's dark past in the clear dawn of contentment. Charley's for mankind is weak—en it. These are his memories—plus"

erful center of dominion among the Jews themselves, and thus control that ever turbulent and rebellious race, was a thought worthy the attention even of so great and industrious a monarch as Hadrian. This was interrupted by that singular outbreak, the revolt of the impostor Barchochebas, the *Son of the Star*, who, gathering around him the boldest spirits of his nation, set up his throne in Jerusalem, *stamped money* with his own insigna, as the Maccabees had done three hundred years before, and held the forces of the Roman Empire in check, under Julius Severus, for two years before he could be subdued. Here is depicted one of the coins of that unfortunate pretender, the last that bears any reference to ancient Jewish types; on the *obverse*, pomegranates and other Syrian fruits; on the *reverse*, a temple.

And here is a coin of the good and virtuous, but most unfortunate, Pertinax (A. D. 193), the memory of whose disinterested and noble efforts to reform the corrupt government of Rome, eighteen centuries have not obliterated. His brief reign of eighty days is commemorated by numerous coins, the small bronze specimens like the one before me being quite common. I presume I have had fifty of them in my collection. His sad and thoughtful countenance seems full of the cares that must have affected him in view of the difficulties that lay in his way; and the words of Gibbon recur to my mind, as he describes "the mournful and indignant people lamenting the unworthy fate of that excellent prince, and the transient blessings of a reign, the memory of which could serve only to aggravate their approaching misfortunes."

And here is a coin with a well-developed *hog* upon it. I recollect the moment I purchased this specimen. The Arab who brought it to me seemed ashamed to have an emblem of the abhorred animal in his possession. He was a Mohammedan, and nothing is so disgusting to those people as the *hog*. There is not a hog to be found in

Holy Land, save a few wild ones in the reeds and rushes. The good Mrs. Eddy, at Sidon, gave me a piece of ham almost with tears of joy. The possessor of this coin wanted a round price for it, but I showed him the inconsistency of that, and got it at my own valuation. This beast—the *Hog*—was a sacred animal among the Samnite and Latin races. Oaths were made, and treaties sworn to, over the *hog*. One instance of this sort is seen in one of the coins struck during the great revolt, B. C. 91, of the principal Italic states against the City of Rome, which rose to the dimensions of a social war. Eight warriors are seen upon that coin taking an oath in the ancient Italic manner, over a hog held by a boy, with the inscription *Q. Silo*; Silo, the leader of the Marsians, being the animating spirit of the revolt. The form of oath was: "If they shall first abandon the conditions of this agreement by fraud or deceit, may Jupiter strike them dead in that day as I now strike this hog."

I was not able to procure in Palestine a genuine specimen of the coin of Titus, having the subjugation of Judea upon it, although I have no doubt of being able to do so by means of the collectors whom we have in the field there. Although the reign of this good emperor extended only through the period of two years and three months, yet very large numbers of coins were minted under his orders. With the view to consolidate his empire and establish the public faith in the stability of the imperial government, he even recoined, in bronze, the money of all his predecessors, as Trajan afterwards did, in gold and silver. The inscription upon his celebrated Judæan coin will be remembered by every reader: "IVD CAP" (*Judea taken*), written across the reverse of the coin under the letters "S. C." (*by decree of the Senate*). A palm tree, symbolizing the subdued country—as in the earliest coins of Tyre it had symbolized ancient Phœnicia—rises in the center. On the right of this tree

stands a captive with bound arms, probably intended to represent Simon; on the left of the tree a weeping female seated. Around are scattered trophies of armor. The whole grouping recalls the melancholy words: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion." The same, or nearly the same, grouping may be seen upon one of the coins of Domitian (A. D. 81 to 96), whose reign of unsurpassed wickedness and cruelty was terminated by a violent death. The coin referred to was struck to commemorate a triumph over the Germans; its reverse exhibits a man with his hands bound behind him and a weeping woman seated; broken armor is strewn around; the inscription is *Germania Capta* (Germany taken).

The *honey-bee* is plainly seen upon one of my coins, although inscriptions and explanatory figures are entirely wanting. In Humphrey's "Coin Collector's Manual," however, I perceive that this emblem appertains to the ancient coins of Ephesus, and refers to a tradition (as so many of these numismatic emblems do), which is: When the Athenians led their colony to found the city of Ephesus, the Muses, in the form of *bees*, flew before them, directing the course of the fleet." It would seem as if this insect, the *bee*, might be looked for on some of the Syrian colonial coins, for Syria is a land flowing with milk and honey. But I can not find it. Only upon the most ancient coins of Ephesus does it appear.

Of the birds common to that country, I find a variety upon the coins before me. The owl (*Athene meridionalis*) is one of the most frequent. Every student of classical history is familiar with it, as it stands out, on the engravings of Athenian coins, the emblem of Minerva. This owl is dignified, yet occasionally grotesque in its motions, possessing all the gravity, without the heaviness, of American owls. This is the only species of owl universally distributed, and everywhere common and familiar in the Holy Land, as well as in Greece and the Levant. I could

have shot scores of them between Jerusalem and Nazareth, had I chosen. The coin before me, with its fine-stamped *owl*, recalls my early scorn of the poor Grecian joke of the Athenian miser, who was said to be *infested with owls*, because he had a good deal of money laid up, and his money was marked with the Minerva brand! What poor jokes have come down to us from the Orient! A column of a New York comic paper would contain all the classical puns and jests worthy of repetition. By the side of my owl is the *spray of olive*, also sacred to Minerva, and the letters *Athe*. If the opposite side of this coin could be read, it would probably show the head of Minerva; but, alas! the rude Fellah who found it, rubbed off the verdigris upon a rock, which, at the same time, removed all the mint-master's work from the same side! The silver and bronze coins of this city are numerous, and the owl is the town emblem upon them all.

I have had no less than four good bronze coins, with the she-wolf suckling the twins, Romulus and Remus, upon them. One now lies before me with the initials (if I read them correctly) SMAMI, underneath. The first two of these letters may signify *Signata* (or *Sacra*) *Moneta* ("money-struck"). Above the monster appear two stars. On the *obverse* of this coin is a fine youthful head, with *Urbs Roma* for the inscription. Upon one of Domitian's coins (A. D. 81) are the same emblems, viz.: the wolf and twins. The same are seen on coins of Antoninus Pius (A. D. 138); also on a coin of Commodus (A. D. 180), on which the figure of Rome appears, surrounded with warlike spoils. In her right hand she bears a spear, in her left a small sword. Her left elbow rests upon a shield, on which, as indicating the origin of Rome, these emblems, the she-wolf and twins, are seen. I suppose these are often found upon ancient Roman coins, but have not myself discovered exceeding four. In regard to these ancient forms, Humphrey says: "The types found on *Greek* coins af-

ford us an immense number of representations, which communicate to us, with curious accuracy, the nature and form of a host of objects consecrated to various divinities, the most generally acknowledged attributes of those divinities, and the peculiarities of their worship, as well as a vast number of objects connected with the history, the sciences, and the arts of ancient nations."

In my collection, I greatly prize one of the large copper coins of the Ptolemies. These are of a very peculiar character, the piece being of large size, nearly three times as bulky as the large penny of the reign of George III, with which older readers are familiar. Upon the obverse it shows the horned head of Jupiter Ammon; on the reverse the Ptolemaic eagle. This Jove is one of the noblest human heads ever minted. There is a majesty in the expression that is quite sublime. The massive front is grand. I bought it as an *Alexander*, but on examination discover my error. The native vender, who had four of them, styled them *Scandeerous*, which is the sweeping title in the East

for everything connected with the great son of Philip. Mr. Samuel Halloch joined me in the purchase of the whole lot. The eagle on the reverse, grasping the thunderbolts in his talons, is also very spirited and fine.

I am aware that among the costly museums and collections of coins, those of copper and bronze are not so much valued as the gold and silver specimens. Yet they are equally worthy; they are perfectly authentic; they are far more numerous; the variations in their emblems are greater. Besides this, they are the only classes of coins available to the ordinary collector. He can not afford the outlay necessary to procure the other classes. Although Dionysius was scornfully styled the *brazen orator*, because he defended the necessity of a brazen coinage for Macedonia (B. C. 397) when the gold and silver had been too freely exported from the country, yet I invite all lovers of Bible history to join me in collecting up, each his little museum, of *bronze coinage*, as he can procure them, in sacred soil; and, if he will write me, I will easily put him in the way of it.

THE LIFE OF THE PROPHET HOSEA.

BY PROF. W. HENRY GREEN, D. D.

PART I.

HOSEA like Homer, Shakespeare, and many other great men, to whom the world does reverence, has no biography but that which is to be found in his own imperishable productions. No mention is made of him in contemporaneous history. There are notable characters in the Old Testament which afford ample materials for an extended biography. Abraham, Moses, David, Solomon, Daniel—each of these names is suggestive of an epoch in the history of the chosen race, and one in which they came in contact with great empires and various forms of worldly culture. Each is associated with strik-

ing changes and important labors. The life of each is recorded in considerable detail. And about each of these, as a nucleus, there might be gathered a body of historical information and of illustrative and explanatory matter, which would rival in extent and interest those model volumes on the Life of St. Paul by Conybeare and Howson.

He who undertakes to prepare a life of Hosea, however, has no such ambitious task as this before him. Our prophet might be said rather to find a parallel in Sophocles, whose biography his translator and admirer Prof. Plumptre has managed so skillfully to con-

struct out of the few hints preserved respecting him.

We propose, as far as this is possible in a brief article, to interrogate the book of Hosea in respect to the state of things in which it was written, and in respect to the personality of its author. In so far as this attempt to reproduce his life and times may prove successful, not only will a natural curiosity be gratified to know something of so distinguished a man of God, whose writings are so familiar and have been so influential, but we may hope to gain some positive help in estimating and comprehending his inspired productions.

The time when Hosea prophesied, is fixed by the opening verse of his book, which declares that the word of the Lord came unto him "in the days of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz and Hezekiah, kings of Judah, and in the days of Jeroboam the son of Joash king of Israel." The united reigns of the kings of Judah named in this passage, if taken entire, amount to one hundred and thirteen years, or thereabouts. The length of this period of itself precludes the supposition that his ministry began with the beginning of the reign of Uzziah and continued to the end of the reign of Hezekiah. The narrowest assignable limits are from the death of Jeroboam II of Israel (whom Uzziah survived about twenty-eight years) to the accession of Hezekiah, which amounts to fifty-nine years, B. C. 784-725. Neither the probabilities of the case, nor the contents of the book, warrant us in extending his ministry much beyond these limits in either direction. A year or two under Jeroboam and the same under Hezekiah, answer all the requirements of the title, and yield a ministry of from sixty to sixty-five years, which is a protracted term of public life, but not of unexampled duration either in ancient or in modern times. Exercising the prophetic office for so many years, he must have entered upon it when quite young. We can scarcely suppose him less than twenty when intrusted

with so solemn a function; and it is not probable that he was more than twenty-five. This would make him attain an age of from eighty to ninety.

The revolution under Jehu had taken place just a century before. They looked back to it from about the same distance of time, as we to the American Revolution of 1776. And it was equally memorable. It was not a mere change of the reigning house, like other revolutions in Israel, which occurred with a frequency to remind us of Mexico and some of the South American states, and was the cause of like instability in the government and insecurity in the country. It was not the mere successful pronouncement of a general who had gained over the army, nor a conspiracy for the deposition or assassination of a weak and obnoxious ruler, but which was without effect upon the general policy of the kingdom, since the administration of affairs, though committed to new hands which might be more or less vigorous, pursued in the main the same course as before. The revolution which placed Jehu on the throne was for the preservation of law and liberty and religion.

The worship of the ten tribes, from the time of the schism, had been a debased form of the old national religion, a compound of heathenism and Mosaic institutions, in which, with all its corruptions, the service was still nominally paid to Jehovah. But Ahab's heathen wife Jezebel, who was anything but "chaste" and "pure," as her name denotes, sought to overthrow at once the Israelitish constitution and the Israelitish religion, introducing an irresponsible despotism on the one hand and the shameless orgies of avowed heathenism on the other. While endowing the worship of Baal, and interdicting that of Jehovah, there is, however, a singular proof that even Jezebel could not shake off all reverence for the God of Israel. The names of her children contain recognitions of his deity. Her sons, Ahaziah (upheld by Jehovah) and Jehoram (exalted by

Jehovah), are the first princes in the schismatical kingdom of Israel, who bear religious names. Her daughter Athaliah (Jehovah afflict) solicits the breaking down of foes from the same source that the others entreat power and elevation, mere worldly advantages in every case, such blessings as an ambitious pagan would be apt to implore. It is a curious instance of that syncretism, which presses all known deities into its service, and can at the same time defy and supplicate the occupants of the Pantheon.

The last remnants of freedom and of true religion were in danger of being trampled out by this bold and wicked woman. Israel seemed to be on the verge of being converted into a despotic heathen state. The worship of the golden calves, however degenerate, was still professedly paid to Jehovah under these symbols. Its suppression, to substitute that of Baal, was like the Japanese abolishing the Jesuit missions and trampling on the cross,—or like infidel France overturning the hierarchy, shutting up the churches and guillotining the priesthood in the name of the goddess of reason.

Seventy or eighty years had elapsed since the rebellion of Jehu, when Hosea was born. The actors in it must nearly all have passed away. A few possibly lingered still in extreme old age. There were more, who children then, but now with whitened locks and tottering limbs, survived the body of their contemporaries, and were often urged to repeat to their juniors stories of the revolution. We can imagine young Hosea eagerly drinking in these tales; with a group of his boyish companions besieging some aged relative, or the octogenarian of the village, and coaxing him to draw upon his early memories,—and kindling into animation as he heard of the venturesome errand of that son of the prophets whom Elisha sent to the camp to anoint Jehu king over Israel—and how furiously Jehu drove with his armed followers to Jezreel—and how completely the king and the city were taken by

surprise—and how the royal house of Israel was exterminated and that of Judah too almost destroyed—and how the son of Ahab lay weltering in his blood in the field of Naboth, and the queen's body was trampled by the mob and devoured by dogs in the very heart of the city—and of the stratagem by which Jehu secured all the priests of Baal and put them to death—and of all Jehu's reforms and his vigorous administration—and of the hopes which his early zeal awakened—and how the true servants of the Lord were disappointed by his failure to complete what he had undertaken, and his retaining still the worship of the golden calves.

There were numbers of his adult acquaintance doubtless, who could tell him of Elisha, who had known this distinguished man of God or at least had seen him in his later days. He was still living in the preceding reign, and could not have been dead more than thirty or thirty-five years at the utmost when Hosea was born. His own father and mother may have had personal reminiscences of this great prophet. At any rate, of the numbers who had companied with him, and heard his instructions and witnessed his miracles or beheld his venerable form as he journeyed from place to place, there must have been not a few, from whom Hosea could gather how Elisha looked, and what he said and did; and what they had heard him tell of his yet greater predecessor, from the day he summoned him from the plow until he was taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire. Such were the tales that awoke his interest in his early years and tended to form his youthful mind, to suggest models for his imitation and to inspire him with ideas of heroic devotion and persistent labor in the Lord's service, and of its ultimate glorious reward.

Hosea was, we may without violence conclude, of pious parentage and descended from a pious ancestry. The fire, which glows in his discourses, was most likely kindled at the domestic

hearth. This we may infer from his name Hosea, which means *salvation*. Since names were not then, as they are now, mere unmeaning appellations, this doubtless expressed the fervent prayer and the fond hope that the dear child so called might himself experience, and might convey to others, the blessing of salvation. And his father's name Beeri is equally significant. This is by Gesenius derived from *bêr*, "a well," as also by Jerome, who with his characteristic love for mystical senses, expounds it of the wells which the patriarchs digged, but the Philistines labored to fill, that well-spring of life, namely, that fountain of living waters, which Israel had forsaken to hew out to themselves cisterns that could hold no water. Without mysticism, however, and without allegory an acceptable sense is yielded by the name, if we accord to it the meaning preferred by Furst and others, which is probably its real signification, "*interpreter*" or "*expounder*." Does it not sound like a name bestowed in the hope and the anticipation that he who bore it might expound and declare the truth of God? Unless indeed, as in the case of Chrysostom, it was assumed by himself or bestowed by others in later life, as descriptive of the function which he was actually engaged in discharging.

The citizens of the ten tribes were debarred from the privilege of access to the temple at Jerusalem by the stringent policy of their own government, and by the hostility of Judah. It is not impossible, indeed, that the youthful Hosea may once and again have been taken by his parents to the Holy City, amidst the concourse of worshippers at the annual feasts. But there are no known facts to render such a visit probable. In the first year of Hezekiah, when Hosea was nearly, if not quite, eighty years of age, and but two or three years before the final siege of Samaria, pains were taken to extend the invitation to the passover to all in the kingdom of Israel, as well as in that of Judah. And, although the messengers sent for the purpose were

laughed to scorn, and mocked in various places, great numbers went. 2 Chron. xxx: 11-18. But it is expressly stated (verse 26) that the like had not occurred since the time of Solomon, or in other words, since the period of the schism.

Some have fancied an allusion to annual pilgrimages from Israel, in Hosea 6:1, where the priests and others are charged with having "a snare on Mizpah and a net spread upon Tabor." This is interpreted of ambush laid for pilgrims, on their way to and from the festivals at Jerusalem. In all probability, however, it contains no such reference, but points rather to the seductive arts of idolatry practiced by them. It would be fairer to infer a modicum of religious intercourse between the two kingdoms, from the fact deprecated by Hosea, iv: 15, that Judah was enticed to visit the sanctuaries of Israel. If idolatrous pilgrimages were made from kingdom to kingdom in the one direction, may not the true worshippers of Jehovah have ventured in the opposite direction?

But, in the absence of the sanctuary there were other provisional centers of religious influence in the assemblages of sons of the prophets, founded and originally presided over by Elijah, and then by Elisha, and perpetuated, as it would appear, until the overthrow of the kingdom. These pious communities were established in Israel, as analogous institutions had been by Samuel in a like period of religious defection or decline. The adherents of the prophets were gathered together for mutual encouragement and support, that they might gain strength by combination, create radiating points or centers of influence, and more effectively counteract the prevailing idolatry. They were visited, as it would appear, 2 Kin. iv: 23, on Sabbaths and new moons. They received (verse 42) offerings of first fruits. They were resorted to for instruction, guidance, and worship.

Hosea and his parents may have been in the habit of going, as others did, to these hallowed spots on sacred seasons, or on special occasions when

inspired counsel or guidance was needed. Perhaps he may have stood in a closer relation to them still. We do not venture the affirmation, but we simply raise the question, whether Hosea may not have been himself one of the sons of the prophets, *i. e.*, their pupils, auditors, or adherents.

There is a strong antecedent presumption, as it seems to us, that the leading prophets of Israel would be selected from these prophetic communities. The reasons which led to their establishment, demanded that all who were engaged in the common cause should be banded together. With such opposition as they must encounter from the hostility of the government and the corruption of the masses, dispersion is weakness, concentration is strength. It might be supposed, too, that God would honor these institutions, in the view of the people, and give them fresh sanction and authority, by selecting his chosen and most valued instruments from among them, instead of depreciating and passing by this faithful and consecrated body, and raising up his servants in some other independent quarter? And this especially in the case of Hosea, who is the leading prophet of Israel in this period.

And Hosea's own fitness for his work would have been essentially promoted by such a connection, by being withdrawn from contact with the prevailing irreligion and ungodliness, and associated with these bodies of those who truly feared the Lord, and were under eminent and inspired superintendence.

Further, the piously inclined, and those who were by nature and by grace suited for the prophetic work, would be strongly drawn to this congenial companionship. The choice young men of the land, and the flower of its piety would spontaneously gather here; the ardent, devoted, consecrated, thoroughly attached to the service of Jehovah, and eager to labor in it, the very material needed for prophets, if God would but add the seal of his supernatural inspiration. That this seal was sometimes impressed upon sons

of the prophets we know. Repeated mention is made in the sacred history of their being sent upon prophetic errands, the spirit of the Lord coming upon them, and their speaking by the word of the Lord. May not Hosea have been another instance of this kind?

The efficiency of Hosea's ministry, when he was actually introduced into the prophetic office, would also be enhanced by his coming forth from the bosom of such a sympathizing and co-operative community, which could lend him support, hold up his hands, and by its effective organization multiply as it were his personality. Fixed at these foci of religious power, these reformatory centers, and working through them and outward from them in every direction, his own influence would be indefinitely increased, and he would have an active agency ever at hand, ready to be employed with advantage, as he might direct. That Hosea was thus assisted by considerable numbers of prophets, appears from such expressions as Hos. vi: 5; xii: 10. Comp. also Amos 2: 11.

It is not unlikely, also, that the personal safety of the prophets in Israel, and the toleration accorded to them was dependent on, or promoted by, their combination. This may, perhaps, be inferred from the attempt to expel Amos from the kingdom on account of his prophecies. Am. vii: 10-15. It appears from this passage that there was a recognized body of prophets in this apostate kingdom, which had such a position in the country, and such repute among the people that they could not be disturbed. But this intruder from Judah had no such claim, and he must not be allowed to prophesy. Else, why should Hosea have been permitted to utter the very same denunciations unmolested for sixty years, which brought upon Amos the open hostility of the king and the priesthood in his brief visit to Bethel?

And the reply of Amos seems to represent his case as exceptional. He was not, like God's other messengers,

to Israel a prophet, nor a prophet's son. He did not belong to this legalized and tolerated body. But he had, nevertheless, an immediate divine commission, which he was obliged to fulfill. The implication in this language might justify us in assuming, that Hosea and Jonah, the contemporary prophets of Israel, had sprung from these prophetic communities, or were connected with them.

In the case of Jonah, there is this remarkable corroboration, that he had plainly passed under the molding hand of Elijah and Elisha. Their personality had stamped itself upon his. They were his conscious or unconscious models. For almost everything in his character and work a parallel can be adduced from them. His very frailties were patterned after theirs. The most striking peculiarity of Jonah's was his mission to Nineveh, outside of the covenant people; the only analogous instance is that of Elisha, who was once sent to Damascus. And the errands upon which they were employed were similar. Elisha was sent to raise up a scourge to Israel, by anointing Hazael king of Syria; Jonah, for the sparing of Nineveh, to be Israel's destroyer.

The lesson underlying the mission of Jonah was the superior obduracy of Israel. Nineveh repented and shared God's mercy, while Israel continued to reject it to their own undoing. God's grace was given to the Gentiles and withheld from Israel, the very truth which was latent in Elijah's being sent to the widow of Sarepta and in Elisha's healing Naaman the Syrian, as their typical meaning was unfolded by our Lord, in the synagogue, at Nazareth. The stern severity of Elijah is seen by Jonah's bold summons to Nineveh to repent, on the penalty of speedy retribution, and the miracle of his life brings him into relation with that supernatural region in which Elijah and Elisha moved.

Even in his weaknesses, Jonah is still the echo of Elijah. His flight from duty resembles Elijah's fleeing in

his dejection to Beersheba and Horeb, to be met by the reproving question from the Lord, "What doest thou here?" His faint-hearted desire of death, when Nineveh was spared, while Israel was unrepentant, recalls Elijah's desponding petition, when the miracle of Carmel failed of lasting effect.

Such a pervading similitude can neither be fanciful nor casual. It is the power of a strong nature, a master admired and revered, impressing himself upon his pupil. Can we be far astray in inferring that Jonah was the pupil of these great masters, perhaps of Elisha personally, perhaps of some like-minded successor in charge of those establishments which Elijah and he had founded and watched over, and where their names were held in perpetual and pre-eminent veneration? And may not Jonah's relation to these prophets be esteemed illustrative or confirmatory of that sustained by his contemporary and collaborer Hosea?

One more consideration may add plausibility to our conjecture. It is drawn from the historical development of the prophetic order. A new phase of prophetic character, a new stage in prophetic labor is first represented in him, whence it passes over to all contemporary and succeeding prophets in both the kingdoms. The prophets passed first through the stage of occasional and fitful inspiration, as represented in Edad and Medad, and the seventy elders upon whom the spirit temporarily rested, Num. xi: 26, to a life-long permanent official character, as represented in Samuel. They advanced from revelations, given as they were consulted by individuals, respecting casual and secular matters, such as the lost asses of Kish, to announcements made of their own accord in matters of national concern; and beyond this, from the disclosure of specific events in special cases, to declaring the general principles of God's government in formal discourses, delivered on suitable occasions, and adapted not only to the needs of their contemporaries but of all future ages.

This last and highest form of prophecy, in which the lessons of God's providence in the present or the future are exhibited in a form instructive for all coming time, was first reached in Hosea, who leads the series of the books of prophecy recorded in the permanent canon of faith. And now, where would we most naturally look for this final stage of prophecy to be developed? By whom might we expect this highest mission of the prophets to be first fairly grasped, and the full conception of their work to be attained, if not by one who grew up as it were upon prophetic soil, and represents in himself the consummated movement of that prophetic community, of which he formed a part? Moreover, would we not expect the influence of these schools of the prophets to be felt in the code of a permanent revelation? May we not presume that we have their culmination, their ripened fruit, in the written prophecies of Hosea? Nothing has been preserved from Elijah himself, nothing from Elisha. May we not have the last results of their work and teaching in this disciple worthy of such noble masters?

And here we are tempted to pile conjectures upon conjecture. If the idea may be allowed that Hosea received his training in the prophetic schools, to which of them may we conceive him to have belonged? At the risk of unduly burdening the hypothesis, we venture to suggest that it was Gilgal. This seems to be hinted in some passages, relieves difficulties in others, gives a new and pleasing turn to others still, and is not contradicted by anything that the book contains.

The frequency with which Gilgal is referred to by Hosea is noticeable, as well as the prominence given to it among the chief seats of idolatry. xii: 11. The language of ix: 15, implies that the prophet was a personal witness of what was done there, and it roused his indignation more than their wickedness in other places. In warning Judah against taking part in Israel's idolatry, he says: iv: 15, "Come not

ye unto Gilgal, neither go ye up to Bethaven;" just the words which he would utter if he were himself at Gilgal, though they may not positively require the assumption that he was.

A further hint of the prophet's locality may, perhaps, be found in ix: 13, which should be rendered "Ephraim, as I saw unto Tyrus, is planted in a pleasant place." The whole location of the northern kingdom, reaching as far as Tyre, is a pleasant one. Now, from what point must the prophet have surveyed the country, that Tyre should be at its farther extremity. Tyre is at the north-west corner, Gilgal at the south-east.

"This shall be their derision in the land of Egypt," vii: 16, is language that naturally recalls Gilgal. It received this name because there the reproach of Egypt was rolled away in the days of Joshua. Josh. v: 9. The criminality of the people had brought it back again.

This too, was a point favorable for prophetic labor. It was not very remote from Bethel, the royal residence, and another seat of idolatry, and yet far enough to be somewhat out of the way of royal inspection and persecution; while at the same time near the Jordan, and near the border of the other kingdom, so that he could readily extend his influence on both sides of the river and into both kingdoms.

The places of idolatry referred to by Hosea are Gilgal and Bethel, which was not far distant. Amos, who came from the south of Judah, adds Beersheba with which he was familiar. Dan, in the north, is not mentioned by either.

The three prophets of the period in Israel would thus too be symmetrically located, with reference to the most economical and judicious expenditure of labor. Jonah, of Gath-hepher, was in the north, and his prophecy, reported in 2 Kin. xiv: 25, had prominent reference to the extension of the northern boundary of Israel. Amos labored at Bethel in a central position. And, if we assign Hosea to Gilgal, he will be in the south.

Some of the rabbins identify Beeri, the father of the prophet, with Beerah of the tribe of Reuben, who, 1 Chron. v: 6, was carried captive by Tiglath Pileser. If this can be considered reliable the prophet belonged to a tribe settled east of the Dead Sea and of the mouth of the Jordan, a region often ravaged, both by predatory tribes and by Assyria, before those west of the Jordan were carried captive. If the family forsook their home or were driven from it and took refuge west of the Jordan, Gilgal was just at hand.

The frequent figures in the book, from lions, bears, leopards, and other beasts of prey, suggest the banks of the Jordan, in whose rank vegetation, forming a dense jungle, they found shelter.

And the mention made of pillage and desolation may have had their occasion in the proximity of Gilgal to the scene of such ravages. And if he were born in the vicinity of Gilgal, or near the old crossing of the Jordan, his name may have been imposed with allusion to that of Joshua, whose original name Hosea actually was. Num. xiii: 8-16. He may have been called *salvation* with specific reference to the ancient deliverances wrought under that distinguished leader, and with the hope and prayer that these deliverances might be in him renewed; that he might be a fresh Joshua in the spiritual sense, and that through him God might revive his work and lead his people out of the wilderness into their promised rest.

A SERENADE.

BY C. L. T.

GIRL of the shaded eyes,
I wake a song to thee;
Softly lay the hand upon the silver strings,
Tremulous the voice of singer while he sings,
Deep and tender as the skies,
This my song shall be.

Girl of the dewy eyes,
Look on this song for thee;
As stars upon night-blooming flowers shine,
So lift thy starlight on this song of mine,
And in a still and glad surprise,
'Twill show its heart to thee.

Girl of the soul-lit eyes,
List to this song to thee;
As sweeps the lonely wind through groaning pines,
So sobs my soul along these burdened lines,
And in its voicelessness it cries
For words to set it free.

Girl of the loving eyes,
What song shall be for thee?
My words to silence sink abashed and still;
Oh! lift those tender eyes, and they shall live and thrill;
One look will bid the song arise,
And give the harmony.

A GOOD CARD FOR IRELAND.

BY PROF. WM. M. BLACKBURN, D. D.

PART I.

IRELAND WITHOUT THE CARD.

THE annals are brief concerning John Edmunds, yet they give us the warp and woof of our story, while we do the weaving. His was a sad heart when the good king, Edward VI, was buried, and the hope of reform seemed to be laid in the grave, for John was one of the early Protestants of England. As honest yeomen, he and his best Cheshire neighbors had come to think for themselves, and they liked the plain talk of a preacher with the gospel on his lips, rather than the bad Latin of a priest with the missal in his hands.

"Why shouldn't we?" said John, one November day, when battening his cottage, to keep his tenderlings from the cold, and certain trusty neighbors were looking on to see how he did it. "A man can work more cheerily when big thoughts are thumping in his brain. Many a day's hard earnings have we paid to the priest, just for that we did not think the wiser thing. And I wot that the best bargain ever I made was when I gave a week's savings for that gospel book of Tyndale's, which saith: 'Search the Scriptures.' It maketh the way to heaven for us laboring men quite different from what the priest doth."

"Ye will be wise to hide it now," replied John Harvey; "for, as I hear, Queen Mary is likely to order all the Bibles to be burned, and the readers along with them."

"Do ye hear," asked Abel Ellis, "what they're doing with Master Latimer, the man who loved to preach to the people of us, and Cranmer, the archbishop, whose fault is that he hath not

wit enough to find the mass in the gospels?"

John drove no nail while it was told how these good men were arrested and thrown into the old London tower. The men talked in a low voice, with eyes glancing about them, as if a sheriff might be coming.

"They will go soon, I reckon," said John; "and when they fall such oaks as the great preachers, they'll clear off a thicket of such bushes as we are. The fire kindleth in the forest, and the twigs must burn as well as the trees."

"Would we were twigs," said Abel Ellis, "and then it were easy to be martyrs. But for one who can think, and feel, and dread the flames, and love his wife and children, it is not so easy to be burned as it is glorious. John, how would you like to beg for life with a halter about your neck?"

John was on the ladder, looking at the wall, trying to beat down his emotions by using his hammer. His eye was moist. There seemed to be a mist about the nail that he wished to drive. He pressed hard together those lips which had quivered that morning, when he was reading, by his hearthstone, the Lord's words, "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another." He seemed again to hear the question of his little Alice, "Will they hurt you, papa?" He could not then answer her; he could not now answer the man at his ladder's foot. His friends left him in a deep study.

In those times a line of human tongues was a telegraph, and the news went up quickly from London to Chester. Reports were borne of Queen

Mary's intention to marry the bigot, Philip of Spain, to overthrow all Protestant hopes and plans, to restore the Romish worship, to put the Bible under the ban, and to punish all opposers of the mass and the Latin ritual. One Cheshire man was often shouting, "Long live the Queen," the loudest of the aldermen. He was John Edwards, the innkeeper, whose wife was the sister of John Edmunds.

"And soon die all who wish that the Queen may live long enough to repent and be merciful," said the Protestant John to himself. He also thought, "Popery knows no relationships. 'Now the brother shall betray the brother to death,' as saith the gospel." He took counsel with his neighbors. Were the rumors true? Was there danger?

"All true," said Abel Ellis, who had an ear for the latest tidings; "and you'll soon hear worse." In London they say to the bold preachers, 'You have the word, but we have the sword.' Die, or flee—that is the choice left us. As for myself, I could die bravely, if I were alone in the world; but when the strings of one's heart are tied to those of his house——" The voice of the strong man faltered.

"Why, then, one must do something more than sit still and weep over it," said John Edmunds. "'Die and show your faith,' say some, but I've a mind to flee and show mine. For doth it not require faith to go forth, not knowing whither? And how can we flee, when permission to leave the country is refused?"

John Harvey entered. It was good to see his frank face, but it seemed ill to look on the man who was following him. The stranger was a priest, well shorn and clerically dressed. He might be a spy, an informer, a traitor. "Fear him not," said Harvey; "he is a good gospeller, a secret reader of the Bible. He is Thomas Jones, of Wales."

Priest Jones explained himself. He was not suspected of being a Protestant. He could travel where he chose. He might lead a little band to some place of safety. He would like to be

engaged by some circle of gospellers as a teacher, and preach to them, rather privately, on Sundays.

"God has sent him to us," said Mrs. Ellis; "we will be his flock. But where shall we find fold and pasture?"

"The Lord is our shepherd, we shall not want," replied the happy priest; "he has green pastures for us."

"Hear my plan," said Harvey. "I learn that Ireland is not much suspected of heresy, as the queen calls it. Many are running thither, just now, and they are not yet tribulated, for the hunters care not to search where they think there is no game. It wearies the hounds, all for nothing."

"How to get there—that requires faith," said John Edmunds.

The affair was wisely managed, and no lies told. Priest Jones simply took over a few friends with him to Dublin, and the sea-port officials pressed them with no hard questions. Not even was there a rummage of their goods to find the Bibles hidden deep in their packs.

And now we read in "Ware's Annals of Ireland:"

"1554. This year, several of the Protestants of England fled over into Ireland, by reason that Queen Mary began to persecute them for their religion, viz.: John Harvey, Abel Ellis, John Edmunds, and Henry Haugh, all Cheshire men; who, bringing over their goods and chattels, lived in Dublin and became citizens thereof, it not being known wherefore they came hither until Queen Mary's death. These families having one Thomas Jones, a Welshman, a Protestant priest, privately amongst them, who read service and the Scripture to them upon Sundays, and other days, secretly: all this not being discovered until Queen Mary's death."

There were men in Ireland, Archbishop George Brown at their head, who did not take such care to keep secret their plans of reform. They struck openly and hard at the evils of Romanism. Perhaps they did not read their Bibles enough in private, nor depend enough upon God and the power of his

written word. They tried the force of law against the papal errors and practices. By an act of Parliament, the authority of the Pope had been renounced, his supporters were declared to be traitors, convents had been dissolved, and the King of England had been declared the visible head of the Church. Famous images had been destroyed; the statue of the Virgin Mary had been burned, and "St. Patrick's Staff" had been cast into the fire.

Better still, English Bibles were placed in every parish church, and King Edward's liturgy was introduced. A few zealous preachers were making known the gospel. Some altars were removed, and the communion-table set in their place, so that the mass ceased, and the Lord's Supper was celebrated.

"If you insist upon the English liturgy," said Dowdal, the primate, "then shall every illiterate fellow read service."

"No," replied the lord-deputy, Saint Leger, "your grace is mistaken; for we have too many illiterate priests among us already, who can neither pronounce the Latin, nor know what it means, any more than the common people that hear them. But when the people hear the litany in English, they and the priest will then understand what they pray for."

"Beware of the clergy's curse," said the angry primate.

"I fear no strange curse," answered Saint Leger, "so long as I have the blessing of that Church which I believe to be the true one."

This liturgy is said to have been the first book printed in Ireland. Its date was 1551, and one mistake was not to print it and the Bible in the Irish language. Truth and worship are of little avail, unless rendered in the common tongue of the people.

The acts of these reformers were discovered before Queen Mary's death. She might have overturned them, had not a card raised a laugh, when a commission was intended to terrify.

PART II.

HOW THE CARD WENT TO IRELAND.

Queen Mary was troubled about the Irish affairs. Heresy had crept into "the isle of the saints." The reformers, in her eyes, were deforming the Church. To pray in English was a great sin! To burn images, renounce the Pope, read the Bible, set aside the mass and the altars, and make Protestant laws, were evils that must not be endured. She would send over a special commissioner, to restore the old order of things.

She chose Dr. Henry Cole, dean of St. Paul's, for the business. A very fit man, for he had taken an active part in the burning of Cranmer, and he knew how to apply fire to heretics so as to make it effective. By this time (it was the year 1558) he was able to show a long list of persons who had been punished with death for their heresy, and threaten to make another as long among the Irish, if they did not come meekly back into the Roman fold. Doom was coming with Dr. Cole.

His commission was given to him. He put it nicely into a leathern box, and departed. On his way he rested at Chester, greatly to the delight of the mayor of that city, who called to see him at the inn.

"I'll teach the Irish how to handle our religion," said Dr. Cole, freely and pompously; "St. Patrick did not make cleaner sweep of the serpents of that country, than I shall do of the disturbers. They burned his staff; they shall now find my commission more terrible." Then, taking the tremendous document out of his box, he said: "Here is a commission that shall lash the heretics of Ireland."

The mayor enjoyed the ardent speech, and a sight of the queen's paper. But the hostess, Elizabeth Edwards, sister of John Edmunds, was not of his temper. Such bigotry and boasting were more than distasteful. She listened in silence, and waited her time to defeat the mission of the dean.

Perhaps her thought was, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

The doctor felt quite at home, and when the time for parting came, he very politely showed the mayor down stairs, and paid some fine compliments at the door. "That's the man for the work," thought the mayor, as he proudly walked away, "and the Cheshire fugitives may be glad to sail back to their native town."

While the doctor was thus so polite to his visitor, the hostess, Elizabeth, opened his box, took out his commission, and in its place put in a sheet of paper, with a pack of cards wrapt therein, a very knavish card being uppermost. "Let him beat the Irish with that club, if he likes," she said to herself, and then studied how to entertain her guest, so as to keep him from boasting of his commission. The next day he rode to the water-side, and the wind and weather serving him, he sailed for Dublin, where he was housed in the castle early in October.

"I have an important message from the queen," was the word sent to Lord Fitzwalter, the governor.

"Serious business," thought this high official, and he at once summoned the council, and required the doctor to appear before that wise body, and present the case.

Such promptness was pleasing to the man whose power was to shine forth from the leathern box. He appeared before the council, and spoke on this wise: "Her Majesty, our gracious queen, being solicitous for the happiness of all her subjects, especially those of this long-blessed isle, and devoted to the cause of that holy religion of which our gracious father, the Pope, is the guardian on earth, hath sent me, a most unworthy servant, to proclaim such edicts, and ordain such measures, as shall serve to restore to Ireland that ancient religion, which hath been threatened by heretics and sectaries, those wolves which are let loose to harry and devour the flock."

"Hear! hear! Long live the queen!"

was the response of certain councillors. "A hearty welcome to the queen's commissioner!"

"These fanatics, deceivers, wicked and abominable men, robbing Ireland of her glory, and fattening on the spoils of the churches—these image-breakers and haters of the holy mass are rebels and traitors, and I come to repress them, by good laws, if they will receive them, but by just punishments if they resist."

"Ireland wants no persecutors," said one of the bolder men in the council. "If these Protestants are in error, invite them to meet you; and then, if you are able, convince them by argument."

"Argument?" exclaimed the excitable doctor; "here is my argument—the queen's order and commission. And be sure that I shall use the full extent of the power granted therein to me."

"Let the commission be read," said Lord Fitzwalter, receiving the box from the doctor, and handing it to his secretary.

The box was opened, when nothing appeared, save a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost!

"What! how is that?" was the general utterance, amid the astonishment and confusion. The governor began to smile. The faces of those who had so heartily welcomed the speech-maker were fiery.

"Well, I know that I had a commission when I left the royal court," said Dr. Cole; "but what has become of it?" That was the perplexing question.

"Let us have another commission," replied the governor; "and, meanwhile, we will shuffle the cards."

Back to London went Dr. Cole, venting his wrath upon the way.

PART III.

WHAT THE CARD DID FOR IRELAND.

On the English coast, in mid-November, was a man waiting for the

storms to lull, and a favorable wind to carry him over to Dublin. We know him by his leathern box, which he guards as if it were full of gold. If he has anything to do with cards, it is only to amuse himself while the waves are growling against him.

Suddenly he hears tidings which disturb him. Queen Mary is dead. The commission, which cost him so much pains to renew, is worthless. He turns back, leaving the sea to its storms, and Ireland to the heretics. His life-work is about done; the new queen will have little use for such a man.

We cross over to Dublin. In the house of John Edmunds is a company of secret Protestants, who scarcely dare to thank God with their lips for His removal of the queen, but they feel it in their hearts. They, too, have laughed over the joke upon Dr. Cole, although Mrs. Ellis has said of the affair, "This is the finger of God." Had they been as superstitious as some of the papists of Dublin, they would have said that

the cards had, by a miracle, crowded out the terrible commission.

In due time the mystery is cleared up by a letter from the sister of John Edmunds, who replies to her: "You saved Ireland from an awful scourge of persecution."

Protestant affairs move on again, in that country, with moderate success. The hidden worshipers of God may come into the light of open day. Thomas Jones may preach the gospel with public boldness. Wiser men follow those who had started the movement for reform.

One day, in later years, if we may credit the tradition, Elizabeth Edwards is surprised by a strange commission from her queen. She is to have her reward. For Lord Fitzwalter has often told the joke of the cards, and found out by whose strategy it had come to pass. He has informed the queen, Elizabeth, and she grants to the good woman of Chester, during her life, a pension of forty pounds a year.

EDGAR A. POE.

THE Westminster Review for October, contains an article on American literature that will take rank as one of the most amusing criticisms of the English press. It is fortunately constructed like some old blunderbuss, and kicks harder than it shoots. Though aimed across the Atlantic, it recoils most disastrously on British literature. But we refer to it here, only because it gives us the text upon which we would speak. The time has, perhaps, come when the wicked world of literary prejudice and favoritism will hear some words about the man whose name heads this article, which shall be neither apotheosis nor malediction. The pendulum of literary judgment is usually carried as far past the truth, on one side, as the impetus it could get from its variation from the truth on the other side would carry it. Only after the world is weary of the

oscillations does it rest at last in that temperate verdict which all history can approve. Twelve years ago the Edinburgh Review said, "Edgar A. Poe was incontestably one of the most worthless persons of whom we have any knowledge in the Republic of letters."

But the Westminister, in its last issue says, "Next to Longfellow, the American poet, most popular in this country, is the erratic and ill-fated Virginian, Edgar A. Poe." Whether it be complimentary to English taste to say that the "most worthless man in the Republic of letters," is the second most popular American poet in England, is a question the decision of which we leave to the Reviews. We quote these sentences only to show the two opposite elevations of the pendulum, and what a tremendous arc it has described in twelve years. *In fact*, Poe is not

the most worthless name in the Republic of letters, and, *in fact*, he *ought* not to be the second most popular American name in England. His name has been sounded through the whole critical gamut, from sheer diabolism to the divinity of genius. But it is time now to come to a somewhat better understanding of his place in letters, than is involved, either in the coarse defamation of the Edinburgh, or the equally ill-judged panegyric of the Westminster Review. The half-playful couplet of James Russell Lowell comes nearer the truth than either of the reviewers attained :

"There comes Poe with his raven, like
Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths
sheer fudge.

Edgar Allen Poe was born in Baltimore, in January, 1811. His father, David Poe, jr., was in the earlier part of his career a student of the law, but finally became an actor, and married an actress, Miss Elizabeth Arnold. After continuing in the theaters of the principal cities for six or seven years, they died within a few weeks of each other, in Richmond, leaving their three children, Henry, Edgar, and Rosalie, in utter destitution. A wealthy merchant, Mr. John Allen, adopted Edgar. In 1816 he accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Allen to Great Britain, and spent four or five years in a school near London. He returned to this country in 1822, and entered first an academy in Richmond, and afterward the university at Charlottesville. Though always in the front rank of scholarship, his habits of intemperance grew upon him so rapidly that he was expelled from the university. Impressed that the Greeks needed his assistance, he sailed for the continent; turns up at St. Petersburg in a penniless condition, gets money from the American minister, and so returns to his own country. He now entered the military academy, but his old habits returned, and in ten months after his matriculation he was cashiered.

His literary career now commenced, and during the remainder of his life he derived a variable support from his pen.

The sad story of his life, the eclipse into which its promise so swiftly passed, the alienation of friends, the solitude in the heart and madness in the brain, and the closing scene of the dark tragedy in a hospital in Baltimore, are sufficiently familiar.

One of our best critics calls the stupid biographies, with which common mortals follow the poet to posterity, the "bi-voluminous revenge with which dullness at last overtakes genius." Poe has been singularly unfortunate in this regard. In his case, malice seems to join with dullness in having a double revenge upon genius. It was the poet's desire that Rufus W. Griswold should be his biographer. His intimate acquaintance with Mr. Poe, his knowledge of the good and bad, the struggles and defeats in his life, fitted Mr. Griswold very eminently to write down such record of that brief and brilliant and sad career, as would, by its justice and generosity, command the assent and respect of the world. But it is little more than disjointed gossip, sensitively alive to every fault, and unappreciative of every higher excellence. The biographer's memory of every time the poet borrowed a few dollars from him is keen and accurate. To the fine impulses of a soul, whose worth is to be measured not by its successes but by its struggles, he is blind as a bat. The date of the poet's intoxications, Mr. Griswold has

"Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote."

But of the

"Great thought that strikes along the brain,
And flushes all the cheek,"

his coarseness has not the dimmest understanding. But we have no purpose to review this biography, in which treachery to the memory of a friend, who committed this sacred trust in unsuspecting confidence, and blindness to such genius as by its reflection

might somewhat kindle the dulllest pages of memoir, most strangely blend together. The reader who would see the unfairness of Mr. Griswold's portraiture, has only to contrast his account of the personal and social qualities of Poe, with the record of the dying Mrs. Osgood. If Poe had been incontestably one of the most worthless men, he has made severe atonement by lying, for the period of half a generation, under the incubus of Mr. Griswold's biography.

There is no great mystery about the moral character of Poe. To understand it requires no special moral pathology, and requires as little a special grade of satanic wickedness, discovered on the outer limits of all other grades, to make room for the "ill-fated and erratic Virginian," as the reviewer calls him; though, by the way, he was not a Virginian at all.

Those who have heard John B. Gough tell of his own sensitiveness to a single glass of wine, may, perhaps, understand how a brain, so finely wrought as Poe's, would take fire at the first touch of the enchanter.

With a moral nature, weak at first, and cramped by all his early training, a conscience never very sensitive, and deadened by dissipation, and a nervous system so delicately strung, that one severe draft upon it loosened and shattered it for weeks, Poe made the shipwreck which so often awaits genius that has no ballast of religious principles.

But it is not by his moral character that his place in literature is to be determined. What are the elements of his genius, and upon what does his claim to a place in our American galaxy rest? Well, first of all, Poe's claim on posterity has no very tangible form. It is not to be found in the four volumes that comprise his writings, except as the grain of corn may be said to contain the stalk. His poems and his essays are only prophets of possible things. Lacking sobriety and that patience which is a certain kind of genius, he wrought no great work; but then the same is true of other men

whose names the world counts all too precious for death. The Goddess of Fame has a way of crowning those who are

"Only great in Thought,
Howe'er they fail in action."

If she had not this very pleasant habit—if she reserved all her laurels for the men who have actually rounded their work to the measure of their conceptions, and finished up all the outlined sketches of their promise—the names of Coleridge and De Quincey would have gone down into the "sunless sea" ere this. But Fame has a penetrating vision, and she counts men royal less by the kingdom they have conquered than by the bearing which declares they could conquer if they chose. Coleridge's work is like a partial rainbow, breaking off on the edge of the blue; a dream that rose from the earth, but that never, by a patient hand, was built into the arc of any completed work. But Fame rounds off the bow to the mathematical proportions it should have reached, and crowns the royal dreamer for a work he never did—for a promise that hung like a ribbon of light on the dark cloud of his mind. To this potential immortality (and we disclaim the pun) is our American dreamer an heir. He has given us gleams—but we can guess the brightness of the mind that shot them. His tales are broken chapters of rarest power, descriptive of the deepest and subtlest states of the soul. His poems are snatches of song, but the full measure of the melody remains unfilled.

An estimate of Poe, that shall be just, must include not only what he did, but what he was, and might have been. Wherein, then, did the possibilities of his genius consist? From the broken arches what temple can we construct?

Poe gave us hints of his power in three directions. As a critic he is one of the most worthless writers that ever took up a pen. Not because his insight—especially into poetry—was defective, but because his standard of ex-

cellence was arbitrary and forever changing to suit the humor of the hour, and because his personal predilections and antipathies warped every judgment. Indeed, to at all understand him in those critical papers which, by reason of a strange commingling of insight, nonsense, and malignity, gained him such sudden notoriety, we must recall Russell Lowell's line, "Two-fifths sheer fudge." His strictures on Boston and the "frogpondians" he knew to be fudge as well as any reader. And his sincere and deliberate opinion concerning the men he satirizes, is no more to be gathered from those attacks of his spleen, than Mark Twain's estimate of the East is to be gleaned from "The Innocents Abroad." And Poe would doubtless have been as much amused at the exceptions taken to his critiques as Mark Twain was when he read the judgments of a British journal, which declared his account of his European travel an inaccurate and untrustworthy book. It is not to be denied that some of Poe's critical papers are wonderfully shrewd; appreciative (and a few of them altogether just) observations upon the authors he reviews. His blade was sometimes exceedingly trenchant; his satire fierce and occasionally stinging. But in the main his criticisms are too manifestly either the ebullitions of personal spite, or the narrow dicta of the defender of an arbitrary canon.

The English reviewer, to whom we have referred, finds Poe's principal claim to the world's regard in his poetry. We are not blind to the promise his few poems gave, but we are far enough from locating Poe's claim to immortality in his verses. Of rhythmic music he was indeed a master; but even in this direction the range of his notes was short. A monotony characterizes the mechanism of the few poems he has left us, which gives ominous hint of a poverty of rhythmical invention which would have brought bankruptcy in the longer account.

His melody is always mechanical, and under the sound of the music we can

hear the jangle of the wires. We have, indeed, been pointed to "Annabel Lee" as a piece of "most unforced and softest music." In our judgment, the monotonous mechanism of that poem—with its attempt at art—and its bare and artless structure, robs it of the beauty it would otherwise possess.

Aside from that display of word-music, which, by its tawdry excess, only discloses the real poverty, Poe's poems are too much the reflex of his own morbid life, to take high rank as products of genius. "The Raven"—by far the finest poem he ever wrote—is only a labored drapery around that "shadow" of a dark and hopeless existence, from which, even to his own awful consciousness, "his soul was lifted nevermore." That "beauty" for which Poe contends as the only right basis of poetry—a beauty single as that pictured by Wordsworth when he said:

"Beauteous as the silver moon,
When out of sight the clouds are driven,
And she is left alone in heaven"—

beauty so exclusive that grandeur, sublimity and goodness are admitted into no fellowship with it—has but a dark and sorrowful illustration in his own poems. There is in them no beauty of sunlight—no joyousness of life—but only such beauty as clouds most dimly touched by a silver edge may have—a gloom which, as in the "ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir," can waken no other sense of beauty than such as the ghastly reflection of mystery may give.

If Poe were to be judged by the rules and principles of his "Philosophy of Composition," he would fare very poorly indeed.

But we must dismiss his claims as a poet, and condense into a few words our estimate of him in that sphere in which he stands without an American rival. We have had no man who was so thoroughly master of a "grim, unghastly, gaunt, and ominous" psychology. In this realm he is the prince of our story-writers. Without the charm and delicacy of Hawthorne, he is quite as powerful, and with a cour-

age which "lost spirits" might almost envy. With an unblanched face, and an untremulous hand, he draws back the curtain from such scenes of horror as human eyes may not look upon without a shudder, and describes them in words of such terrible sound and sweep as mortal ears may not hear without dread. The imagination that could conceive the "Facts in the case of M. Valdemer," and "body them forth" in words that fairly writhe around the loathsome theme, must be as dreadful to its possessor as it is marvelous to those who look upon its enchantments.

The brief stories Poe has written are only dim hints of possible things, but it requires no fancy to perceive that it was in his power to write a story, that for portraiture of the dark side of human nature, for unsparing and morbid anatomy of the "spirit's melancholy and eternity's despair," and for dreary and shadowy word-coloring, would have no equal in the English language.

The sadness with which we contemplate the wreck of Poe's genius, is deepened into the profoundest pity, when we reflect that a mind naturally pure, and a heart generous and true, were buried in the ruins. His own worst enemy, unlike Byron, he has left no impure word to fall, like fire-flakes, on future generations. He took to his own brow the full baptism of the storms his passion had raised.

His grave is unmarked, and his memory rests under shadows which unkind hands have darkened. May we not look for a day when the world, having had its revenge, will accord to Poe the possession of a heart that sacrificed only itself, and of a mind which, in the brilliant though swiftly-clouded gleams of its splendor, has established a claim on the admiration and praise of all who can even dimly imagine the melody, whose keynote he sounded, but whose measure his "tuneful breath" had no strength to fill up.

THE FEAST OF THE ZEPHYRS.'

BY REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

I SLEPT—on the brink of a musical stream,
Where the ripples laugh, and the wavelets gleam;
Where willows bend over the moss-cushioned side,
To gaze at themselves in the mirror-tide.
Where the grasses, waving their emerald tops,
Wear opal gems of the dew's pure drops;
Or, soothed to repose, by the brook's lullaby,
In slumber unbroken, so peacefully lie,
That, like children, in realms of enchantment, they seem
To pass happy hours in a golden dream.
Thus cradled by zephyrs, and lulled by their song,
I felt not how swiftly time glided along.

It was one of the rarest days in June.
From her ample store, the Summer had strewn
Her flowers of crimson, and blue, and gold,
Embosoming fragrance in every fold.
'Twas here—ere were folded the tents of the day—
That, down by the rivulet's bank, I lay,
And, like a tired child, on his mother's breast,
Amid murmurs of melody, sank to rest.

The Queen of the Twilight, away in the West,
That border-land on the realms of the blest,
Was tripping along, on the mountains afar,
Her brow bedecked with the Evening-star,
And waving adieu to the Day-god's car.
Soon, in robes of purple, with fringes of gold,
The imperial Sun, in his chariot, rolled
Through the cloudy gates, down Hesperian heights;
And the sentinel stars stood, holding their lights
Far up in the dome of the arching skies,
Till Astarte, their queen, from the East, should rise.

In garments of silver sheen, she rose;
With majestic mien, on her march she goes,
Shooting her arrowy shafts of light
Through the boundless halls of the solemn Night.
The starry retinue—how bright!
That follows her, toward the western sky,
Where the nights are born, and the days all die!

About me the Zephyrs are treading low,
And softly whispering as they go.
Some tender secrets of love they speak,
As they leave a kiss on the wild-flower's cheek;
Or, floating along in the brook's caress,
Its heaving bosom they gently press.
While, there, I lie, on my moss-covered bed,
With the Zephyrs playing about my head,
I hear them—strangers to sorrow and care—
Warble their song, in the still evening air:

“Come, ye Zephyrs, away!
Toward the gates of Day,
Where the pines breathe song while the breezes play;
Where our sylphid Queen
In her halls is seen,
Through the starlit aisles of evergreen.
Come, Zephyrs, come
To our sylvan home!

“Fly, singing with glee,
To the isle in the sea,
Where, to-night, our Festival shall be.
From all realms of earth,
With dancing and mirth,
We will meet, on the eve of our monarch's birth!
Come, Zephyrs, come
To our sylvan home!

“Come, Zephyrs, and bring,
Beneath your wing,
Your costliest, choicest offering:
For this eve we meet,
Each other to greet,
And to lay our treasures at Her feet.

A GOOD CARD FOR IRELAND.

BY PROF. WM. M. BLACKBURN, D. D.

PART I.

IRELAND WITHOUT THE CARD.

THE annals are brief concerning John Edmunds, yet they give us the warp and woof of our story, while we do the weaving. His was a sad heart when the good king, Edward VI, was buried, and the hope of reform seemed to be laid in the grave, for John was one of the early Protestants of England. As honest yeomen, he and his best Cheshire neighbors had come to think for themselves, and they liked the plain talk of a preacher with the gospel on his lips, rather than the bad Latin of a priest with the missal in his hands.

"Why shouldn't we?" said John, one November day, when battening his cottage, to keep his tenderlings from the cold, and certain trusty neighbors were looking on to see how he did it. "A man can work more cheerily when big thoughts are thumping in his brain. Many a day's hard earnings have we paid to the priest, just for that we did not think the wiser thing. And I wot that the best bargain ever I made was when I gave a week's savings for that gospel book of Tyndale's, which saith: 'Search the Scriptures.' It maketh the way to heaven for us laboring men quite different from what the priest doth."

"Ye will be wise to hide it now," replied John Harvey; "for, as I hear, Queen Mary is likely to order all the Bibles to be burned, and the readers along with them."

"Do ye hear," asked Abel Ellis, "what they're doing with Master Latimer, the man who loved to preach to the like of us, and Cranmer, the archbishop, whose fault is that he hath not

wit enough to find the mass in the gospels?"

John drove no nail while it was told how these good men were arrested and thrown into the old London tower. The men talked in a low voice, with eyes glancing about them, as if a sheriff might be coming.

"They will go soon, I reckon," said John; "and when they fall such oaks as the great preachers, they'll clear off a thicket of such bushes as we are. The fire kindleth in the forest, and the twigs must burn as well as the trees."

"Would we were twigs," said Abel Ellis, "and then it were easy to be martyrs. But for one who can think, and feel, and dread the flames, and love his wife and children, it is not so easy to be burned as it is glorious. John, how would you like to beg for life with a halter about your neck?"

John was on the ladder, looking at the wall, trying to beat down his emotions by using his hammer. His eye was moist. There seemed to be a mist about the nail that he wished to drive. He pressed hard together those lips which had quivered that morning, when he was reading, by his hearthstone, the Lord's words, "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another." He seemed again to hear the question of his little Alice, "Will they hurt you, papa?" He could not then answer her; he could not now answer the man at his ladder's foot. His friends left him in a deep study.

In those times a line of human tongues was a telegraph, and the news went up quickly from London to Chester. Reports were borne of Queen

Mary's intention to marry the bigot, Philip of Spain, to overthrow all Protestant hopes and plans, to restore the Romish worship, to put the Bible under the ban, and to punish all opposers of the mass and the Latin ritual. One Cheshire man was often shouting, "Long live the Queen," the loudest of the aldermen. He was John Edwards, the innkeeper, whose wife was the sister of John Edmunds.

"And soon die all who wish that the Queen may live long enough to repent and be merciful," said the Protestant John to himself. He also thought, "Popery knows no relationships. 'Now the brother shall betray the brother to death,' as saith the gospel." He took counsel with his neighbors. Were the rumors true? Was there danger?

"All true," said Abel Ellis, who had an ear for the latest tidings; "and you'll soon hear worse." In London they say to the bold preachers, 'You have the word, but we have the sword.' Die, or flee—that is the choice left us. As for myself, I could die bravely, if I were alone in the world; but when the strings of one's heart are tied to those of his house——." The voice of the strong man faltered.

"Why, then, one must do something more than sit still and weep over it," said John Edmunds. "'Die and show your faith,' say some, but I've a mind to flee and show mine. For doth it not require faith to go forth, not knowing whither? And how can we flee, when permission to leave the country is refused?"

John Harvey entered. It was good to see his frank face, but it seemed ill to look on the man who was following him. The stranger was a priest, well shorn and clerically dressed. He might be a spy, an informer, a traitor. "Fear him not," said Harvey; "he is a good gospeller, a secret reader of the Bible. He is Thomas Jones, of Wales."

Priest Jones explained himself. He was not suspected of being a Protestant. He could travel where he chose. He might lead a little band to some place of safety. He would like to be

engaged by some circle of gospellers as a teacher, and preach to them, rather privately, on Sundays.

"God has sent him to us," said Mrs. Ellis; "we will be his flock. But where shall we find fold and pasture?"

"The Lord is our shepherd, we shall not want," replied the happy priest; "he has green pastures for us."

"Hear my plan," said Harvey. "I learn that Ireland is not much suspected of heresy, as the queen calls it. Many are running thither, just now, and they are not yet tribulated, for the hunters care not to search where they think there is no game. It wearies the hounds, all for nothing."

"How to get there—that requires faith," said John Edmunds.

The affair was wisely managed, and no lies told. Priest Jones simply took over a few friends with him to Dublin, and the sea-port officials pressed them with no hard questions. Not even was there a rummage of their goods to find the Bibles hidden deep in their packs.

And now we read in "Ware's Annals of Ireland:"

"1554. This year, several of the Protestants of England fled over into Ireland, by reason that Queen Mary began to persecute them for their religion, viz.: John Harvey, Abel Ellis, John Edmunds, and Henry Haugh, all Cheshire men; who, bringing over their goods and chattels, lived in Dublin and became citizens thereof, it not being known wherefore they came hither until Queen Mary's death. These families having one Thomas Jones, a Welshman, a Protestant priest, privately amongst them, who read service and the Scripture to them upon Sundays, and other days, secretly: all this not being discovered until Queen Mary's death."

There were men in Ireland, Archbishop George Brown at their head, who did not take such care to keep secret their plans of reform. They struck openly and hard at the evils of Romanism. Perhaps they did not read their Bibles enough in private, nor depend enough upon God and the power of his

Another Zephyr, drawing nigh,
Bears the sweet burden of a sigh,
A sigh that broke from a bursting heart,
As a mother saw her babe depart.
Another has caught a lark's morning-song,
And wafted its musical echoes along.
Another has fanned the cheek of a child,
Whose beautiful smile the hours beguiled;
And, catching the ring of its innocent glee,
Has borne it away, across the sea.
And one has brought, to deposit here,
Most priceless of all, a fragrant *tear*—
A tear of contrition and penitence—
For such tears are fragrant, like incense,
Like myrrh, that from Arabic trees doth fall,
In tear-drops, bitter as wormwood or gall;
Yet doth, from censers and altars, rise
In clouds of perfume, toward the skies.

And so they come, each other to meet,
Their Queen, on this festive eve, to greet
And lay their presents at her feet.
From the land and the sea, the zephyrs fly,
With aroma and song and sigh,
With rarest odors and sweetest sounds;
While universal joy abounds!
They come, with echoes of choral glee,
That burst from Nature's minstrelsy,
The sweetest balm, the breezes sip
From off the roses' crimson lip;
Or echoes of those holy words—
More musical than songs of birds—
Those words, of all we know, the best;
"Mother" and "Heaven," "Home" and "Rest."

Their birthday gifts are made to the Queen:
And now—another festive scene!
A banquet, by unseen hands, is spread,
And the Queen, herself, deigns to sit at the head.
With viands, too dainty for mortal thought,
By servants invisible, silently brought,
This royal banquet-board is fraught!

Then speaks the Queen, in a silvery voice:
"My children, in all of your *gifts* I rejoice;
But more than all, does your *love* impart
The sacred joy that pervades my heart!
Feast then! ambrosia and nectar abound;
Here are fruits that grew on enchanted ground:
On trees and plants that never die,
And blossom in realms, beyond the sky.
And here are the choice ethereal wines,
Pressed from the clusters on fairy vines,
Clusters that drink the light of day,

Perhaps her thought was, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

The doctor felt quite at home, and when the time for parting came, he very politely showed the mayor down stairs, and paid some fine compliments at the door. "That's the man for the work," thought the mayor, as he proudly walked away, "and the Cheshire fugitives may be glad to sail back to their native town."

While the doctor was thus so polite to his visitor, the hostess, Elizabeth, opened his box, took out his commission, and in its place put in a sheet of paper, with a pack of cards wrapt therein, a very knavish card being uppermost. "Let him beat the Irish with that club, if he likes," she said to herself, and then studied how to entertain her guest, so as to keep him from boasting of his commission. The next day he rode to the water-side, and the wind and weather serving him, he sailed for Dublin, where he was housed in the castle early in October.

"I have an important message from the queen," was the word sent to Lord Fitzwalter, the governor.

"Serious business," thought this high official, and he at once summoned the council, and required the doctor to appear before that wise body, and present the case.

Such promptness was pleasing to the man whose power was to shine forth from the leathern box. He appeared before the council, and spoke on this wise: "Her Majesty, our gracious queen, being solicitous for the happiness of all her subjects, especially those of this long-blessed isle, and devoted to the cause of that holy religion of which our gracious father, the Pope, is the guardian on earth, hath sent me, a most unworthy servant, to proclaim such edicts, and ordain such measures, as shall serve to restore to Ireland that ancient religion, which hath been threatened by heretics and sectaries, those wolves which are let loose to harry and devour the flock."

"Hear! hear! Long live the queen!"

was the response of certain councillors. "A hearty welcome to the queen's commissioner!"

"These fanatics, deceivers, wicked and abominable men, robbing Ireland of her glory, and fattening on the spoils of the churches—these image-breakers and haters of the holy mass are rebels and traitors, and I come to repress them, by good laws, if they will receive them, but by just punishments if they resist."

"Ireland wants no persecutors," said one of the bolder men in the council. "If these Protestants are in error, invite them to meet you; and then, if you are able, convince them by argument."

"Argument?" exclaimed the excitable doctor; "here is my argument—the queen's order and commission. And be sure that I shall use the full extent of the power granted therein to me."

"Let the commission be read," said Lord Fitzwalter, receiving the box from the doctor, and handing it to his secretary.

The box was opened, when nothing appeared, save a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost!

"What! how is that?" was the general utterance, amid the astonishment and confusion. The governor began to smile. The faces of those who had so heartily welcomed the speech-maker were fiery.

"Well, I know that I had a commission when I left the royal court," said Dr. Cole; "but what has become of it?" That was the perplexing question.

"Let us have another commission," replied the governor; "and, meanwhile, we will shuffle the cards."

Back to London went Dr. Cole, venting his wrath upon the way.

PART III.

WHAT THE CARD DID FOR IRELAND.

On the English coast, in mid-November, was a man waiting for the

that old age is entitled to quiet repose and exemption from the trouble and care of planting seeds of which it is not likely to reap the fruits. Is this the logic of Christianity?

Yet, notwithstanding this apparent indifference, and the fact that iniquity hath abounded, the love of some has not waxed cold. Reformatory institutions, asylums, and hospitals, have multiplied every-where; the charities of England, Germany, and the United States, may be counted by scores and even hundreds.

The history of charitable institutions would be an important aid to a knowledge of the various stages of pauperism, and of the true principles of poor reform; and there is certainly no better proof of the divine origin of Christianity, and of the truth of the gospel, than is found in the story of some charitable institutions. Take, for example, that of "The Rauhe House at Horn," near Hamburg; or that of "The Deaconess House at Kaiserswerth" (in Rhenish Prussia); or that of the Establishment for Indigent Children at Neuhoof, near Strasburg. These, and hundreds of other charities, had their origin in the individual efforts of a few humble but earnest men, and they are to-day prominent manifestations of that wonderful, irresistible power of growth there is in even the smallest grain, when sown in faith, dewed by prayer, and nursed by love. A writer of some knowledge of public institutions, remarks that: "Whatever the Christian religion may apparently have in common with other religions, this much is certain, that true, self-denying charity, which seeks the lost, loves the poor, and consoles the sufferer, is exclusively its own. There never were such things as charities known in heathendom, however civilized; nor were they ever known in Israel before He appeared who taught his people to love their enemies, and to exercise charity toward the harlot, the publican, and the sinner."

Our object, however, is not to discuss the subject of charities or chari-

table institutions in general, but to tell the reader something about those institutions which have been created for the care and treatment of the indigent sick, usually called hospitals. In order to make our illustration as familiar as possible, we have selected the Cincinnati Hospital, located in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio.

We do not propose to give our readers a history of this magnificent structure, but only to show you what a *hospital* is. The Cincinnati Hospital covers one entire square of the city, and consists of not one, but of eight distinct buildings, connected by covered corridors, each building three stories in height, with finished half-basement stories beneath, and Mansard roofs; the whole inclosing a large square, or court, in which a large fountain continually sends up its bright, sparkling waters, to gladden the eyes of the sick, while its spray waters the green grass upon its borders. One of the buildings is the administrative department, containing the offices for the superintendent, the rooms for the resident physicians, and for the medical staff and board of trustees, and a few elegantly-furnished rooms for private patients. Six of the buildings (three on each side of the square) are for the sick, each containing three wards—one ward on each floor; also, rooms for attendants, clothing room, dining room, bathing and wash room, etc., etc. The eighth building is placed in the rear, behind the administrative house, and is used for cooking and laundry purposes. The whole cost of construction was about \$800,000.

This hospital is controlled by six directors, or trustees, who derive their powers from the State Legislature. The medical staff, appointed by the board of trustees, consists of four surgeons, four physicians, two obstetricians, two oculists, and two pathologists. There are two of the surgeons, and two physicians, and one from each of the other departments, on duty all the time during each alternate four months, and who visit their respective

wards at least once every day, and very frequently two or three times a day. Under the rules of the institution, no important surgical operation can be performed until a consultation of a majority of the surgeons has been held, and so decided upon. No patient's life is needlessly endangered by surgical interference; nor can any patient be hastily deprived of a limb by an inexperienced or reckless surgeon; but the unfortunate individual who has met with a severe injury, or who suffers from some form of malignant disease, requiring the use of the surgeon's knife, has thus secured to him the combined experience and skill of four surgeons, as well as the constant care and attention of trained and experienced nurses.

Six young physicians, selected from the graduating classes of the two medical colleges of the city, on account of their superior attainments and special fitness, are appointed annually, as "Interns," or residents of the hospital. It is the duty of these interns to visit the wards, from time to time, during the interval of the visits of the staff physician, and to see that the instructions given at the last preceding visit are carried out; and it is further his duty to accompany the staff physician while making his rounds through the wards, and to write in a book, kept for the purpose, a full history of each case, together with the symptoms and treatment; copies of every prescription made are recorded at the time of each visit, so that no mistake can be made in the use of medicines. The diet of the patient is regulated, and ordered from day to day, by the visiting physician; each receiving *whatever articles*, (and in such quantities) as his condition may seem to require, the only limit being the judgment of the physician; and in order that the patient's diet may not be overlooked or changed, the articles ordered are written upon the patient's bed-card, which is suspended upon the wall at his bed-side, so that he himself can see it, and know what is intended for him.

Such is a modern hospital, such its

appointments, and such the provision now made by a modern city for the care and treatment of its sick poor. We have given only a bare outline description of this hospital, but it will suffice to indicate that money has been most freely expended, and human skill taxed to the utmost, combining the advantages of older institutions with all the modern improvements, in order to secure more perfectly the objects for which it was erected. Contrast, if you please, this noble charity with that old civilization so repulsive to the indifference to suffering that it displayed—free to all a home, and refuge for the destitute sick, without regard to color, nationality, or religion. The philanthropy that gave rise to such public charities, independently of the incalculable mass of suffering it has assuaged, the influence it has exercised in softening and purifying the character, in restraining the passions, and enlarging the sympathies of mankind, has made it one of the most important elements of our civilization.

There are some good, honest, well-meaning people, who think that a less expensive building, and one on a much smaller scale, would have answered the purpose, and supplied the wants of the Queen City. Others there are who entertain the opinion that people who are picked up by a life-boat, should not be classed as first-cabin passengers.

Well, dear reader, all this may be true, and we will even go further than this, and say that poor children *could* be taken care of without the aid of orphan asylums, houses of refuge, and reformatory schools, and even jails and state prisons might be done away with. Let us see how this might be accomplished. In our opinion, the rescuing of neglected children should be made a concern of the *Christian family*, and their education should be carried on in the Christian family circle. Suppose we, masters of families, took each one of us one abandoned poor child, or as the case may be, one sick poor man, only one, into our house. All the asylums of Europe and America would be suspended at

once. We would hardly feel it in our daily expenditure, and society would have a heavy burden taken from its shoulders.

We are fully sensible to the many good objections to the plan here hinted at—there are objections which we deem valid, but it is doubtful whether any of them touches upon the *true* reason for not practically adopting them. Who of us would not rather support a dozen of poor children at an orphan asylum than take one into our own house? We

grumble at our tax bills, levied for the support of hospitals, poor houses, and jails, and we are prepared to suffer continuous trouble and pain day and night for one of our own, but to take upon ourselves the trouble and responsibility of caring for somebody else, is a height of charity which few arrive at. That is a beautiful commandment: "Love your neighbor as yourself," but Christendom will have to learn a great deal before it can be said to understand that commandment.

THE OLD YEAR.

BY NELLIE.

WE saw him falter on the hill—
And through the night, so sad and still,
We heard his dying pulses thrill—
The Old Year is dead.

This morn, when in the east the gray
Was struggling upward into day,
A vapor slowly rolled away—
The Old Year was dead.

And as we saw the vapor rise,
And from the hills stretch up the skies,
"Behold," we said, "his spirit flies—
The Old Year is dead."

Although God's clock has struck his doom,
And shrouded he awaits that tomb,
Where, 'mid his comrades, there is room,
Yet is he truly dead?

The King, who brought us joy and tears,
Who waked our hopes, and loves, and fears,
Who gave us friends for other years?
Ah! no, he is not dead.

A friend, with other friends shall be,
To live in deathless memory;
To live through all eternity—
He is not—is not dead!

By all the fadeless marks he leaves,
On him who joys and him who grieves,
By every golden hope he gives,
The Old Year is not dead.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE LEGEND OF THE CANNON MOUNTAIN.

A STORY OF THE FAR-AWAY TIME.

BY N. M. COLLES.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE DISCOVERY.

“YES, children, it is a great pity the story of those times long ago should be forgotten; it wasn't so when I was a boy; all the little folks knew it then.”

The speaker was an old man, whose locks were white with the snows of eighty winters. He sat, in the cool of the summer evening, upon the little well-known rustic seat down in the Notch. A little later in the day it was a somber and lonesome place, darkened by the shadows of the great grim mountain, that lifted his long back in the west. But just now the sun was several hours above the horizon, and lighted up, with his beautifying beams, the bald summit of old Eagle Cliff. After the heat of the day, the shaded wayside seat was one of delightful coolness and quietness, sure to be occupied by some of the visitors. This afternoon it was filled by the old man, who sat with his head leaning upon his hands, which were crossed on the top of his staff; while a group of little children, tired of their sports, and somewhat sobered by the weird stillness—broken only by the sighing of the gentle breeze among the old pines—gathered at his knees, wondering at the meaning of his words. Meanwhile the

old man sat, as if lost in dreaming, repeating now and then the sad refrain—
“Yes, 'tis a pity the story should be lost; a great pity!”

“Why, what do you mean, grandfather?” broke at length from half-a-dozen lips.

“Mean, my dears! Why I mean just what I say. It is too bad to let the story be forgotten.”

“But what story, grandpa,” chimed in the voices of the entire group, now much excited.

“O the story of the far-away time,” replied the white-haired old man.

The curiosity of the grandchildren was now thoroughly aroused; and, crowding around the patriarch—one tugging at his coat, another climbing his knee, while a third stroked his snow-white beard, and a fourth sought to pull away his oaken staff—they were clamorous that he should tell them the story; their eagerness being greatly increased by the air of mystery thrown around the subject by the fun-loving old gentleman.

“Do tell us the story, grandpa!” cried the youngest. “We won't forget it,” said others; while others, cunning in their plea, crowned the chorus of voices by saying, “Why don't you tell us, grandfather, if you don't wish it to be forgotten?”

It was impossible for the genial old

man to resist their united entreaties—indeed, I think he wanted to tell them all the time—and so collecting the little company closer about him, so that no one might lose a word, he began to relate the singular story:

"Seventy years ago I was a little boy ten years old, and about as large as Harry. This was father's home; and my childhood days were spent roaming around this neighborhood. But father soon moved to the distant West, and in the long years I could never revisit my birthplace until this summer. And now everything comes back to me, as if it were but yesterday—the old log-house, the stone-walled spring, and the crystal lake, lying in the shadows—all come up, just as they seemed on those summer evenings seventy years ago.

"But nothing comes back to my old mind so vividly, as the tale of the far-away time, when another people, little in stature, and speaking a strange but musical language, lived in these valleys! I forget myself! There were no valleys then, or rather there were no mountains; and the country was one great unbroken level. Can you imagine such a change, Charlie? Perhaps not. You see the wonderful mountains all around you. There is the Profile before us, and behind us is the rocky Eagle Cliff. Both are covered, part way up, with pines; and above the trees lie the gigantic rocks all stern, and naked, and bare. Then, if you go out and down the valley, you can see the chain of great mountains, bearing such distinguished names as Lafayette, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and others of less note. Great rocky mountains are they all. Don't you remember, Mary, how frightened you were the other day, as we went up to the summit? Sometimes they are covered with snow; and now, in summer, they are sometimes capped with clouds, and at other times they glitter and shine in the glorifying sun. How strange it must have been when there were no moun-

tains here; when these beautiful lakes, behind and before us—Echo and the Old Man's Wash-bowl—had no existence!

"Well, there was such a time; and of it my story has to speak. The whole country was level then. Broad plains there were, intersected by beautiful rivers, and adorned with a thousand different flowers, and many new and wonderful varieties of trees. Forests and fields gave a lovely aspect to the land. And cunning little villages and towns, surrounded by growing grain, and ripening fruits, and fertilizing brooks, made the country not unlike the more thickly-settled prairies of the West. A little people lived here then, and were very happy.

"But I must not go before my story. How do I know all this! That is just what I am going to tell you.

"When father lived here the country was about as much inhabited by civilized people as it is now; but when his father first cleared for himself a home in this forest, it was all a mountainous wilderness. He was a pioneer in this region—a real backwoodsman; and, dressed in his buckskin pantaloons and hunting-shirt, with his rifle on his shoulder, he seemed to be a very Nimrod. I can remember him when he was older than I am now; and I am a very old man—" added the speaker, in a sad undertone—"and he was still tall, erect, and strong. How he used to love to sit in the chimney corner, in his old age, and tell of his exploits, and dangers, and escapes on the mountains! One adventure, that happened when father was young, he loved to recount quite frequently."

The children were beginning to get a little tired of the garrulous old man's talk; and thought he was spinning it out dreadfully, but now they brightened up to hear the adventure.

"It was in the early winter," the old man continued; "a light snow lay upon the ground; and everything looked fair to the hunter's eye for a good day's

sport. He was up and off in the mountain before the sun; but, to his disappointment, the day passed with but little success. The deer seemed to be very scarce, and were shy of his rifle; and so the day went slowly by. Late in the afternoon, the hunter's eagle eye detected the track of a bear. Anxious for some sport, and indifferent as to the character of the game, he immediately hastened in pursuit of old Bruin. In his eagerness, he was not as careful as he should have been, and suddenly found himself falling over a precipice, some twenty-five or thirty feet high —."

"Oh!" cried the eager listeners. "How did he get up, grandfather? Was he hurt?"

"No. Happily he fell upon a bed of leaves and snow; and he was not only not hurt, but found, to his joyful surprise, that he had come by a direct route to the place reached by the bear in a more roundabout way. Before him, in the snow, he saw the tracks, he had followed so long, leading into a low dark cave, into which there was a narrow opening. He was a brave man, and boldly ventured in. After going several rods, he heard the ominous growl of the wild beast, whose two bright eyes glowered on him in the darkness. They were a good mark, however, for the hunter's rifle; and one shot told the story for old Bruin. The bear was dead.

"Stepping up cautiously to his victim, the hunter was surprised to notice, in the dim light of the cave's mouth, what seemed to be a stone step. Curious to learn what it meant in such a place, it was the work of but a moment to strike a light with his flint and steel. In the glare of his torch, he saw what led him to forget all about the bear. Right from his feet, there went down to a considerable depth, an old and worn stone stairway. Wondering, and resolved to probe the mystery, he instantly began to clamber down the steps—a work of some difficulty, they were so worn. On reaching

the bottom, a short and narrow passage led him into an apartment of irregular shape, quite dry, and moderately warm. There was nothing in the room, except that in one corner lay a cedar chest, of curious but elaborate construction. Lifting it to his shoulder, the hunter carefully mounted the dilapidated steps, and bore his treasure to the entrance of the cave, wondering meanwhile how he should get it down the cliff. This trouble was soon removed however. Exposed to the light and air, the old chest, which seemed to be a thousand years old, fell to pieces in his arms; and upon the ground, away from his feet, there rolled a curiously written parchment, the outside end of which shared the fate of the chest. It seemed to have entirely decayed; and now it dropped off. The fragments of the little chest displayed a finished and beautiful workmanship inside. And there seemed to the old hunter no doubt that, whatever else it contained, with the scroll, it had been sacredly preserved. But nothing remained now except the parchment roll.

"Astonished beyond measure at his discovery, the old pioneer gathered up the scroll with the greatest care, and hurried home. Often have I heard my father describe the scene, when the stalwart hunter reached his cabin door that night, not laden down as usual with game, but bearing only a mysterious roll. How carefully they examined it. It seemed to be of very great age, and written in characters, the wisest of them knew nothing about. Happily, a learned man, who was traveling among the mountains for his health, arrived in the settlement that night; and in the morning the roll was submitted to his inspection. He was greatly interested in it; and, after a long day of diligent study, was able to interpret it with tolerable accuracy."

"He found, on examination, that the parchment had been wrapped around a roller of hard, dark wood, resembling

ebony. At the end of the roll, nearest the wood, there was attached a narrow tape-like strip of parchment, inscribed from end to end with fragmentary characters, and different parts of various insects, birds, and animals. After many fruitless efforts to guess the meaning of the parchment, and to discover the connection, if any, between it and the tape, he bethought himself of the original method of cypher-writing, and wrapped the tape in a spiral direction around the ebony roller. To his delight he found that arrangement completed the fragments of letters and emblems. Then, giving a name to each letter, answering to the most prominent trait or feature of the animal or bird set opposite, he was able to frame an alphabet that promised to reveal the mysteries of the scroll. The plan was successful; and before night he could read the old chronicle as readily as, in our day, one can read the *totem* or character-writing of our American Indians.

"It was arranged, therefore, that he should read the roll to the assembled household. Great was the expectation

as they gathered that night around the fire; while, by the flaming torch of pine knot, the learned stranger read the story of the parchment. It was a chronicle of the far-away time, when there were no mountains here, and the little people lived all over the plain. It was the story my grandfather and father loved so much to tell afterward. Thus I heard it often; and it became so fixed in my memory, that now it all comes back as vividly as when I heard it first.

"But see, children, the sun has entirely disappeared, and the wind comes blowing up the Notch too cool for my rheumatic bones; we must go in."

I can not deny there were some disappointed faces in the little group, as the old man picked up his staff and began to hobble back to the house. They couldn't see why he should be so long in getting to the best part of the story. But all they could get further out of their grandfather was a promise that, if they were good children, he would tell them on the next afternoon what the roll said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PEACOCK MOTH.

BY REV. SAMUEL FINDLEY.

BUTTERFLIES and moths belong to an order of insects distinguished from other orders by having their wings covered with scales. Now the names of orders, classes, genera, and species are taken from either the Greek or Latin language, because scientific men of all nations are presumed to know these languages, and as science is common to men of all languages, its terms must be equally well known by all. Looking into the Greek vocabulary we find that *λεπίς* (*lepis*) means *scale*, and *πτερά* (*ptera*) *wings*, and by compounding these two

words we have *Lepidoptera*, meaning *scale-wings*.

You have seen scales of a fish, how they lap over each other so as to form a complete covering for its body. In the southern waters, where fish are ornamented with rich colors, these scales are colored, and from them the fish derive all their beauty. So the wings of butterflies and moths are covered with scales. When these scales are removed, the wing is clear and transparent. The scales are very small and look like dust when rubbed off on the finger, but when seen

through the microscope they appear large, and of different sizes. Their upper, or exposed edge, is notched, and their lower, or concealed edge, is provided with a small pedicle, like the little stem which holds the leaf of a tree to its branch; this stem or pedicle is inserted in a groove in the substance of the wing, and thus secured to its place. The arrangement of the scales is such that they overlap like the shingles on the roof of a house, exposing about two-thirds of their length to view.

The number of these scales is astonishing. Leuwenhoek, an accurate observer, counted upwards of 400,000 on the wings of the silk moth, an insect not more than one-fourth the size of some of our native moths; and by actual count an inch square of a butterfly's wing contains nearly 200,000 scales. Though they are so minute and so numerous, there are no two scales alike. Each one is fitted to the place it occupies in the wing, in size, outline, and color, as accurately as any mechanic fits in its place each part of a complicated machine. Here "unity in diversity," the great law of nature, is clearly seen. Each species has its own peculiarly outlined scale, just as each tree has its own leaf. The scale of a moth is distinguished from the scale of a butterfly chiefly in this respect, that the butterfly scale is heart-shaped in its lower end, while the moth scale terminates in a point which is developed into the stem that holds it to the wing. In moths, also, long hairs are often mingled with the scales, so as to give their wings the appearance of being covered with down. This is the case with the Peacock Moth represented in the cut.

"And why is it that the variety of the form and outline of the scales is so great? Is it not because each scale is exactly adapted to the special tint which it is designed to give to the wing? Any alteration in form, by the shortening or lengthening of a single tooth in the tip

of the scale, would mar the beauty of the marking and the perfection of the shading of the spots. In a single scale we see nothing that displays great skill or task in outline, and there would be no difficulty in drawing a more accurate mathematical figure, and one that would conform more fully to our idea of the beautiful; but when we look at the rich coloring of the wing, the regularity of the spots by which each species is distinguished, and the perfect blending and shading of the varied hues, we are astonished at the exquisite taste and admirable skill manifested in the structure of this wonderful mosaic."*

Another distinction between butterflies and moths is seen in their *antennæ*. The *antennæ* are the long, prominent organs which project from the head of the insect. They are feather-like in the moth represented in the cut, and look very much like two small wings growing out of its head. In butterflies this organ is thread-like, and terminates in a bulb, so that it has the appearance of a club, with its small end fastened to the head. Hence entomologists have made a clumsy word to describe the butterflies' antennæ, and call them *clubiform*. The antennæ of moths are of various shapes, and serve to distinguish the different species, but none are *clubiform*. Some are long and slender, and terminate in a hook, others terminate gradually in a point, and others, as the silk moths—one of which is represented in the cut—are like a feather, and they are called *featheriform*, and sometimes *pectinated*, because this word means *like a comb* or *feather*. Now, if my readers will only remember new terms when thus explained, I will be able by their use to describe important parts of insects more accurately, and their knowledge of scientific terms will be increased, so that they can read with profit the books that are printed on this subject. The antennæ

* Uncle Samuel in Schoolday Visitor, vol. XIV, page 173.

or horns of the male silk-worm moths are larger than those of the female. The illustration represents a *male* moth.

When insects are in motion they move their antennæ, sometimes slowly and regularly, and at other times in all directions. It is very evident that these organs play an important part in the life of insects. They are sometimes called *feelers*, because experience shows that the sense of feeling is located there much as it is in the tip of the human finger. As an organ of hearing, however, it is chiefly used. And if we consider every joint in the antennæ as designed to collect the vibrations which sound produces, they may be regarded as compound organs of hearing, as the eyes of the insect are compound organs of sight. By skillful dissection, a membrane, something like the tympanum or drum of the ear, has been found at the base of each horn of the butterfly or moth. By this the effect of the vibrations on the joints of the antennæ is communicated to the insect. The honey-bee uses this organ as a means of communicating intelligence—as a *talking* organ. When a queen dies, those near her person and who first know the fact, go to other parts of the hive, and by crossing the antennæ of other bees with their own, they circulate the sad news until the whole community are made to know their loss, and immediate measures are taken to secure another queen.

The structure of the antennæ is exceedingly wonderful. They are made up of a series of small joints, and in some insects are very numerous. A short time ago I counted twenty joints in a fragment of a moth's antenna, only one-sixteenth of an inch long, so that each joint measured $\frac{3}{16}$ th part of an inch. The mechanical skill displayed in this structure appears greater when we consider that each joint is what is called a ball-and-socket joint, thus giving to the insect power to move its antennæ in any desired direction. In

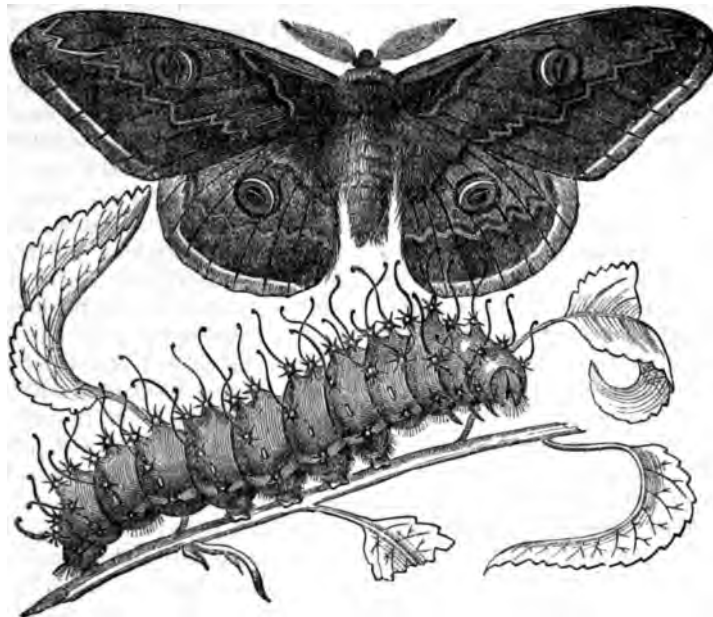
the case of the insect represented in the cut, each joint is furnished with two feathers on each side, and these feathers are again furnished with feathers growing out on each side of its main rib. They are what is called in the books, *bi-pectinated* or *doubly-feathered*. Surely organs so complicated in their structure and placed on each side of the head, over which the will of the insect has such entire control, can not be mere appendages to add to its beauty, or to give perfection to its outline. We can not fully understand their uses, but yet we are sure they are not made in vain, and that they are designed for some important economical purpose in the life of insects. Even here God's ways are "past finding out," and here we see the "hiding of His power."

Most butterflies and moths are provided with a long proboscis or trunk, by which they reach the bottom of the cup of flowers and draw thence the honey on which they feed. But some moths are without any such visible means of procuring food; and, so far as man knows, do not eat at all, except in their caterpillar state. The large moths, to which the one in the picture belongs, are destitute of such a trunk, and are incapable of taking nourishment in their perfect state. So it is with the *Cecropia* moth, the largest moth in this country. It lives many days after it escapes from its cocoon, but takes no nourishment. I can not help directing your attention to this wonderful fact, because it demonstrates that it is possible for life to be sustained without the use of food. We know that the insect, that was once a ravenous eater in the days of its wormhood, ceases to eat during the six or nine months in which it reposes in the quiet sleep of its chrysalis state; and, in the case of the family of moths referred to, it does not need food for its continued existence in its winged state. Why then should it be to us a matter of surprise, if, in the exalted state in

which the believer expects to spend his eternity, he should be kept in being without the aid of food. If the life-power of insects is so great, surely the higher life-power of the Christian will support him in his new and heavenly state of being eternally.

Our engraver has furnished us with a beautiful pictorial illustration of the

greater peacock, to distinguish this moth from the Emperor Moth, which is called *Saturnia pavonia-minor*, and is the largest moth in the British isles. Another reason why the name "peacock" is given to this insect is, doubtless, because this bird was sacred to Juno, and therefore called the bird of Juno. When the Queen of Heaven sat on her throne



largest of European moths, known as "The Peacock Moth," from the eyes it has in its wings, and which scientific men call "*Saturnia pavonia-major*." Now if any of my readers are Latin scholars they will know the meaning of this scientific name; but for the benefit of others I will explain it. *Saturnia*, the generic name, is one of the names of Juno, the wife of Jupiter, the supreme god of the Greeks and Romans. Juno was the daughter of Saturn, and hence called *Saturnia*. This insect was honored with this generic name, doubtless, on account of its beauty, and because this family of moths contains the largest and most gorgeous in the world. *Pavonia-major*, the specific name, means the

some peacocks sat beside her, and she is sometimes represented as carried through the air in a rich chariot drawn by royal peacocks.

The wings of the Peacock Moth expand upwards of six inches, and is, therefore, the largest native insect in Europe. It is never found farther north than the latitude of Paris. "Its wings are brown, waved, and variegated with gray. Each of them has a large black eye-shaped spot, surrounded by a tawny circle, surmounted by one white semicircle, and by another of a reddish hue, the whole completely inclosed in a black circle." So large are these moths, and so thickly set with fur-like down, that when they fly one, not knowing them,

would be inclined to take them for birds.

But the beauty of this moth is not confined to its perfect state. Its caterpillar is large and of a beautiful green color, splendidly marked with bluish-green knobs, each of which has seven stiff divergent hairs, one of the seven being long and wavy, with a small bulb at the end. These hairs are sometimes called the clothing of the caterpillar, and so necessary are they to the welfare of insects that some caterpillars die when they are cut off. What particular use they are to the caterpillar is not known. They may be to it a means of defense. The hairs of the larva of the *Saturnia Io*, an American species of this insect, sting like the spines of the thistle, so that they can not be handled with impunity. And it may be that birds, the caterpillar's greatest foe, may by this provision of an All-wise Creator, be prevented from destroying them.

You see in the caterpillar, as represented in the cut, twelve divisions, and in eight of these divisions small holes just below the middle row of star-like spines. These are the breathing-holes of the worm, of which it has sixteen. The first three segments are provided with two legs each, making the six legs which are afterwards transformed into the legs of the moth. Its ten other legs belong to its caterpillar state, and are used to support its long, fleshy body. Each of these legs terminates in a padded foot, having hooks on its outer and inner edge, by which it clings more firmly to the branch on which it crawls. These disappear in its second or pupa state. This caterpillar lives principally on the elm, but will eat also the leaves of the pear, plum, and other trees.

When it has fulfilled its life-work as a caterpillar, it deliberately and thoughtfully prepares for the great change through which it must pass before it can assume its beautiful wings in the evening of the coming spring. It selects

for itself a safe resting-place, where undisturbed, in the great workshop of nature, it may be reconstructed and fitted with organs suited to the new life of activity which awaits it. Here it spins a brown cocoon of coarse silk of great strength, and within this silken coffin it lays itself down to rest. And if we could only witness the wonderful activities of nature in this secluded chamber, how great would be our admiration and astonishment to see how the dark chrysalis is formed for the better protection of the worm, and how within this inner chamber agencies are at work remodeling the organs—putting on each side of the head those wonderful eyes, compounded each of more than seventeen thousand distinct lenses—shaping the legs into the long and graceful legs of the perfect insect—drawing out the membrane into the large and magnificent wings—forming the colored scales and placing them with true mechanical skill in their respective positions on the wings and the body—and fitting up with joints and feathers its horn-like head-dress! And when the warm sunny days of spring inspire with fresh life the sleeping energies of the animal and vegetable world, the worm, no longer a caterpillar shunned and hated, but adorned with new beauties, and fully equipped with its new and untried organs, breaks through its double wrappings and unfolds its gorgeous wings in the calm hour of evening twilight, and goes forth to complete its higher life-work. It is now known as the favorite bird of Juno, and it would not disgrace her throne, nor her royal chariot, if employed in her queenly service.

“Child of the twilight!

Thy wings shall now, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy.

Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb,
and slept!

And such is man; soon from his cell of clay,
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!”

CASH.

“WELL, daughter dear, you have shopping been
 With Aunt Jerusha Ann;
 Come, tell me all that you have seen
 In the shops: Do you think you can?”

Our five year old tossed back her curls,
 And flung her hat away,
 Like one of the regular “period girls”
 Who had learned the mode of the day.

“Indeed, mamma, it is ever so queer,
 But I scarcely saw a thing,
 Just clung to my Aunt Jerusha dear,
 For they made such a dreadful din.”

“Well, what did they do, my little girl,
 And what was the terrible noise?”
 Then she gave her scarf an extra twirl,
 And laughed—like one of the boys.

“Oh! mamma, the store was ever so full
 Of smart little boys and men,
 And they ran as tight as they could pull
 Up the store, and then down again.

“And they didn’t say anything to me;”
 (Here she haughtily doffed her sash),
 “And all that they did—that I could see—
 Was to run, and holler out—‘*Cash!*’”

Ah! ever and ever, the world around,
 Does the word of the child hold good;
 She unravelled the meaning of earthly sound
 As well as the wisest could.

The people are running up and down,
 With din, and bustle, and crash,
 And big, or little, white, black, or brown,
 They unite in the cry of “*Cash!*”

WIRE - WORKING .

BY OLIVE THORNE.

COLD Iron is a very hard substance, and you will hardly believe me when I tell you, that with sufficient power and proper tools it is almost as pliable as dough. I would hardly believe it myself if I had not seen it.

You would never imagine that a man could take an iron bar, with one end sharpened, put the sharp end through a hole, much smaller than the bar, and

then seizing the end that is through the hole by nippers, worked by steam, he could actually draw the bar of cold iron through that small hole, making it a perfect round wire, and, of course, much longer than the bar. And yet that is precisely the way iron wire is made.

The wire-drawer, as he is called, has a steel plate punched with holes, of many sizes, from the size of the iron rod, down

to the size of the smallest wire he wants to make. He sharpens his bar, and draws it through the first hole, then sharpens it again and draws it through one still smaller, and so the wire goes, through hole after hole, each smaller than the last, till he gets it as fine as he wants it, when the short bar of cold iron has become many yards of fine wire.

And not only iron, but steel is made into wire, for needles and fish-hooks. Brass goes through the same holes, for pins and other things; copper, for telegraph lines; gold and silver, for jewelry and ornaments; and platinum, for chemists.

It is really wonderful to what various uses wire is put, from the building of firm bridges, of immense length, to covering threads for gold lace.

Wire bridges are becoming so numerous in our country, that I dare say every child who reads this has seen one, and has noticed how several hundred small wires are twisted together to form great cables, and these cables are stretched across a wide river—eight hundred feet wide at Niagara—and together make a bridge strong enough to bear a long train of loaded cars, while looking the perfection of airy delicacy.

Probably, also, you have seen wire fences, and wire clothes-lines, wire picture-cord, and wire tent-ropes, but I do not believe that many of you ever saw wire lath. And yet wire is used for lath in some public buildings in England, and I don't know but in America.

I need not tell of that eighth wonder of the world, the submarine telegraph, for it has been so lately got into order, that I'm sure our young folks know all about it, and probably have a small section of it among their curiosities.

To go from big wire works to small; you have all seen wire bird-cages, but have you seen wire hen-coops, wire arbors and summer houses, wire umbrellas for plants to run over, wire chairs and garden seats, lanterns, meat covers, and

sieves? In fact, the list is almost endless. Wire gauze is woven of fine wire, exactly as cloth is woven of thread.

The making of gold lace is a very interesting process. First is made a rod, of silver, perhaps an inch thick and two feet long. This rod is heated, and covered with gold leaf—which is gold beaten out till it is thin as paper. Several thicknesses of gold leaf are put on and thoroughly burnished, till it looks like a rod of gold. It is then drawn through the holes in the wire-drawer's plate, till it is fine enough to go through the most minute holes, made through rubies. When done, it is no thicker than a coarse hair. This most exquisite wire, still perfectly coated with gold, for the gold stretches as far as the silver, is then made flat and by machinery wound around fine thread, or silk.

Girls who embroider with gold or silver thread, have probably noticed that the gold thread is, in fact, yellow cotton-thread, with a most fairy-like ribbon of gold closely wound around it. This gold thread is woven into lace, for various uses.

Another beautiful use of wire, is fillagree work. You may have seen it in ladies' pins and ear-rings; but it is also made into mantle ornaments, statuettes, etc., and is merely gold or silver wire, twisted by delicate tools into beautiful shapes.

The most exquisite of these ornaments come from Italy, where the workmen have more time and patience to bestow on such things than we busy Americans; though, as my grandfather used to say, we "have all the time there is."

In old times wire-making was not so easy a process. It was made thus: The iron or gold was beaten thin, cut into fine strips and filed round with files. What an amount of labor to make a yard of wire!

The ancients would hardly have thought of making whole bridges of it.

OUR MISCELLANY.

"BE SHORT."—*Cotton Mather.*

OUR GREETING.—Yes—no! Unshaded sunlight and balmy breezes, or a worn-out almanac and shop windows full of toys? Which? Puzzled, sure enough. Are we Rip-Van-Winkle, rubbing out of our eyes the dust of a winter's sleep? Is this the spring-time? But, then, the leaves are yellow and whirled into the street; no—it must be winter. The clock in the great tower above strikes as truly as silently—the movements of stars across the dial—the southern dip of the flaming index that describes a daily lessening arc—the higher time-keepers that move with all the precision of eternal law must be believed, and the drift of sunlight below, and the soft winds that seem to have roses bound up in their wings must be distrusted.

But, when ever did winter hide the stormy columns of his advance under such flaunting banners of beauty and "ethereal mildness?" Like the soldiers of Dunsinane Wood, our white-bearded winter-days come strangely heralded with signals of the spring-time.

And yet we are not disposed to continue this vein, for we have a presentiment that, ere the reader cuts this page, the Malcolm of the Norseland will have cried:

"Now near enough—your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are."

And then editors and readers, toasting their toes at a maple brand, or a glowing souvenir of the carboniferous period, will—what? Well, for the present, forget the new almanac, and be deaf to the whistling wind and blind to the driving snow. Running the paper-knife, or, possibly, in feminine impatience, the thin, jeweled finger along the edge of this leaf, the page of

this New Year Greeting is open before us; before us jointly, gentle reader, and we are having fellowship together, though the Alleghanies or Rocky Mountains lift their snows between. Shall we have a few confidential words? Twelve changeful months have drawn around us twelve cords of common interest in the world of letters. The strands of this monthly cord have, indeed, been various; sometimes you called them hempen, and thought them rough, and felt almost inclined to cut the cord and let the fellowship go into the past; but then, again, has not the shuttle of the mail brought you a silken one of some sentiment you would not lose; or, in the sometimes somber twist of the monthly cord, have you not caught the silver or golden gleam of thought, that with a double drawing has turned you kindly toward us, and lifted you somewhat toward God?

"We pause for a reply!" What was it you said? Was it editorial complaisance—the sea-shell murmur of our vanity borne back to us from distant places—or was it the "little birds" that are supposed to fill all the air, and that come to our sanctum from the woods of Maine and the Yosemite tree-tops, and all the broad land between, that have whispered that, on the whole, you like us, and are willing to have a somewhat private chat. Stir up that sleepy brand a little—turn the light down—your chair a little closer, please.

"You want to say something to us?" Certainly, the privilege which the sailor valued so highly in the Episcopal church shall be extended to you in this miscellaneous conference—you shall talk back to the editors. But stop a minute. Excuse this abruptness. But it has been so pleas-

ant to imagine ourselves alone with you that we really forgot to introduce our mutual friends. See, this shadowy room is full of their tall figures. Mr. Reader, or Miss Reader, we have the pleasure of presenting to you the Rev. Dr. Blankwhite. (*Sotto voce*—The gentleman with a sloping forehead, who wrote those charming papers on Scandinavian Mythol—"Heavy?" Ballast, you know—our craft like every other must have it.) And this is Prof. Columbiad. "Overwhelmingly dead in earnest," did you say? Don't speak quite so loud—but, really this wicked world needs broadsides, and Our Monthly must do its part of the shooting, even if the "big gun" does recoil a little.

And this dapper little man, with a twinkle in his eye—ah! yes; we see you recognize Mr. Plunneman. His pages are very like his face. His humor drops into his article and leaves itself there, as naturally as a boy's face leaves its impression in the snow.

And this lady—Miss Silverdew. "You don't recognize her." This dim light is not favorable. Let me whisper to you, "Pink Blossoms." Ah! you know her now—the friend who kept you up last winter shivering over a dead fire, because her pen dropped its pearls so charmingly.

"Who is that odd-looking genius with the tangled moustache?" Why, that's Prof. Cosmopolite—"Mop," he signs himself for short. Don't you remember his poem on "Grasshoppers" in the July No., and his papers on "Cosmogony," and "Theogony," and "Mahogony," and his Sketches of Travel in Alaska, and his Tales—"A knock at the door," did you say? Ah! yes; Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Reader, here come our new friends of the new year, Hon., Rev., Squire, Dr., Prof., Mrs., Miss, Mr.—oh! dear, how they crowd the hall. Really you must excuse us. They come so fast it will take a year to introduce the clever, good-looking fellows, and the graceful, gleeful ladies, who are clamorous for an introduction to you. Turn up the light, please, till we find our hat. "And the rest of our confidential talk?" Will you have an evening about the 20th of January?

Here's our editorial hand. There is

warmth in the grasp that bids you God-speed in your work. And there is a heart in the greeting with which we pray for

"All sorts of pleasure,
And no sorts of pain,"

to you and yours through all the circle of another year.

Blessings of the mistletoe abound at your Christmas hearthstone; and to you and us may the New Year lift its "altar stairs," sunlit, if they may be, but sloping, even though "through darkness up to God."

OUR IMPROVEMENTS.—Every one will be attracted by our new and beautiful cover, engraved and electrotyped for our future use. Eight pages a number have been added to our former size, giving us nearly a hundred additional pages a year. The type of our Young People's department has been reduced in size to afford us room for more matter. "Our Gleanings," a new department, has been added for odd leisure moments; and other changes of type have been made for increase of taste and comeliness, which we are sure will please our readers. We shall aim at greater variety and increased excellence in all our departments, and enter the new year with enlarged hopes. Shall we not be encouraged in our efforts to meet the demands of all classes of readers in our honored and beloved Church?

WOMEN'S ASSOCIATIONS.—One of the most hopeful practical signs of the times, is revealed in the tendency of women to combine for the use of that great force that resides in the co-operative effort. In our great commissions for the relief of the wounded and sick during the war, this latent power came into striking operation. We wonder that it has not sooner been directed into religious channels. Now it is appearing for the support of the great cause of Missions. An association of this kind has been in successful operation in New England several years. But the movement has not been general in Presby-

terian churches. In the weekly press we see the accounts of the organization of an association of this kind in Philadelphia, to aid the Board of Foreign Missions. Connected with it are some of our most influential and accomplished ladies, wives of eminent ministers of the church, and of others. It is full time that the influential reserve force, the enthusiasm of the emotional nature, and the wit of the economical and managing ability of women were brought into full activity. Two-thirds of our membership, who are not allowed to speak in meeting, might at least have the privilege of acting in meeting, and in combination pushing on the work of the Church through its evangelizing agencies.

We hail the movement with joy and rest upon it with glowing hope. Let them have meetings where their voice can be heard, and their hands take active part.

FORMS OF ADDRESS.—From an autograph letter, now before us, of the late Dr. J. Addison Alexander, we extract the following "Observations on the undesirableness of singularity in forms of intercourse, on the part of ministers, or Christians generally. The 'plain language' of the Friends is not more inconsistent with the real simplicity of the Gospel than the favorite formulas of 'yours in the gospel,' 'yours in the best of bonds;' and even the excessive use of 'brother,' as a kind of shibboleth or password, which, by the way, appears to have been unknown to the old Presbyterians of Scotland and the continent. The Rev. Mr. Lewis, of the Free Church, in his book upon America, records with some surprise the fact that the venerable Dr. Miller called him 'brother Lewis,' in the manner of the Methodists. As an opposite example, might be mentioned that among the letters of an eminent divine not long deceased, are some from men little younger than himself, addressing him as their 'Father,' and others, from youths just escaped from his instruction, who began 'Dear Brother!' Such violations of ordinary usage imply something sacred in the terms employed. Both the examples mentioned—and a third, in which the same

person was addressed by a correspondent of some note as, 'Respected man'—may serve by contrast, to recommend the less distinctive but familiar formulas of correspondence among gentlemen, 'Sir,' 'Dear Sir,' 'Rev. and Dear Sir.' That these forms were not used by the apostles is an objection of no weight, until those who employ them now, lay claim to apostolical authority. It is well that there should be a distinction between apostolical and ordinary language."

THE HEAVENLY SIGN.

THE Roman Emperor above his head
Beheld the cross, a wondrous flaming sign;
It filled the heavens with its golden beams,
And bade dull earth with borrowed glory shine.

Awe-struck, and trembling, down upon his knees

Fell that wide-ruling monarch, Constantine;

While on his bent and aching ears there rang

These syllables: "Go, conquer in this sign."

The mighty legions, mustered in array,
Interpreted the lesson of the light divine,
Forth into battle rushed with lifted cross,
And fought to conquer in that blessed sign.

The kingdom of the Lord, to win the world,
Goes forth, up-bearing this memorial sign;
And when faint, trembling hands delay their toil,

It lifts its cross, O Christ, for strength, to thine.

My soul in darkness lay, by sin o'erwhelmed,
Against my life all forces foul combine;
I raised my drooping heart to view the cross,
And heard the message: "Conquer in this sign."

LOUIS MUNSON.

THOSE MICE.—The time we are to speak about is just a little after bed-time. All is quiet around the house. No dogs howling at the front gate; no wind rattling the shut-

ters; no burglars picking the locks; no policemen knocking the curbstones to make the robbers lie low till they get past; no cows getting through the fences into the garden; nobody snoring in the next room; no any thing to make a noise. You are just gliding smoothly off the inclined plane of consciousness upon the calm smooth surface of the river of sleep, whose steady and noiseless current shall bear you on to the break of day. You begin to grow so very happy, care has vanished, fatigue is soothed, all the day's discords are harmonized, and you are bathing in tepid waters of peace with all the world and the perfect joy of absolute indifference to all things celestial and terrestrial. One minute more and you are off—off, feeling *so good*, in a sort of moral and physical oiliness—when hark! what is that noise? *Gnaw—gnaw—gnaw!* It is in the cupboard. No, it is in the corner. No, it is under the floor. No, it is in the ceiling. It nearly waked me up; I was almost asleep. But it is only a mouse! "My dear, do you hear that gnawing over there?" "Yes—but let us go to sleep." "Well, good-night —." * * *

Soliloquy after ten, or twenty, or thirty, or forty minutes squeezing the eyes shut. "Yes. It's easier to say good-night than to get to sleep, with those comboberated animals sawing and filing and screwing away at the door. I'll get up and shoo them away, for there must be a dozen of them. Now if I make a noise I'll wake the children and frighten the cook. Sh-sh-shoo—you old—you micey you. I wish I had your necks in a trap, getting me out in the cold, with nothing around me scarcely, here in the dark." "What are you doing, dear?" "Doing? What have you been doing, lying there this hour whilst these pestiferous four-legged beasts and creeping things have been gnawing and gnawing and gnawing, till I get so nervous that I felt as if they were gnawing at my joints to get into my bones after the marrow—sh-sh-shoo—now go away, will you, mice, and be quiet." The good man creeps under the covers and commits himself to sleep. All is quiet and serene. He is just dozing off into utter drowsiness again, when, *gnaw, gnaw, gnaw;*

gnaw, gnaw, gnaw; gnaw, gnaw, gnaw—the victim suddenly covers up his head with the stray pillow, holding it there, and rolling over on his face—*Gnaw, gnaw, gnaw; gnaw, gnaw, gnaw.* The martyr gives a nervous kick, buries his head between the big pillow and the bolster, rolls himself clear over again, twisting all the covers around him. Then he hears a voice, "Jeremiah, what is the matter—you're taking all the quilts." *Gnaw, gnaw, gnaw.* "Jeremiah, can't you stop those mice a-gnawing? I'm afraid they'll get into the sugar." "*Stop them yourself—STOP THEM YOURSELF!*" "Why, Jeremiah!" A short silence supervenes. The busy-bee mice can't understand the aforesaid conversation and wait to see if it means mischief. Not hearing anything further, they go on with the Hoosac Tunnel. *Gnaw, gnaw, gnaw; gnaw, gnaw, gnaw;* for five minutes, fifteen minutes, a half hour; Jeremiah rolling over and groaning every five minutes by the clock; Jerusha simply saying, "Oh I do wish those mice"—Twelve o'clock. *Gnaw, gnaw, gash gash*—a moment's silence, *gash, gash*—tripety-trip, tripety-trip, tripety-trip, and they go around the room. "Oh Jeremiah, suppose they creep up into the bed." "I'll fix the critters that have kept me awake these three hours; I know how to fix them now." Up again in the cold, feeling around in darkness; runs against a chair and stumps his toes, then a bad rasp on the shins—what a noise!—then finds his big boot. Over to the door where the mice got in, and the boot is regularly *set* along the wall, with the open leg in the direction the mice ran—the hole in the door behind the heel chucked up with the stocking. Back to bed again. "I'll get you, my little majors—I'll pay you off." "What did you do, Jeremiah?" "Just you wait a bit." Tripety-trip, tripety-trip, tripety-trip—then all is quiet. Jeremiah springs to the attack, stumbles to the door, seizes the boot, holding the top of the leg closed—makes for the window, which he opens—hears an ominous jumping inside the boot—then inverts it high over the pavement, and fiercely shakes it, saying emphatically, "*There now, I guess.*" The next morning on the cold, cold ground.

two gentle, harmless little mice lay in the sweet and peaceful embrace of death, beautiful in their quiet innocence, wrapped in their slate-colored mantles of fur; there they lay until a desperate and hungry young cat chanced to pass that way. This cat buried them decently. What are mice made for? What good do they do? Who loves those mice?

HILL-TOP LETTER—*The Fashions.* MY DEAR MISCELLANY: Let us be a little more genial, if you please. I want to inflict upon you, *just for once*, a real woman's letter. You're a man, and you can't understand us entirely sometimes, but the best way is just to let us run on until we have our say. Now, if I could get you in a corner for ten minutes, I would impress upon you my views of the present styles of dress. What do you care for the styles? Well, the styles care for you—and there is more meaning in them than you think. I don't mean to admit you into the intricate details of style, because you are not sufficiently educated (pardon me) to enter deeply into these matters, but I only invite you to a general view. Now, let us begin with hats. What do you think of the present style of ladies' hats? Think they might be larger, eh? That's just a man's answer, and you don't care whether they look like a hen's nest inverted, or a buckwheat cake with too much soda in it. Look at their shape, material, trimmings. You think they'll do very well? *Do very well*, indeed! Well, I think they won't. They are just horrible; they are meaningless, without expression utterly. There can be no positive idea attached to them; they suggest neither shelter, cover, protection, warmth, nor comfort, and I'm sure there is no trait of beauty there. They should be larger or smaller. In the latter case they would cease to be—which would be well; in the former case, they would cease to mean nothing—which would be also well. You can't tell, dear Miscellany, how I languish and pine for the good old bonnets of my blessed mother's time; then a bonnet was a thing to hold the head in—to protect it from sunshine, wind, and mascu-

line impertinence. Sometimes I get out my old sun-bonnet, with its long cape, and wear it all around the yard, and through the garden, and down to the old walnut in the field, and try to feel that good old times have come back again—the times when in the bonnets there was something solid. But when I go to array myself for a visit to the city, then this little plaster of velvet and ribbons must needs come out, and be poised upon the very center of the head, and tied under my chin, as if it were a very bonnet, indeed, to make me feel ashamed for a pretense that casts no shadow for the sun, and offers no shield for the cold—. Oh, you haven't much taste for bonnets or hats, either way? Well, then, let me ask you whether the present style of dress suits you? A good deal of furbelow, you say? What is furbelow? A sort of *fussiness*. Ah, ha! that is a man's definition, to be sure. *Men* are finicky and fussy; but we women do better, at least the most of us. You think they are right in putting dress principally behind their backs, as a lobster does with his shell? That is intended to be witty, I suppose—you always were smart. Well, you don't seem to know much about it. I think the styles are simply abominable. Such short dresses—such narrowness—so much fixing and doubling—such a want of simplicity and naturalness! I hope, if the guns of the Prussians ever do open on Paris, that they will fire right straight into all the milliner shops there, till they are all battered down and destroyed forever, and then stop shooting. We have been under a gross and hateful bondage. No one can sit patient under the iron tyranny of these frivolous, ever-changing, expensive, unmeaning fashions, who has any conscience left. Think of the expense—useless, wicked expense; which money might be applied to good uses. Think of the vanity and folly of it all, in spring and fall, keeping feminine heads full of what they shall wear, and in what style they shall have it made. It's of no use to deny it—the best of us do give a good deal of time and thought to this subject, and it is a shameful waste. Now what do you think of the styles? Perhaps you will have courage to speak your own

mind by this time. Speak it out bravely, Mr. Miscellany. You see, I have deceived you. You thought it was my soft, harmless sister, *Gentle*, that was meaning to write

you as before; but I have stolen her pen and paper this time, and sign myself, as I am, most truly, your saucy

STIFF BREER.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

A SOMEWHAT strange phenomenon in the later literary history of the world is, that it moves toward the East with a determination and a speed as great as the Westward march of empire. There is, however, a philosophy to the phenomenon. We are just beginning to estimate the value of time as an aid in the discovery of truth. Science claims it through immeasurable ages as the verifier of its theories. Philosophy and theology claim history—which is but the scientific record of time—as a prime factor in the determination of the problems of human thought and destiny. History, in its broadest sense, is to-day the scholar's textbook. The history of nature is the crucible of all science. The history of nations gives the fountain heads of human activity and the direction and tendencies of the dispersions of peoples. The history of philosophy gives us the philosophy of thought, the orderly and logical movements of the human mind through the ever-recurring subjects that have agitated all ages. The history of theology gives us the world's universal hunger after God—the perpetual failures and partial success of its faith and its worship. So, while empire seeks the undiscovered new—science, with the lantern of history, searches for the buried and forgotten old. Lands that have never been plowed are the prize of nations. Lands which destruction has furrowed, and the drift-wood of successive changes and revolutions obscured, are the prize of the scholar. Empire moves to the new shores of Western worlds; learning turns to the mythical shores of the Oriental world of thought. Perhaps they will come together some day, and government and philosophy

stand side by side in a new world—rescued by the one from barbarism, and by the other from ignorance and idolatry.

One of the earliest of modern workers in the mine of Eastern thought is the renowned German scholar, Max Müller. His most illustrious pupil and disciple is George W. Cox, M. A. In the ponderous volumes before us, "The Mythology of the Aryan Nations," he has made, in many respects, the deepest and broadest contribution to the History of Mythology that has ever been given to the public. The work bears traces of the most patient research—of the most thorough scholarship, and of the most daring philosophy. A follower in general principles of Max Müller, he goes into the history of the thought of those nations, that have so almost exclusively shaped the intellectual progress of the world, with a minuteness of examination and a detail of statement which the illustrious man from whom he received his first impulse in Oriental study has never published. And we may add, he has traveled to the summits of misty mountain tops of speculation, where Mr. Müller would probably hesitate to follow. The final generalization, in which his examination of the myths of the world culminates, is bold enough to startle all the shadowy gods on Olympus, who by its sweep are forever discredited of those laurels which the world has imagined it saw upon their brows. This generalization is best given in his own words: "The Epic Poems of the Aryan Nations are simply different versions of one and the same story, and this story has its origin in the phenomena of the natural world, and the course of the day and the year."

Homer's Epic is a sublimated almanac, descriptive of weather-changes, and not the impersonation of Grecian wisdom, and Grecian valor, and Grecian worship!

Not many readers will follow Mr. Cox through the many pages of what he declares to be demonstrative of the above proposition—but nine out of ten will promptly deny the ability of the author to prove any such thing. Though Pan is dead, the literary world cherishes the pictures of human nature—its strifes and hopes and loves—as they are framed in the Iliad—too reverently to allow one hand of sweeping generalization to dash them to pieces, or consign them to the keeping of the meteorologist. If we could believe Mr. Cox's argument we might cry with our Anglo-Grecian poetess:

"Oh! twelve gods of Plato's vision,
Crowned to starry wanderings,
With your chariots in procession,
And your silver clash of wings
Very pale ye seem to rise,
Ghosts of Grecian deities."

But though we do not follow the author to the lofty conclusion, where his imagination has sprung such a brilliant arch around him, we acknowledge the almost unrivalled scholarship of his volumes, and the almost inestimable value of the facts he exhumes to all who would broadly study the gropings of the human mind after the Infinite and the Eternal.

The Theology of Christ, from his Own Words, by Dr. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON (from the press of Scribner & Co., and for sale by Robert Clarke & Co., of this city), is an able and timely contribution to our most valuable religious and theological literature. It is the aim of the author to ascertain, and expound, the teachings of the "Great Teacher" upon the grand topics of Christian theology. It brings out, with much force, the mind of Christ, as to his nature and oneness with the Father, the personality and office-work of the Holy Ghost, a living Providence, prayer, the nature of religion, the atonement, the resurrection of the dead, the final judgment, the blessedness of the righteous, the eternal punishment of the wicked, and other im-

portant points of the Christian system. This partial enumeration will indicate the range of topics in the book. The reading of the book itself will show how complete was the system of doctrine taught by the Lord Jesus Christ.

Many good people have a way of talking as if the Epistles, especially those of Paul, were the only doctrinal parts of the Bible. This is shown by Dr. THOMPSON to be erroneous; and, in a few well chosen words, he exhibits also the pernicious character of the error. "To many the very word 'doctrine' brings up reminiscences of the Catechism as a school-boy task, or of a formal text-book in theology, of dry, stiff propositions, having neither spiritual warmth nor practical utility. But the doctrines that Christ preached have as direct a bearing upon our lives as his precepts; and, if we will suffer it, will come home to our hearts with the emphasis of positive practical duties.

* * * * If the Church is languid and feeble in the face of rationalism, ritualism, and materialism, it is for lack of a vigorous grasp of the doctrines of the gospel. Preaching has run too much to the superficial, the fanciful, the sensational; men go to church that they may be pleased and excited rather than instructed, for some transitory play upon the imagination and emotions, rather than the lasting conviction of the understanding; whereas what most they need is that the intellectual and moral nature be lifted up to the great thoughts of Christ, and so filled with his Spirit. Christ is best preached in the grand doctrines whereby he himself preached the Gospel of the Kingdom of God."

While thus disposing of the error, that there is no doctrine in the Gospels, we are glad to say there is no countenance given in the book to the equally pernicious error, that the Epistles are less authoritative expressions of the mind and will of Christ, than are his own words in the Gospels.

We regard the book as a valuable exposition of its great theme. Our wonder is that any man, burdened with the toils and cares of a large pastorate, could find opportunities to prepare for the press so thoughtful a work.

The typographical execution of the book is in keeping with its substantial contents, and reflects great credit upon the publishers.

WE wonder how many writers are now living, and how many the future has yet in store for the world, who believe in the talismanic virtue of the Latin word "*Ecce*."

There is at least a good half-dozen now in actual mundane existence, who are willing to trust their immortality to that frail barque. And all because a man once wrote a book that survived the disadvantages of its title, and was exceedingly popular with an *ecce* for its pass-word.

Since the day of "*Ecce Homo*," the *ecce* has been wedded to nearly every Latin word that looked at all available. We have before us, a late and rather lame attempt, "*Ecce-Deus Homo*," published by J. B. Lippincot & Co., and for sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. We have all kinds of good wishes for the evidently sincere and orthodox author; but we must express to him our grave doubts, whether the book can float far on the ebbing-tide of the "*ecce*." It is not a bad book, but there is no very manifest reason for its existence; and, in this day of flooded bookstores, a book has no right to be which can not show good and plain cause for being. The challenge of the world is sharpening. The countersign of an important mission must be promptly given, or the new aspirant will be summarily remanded to the shadows.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Song of the Sower, by WM. CULLEN BRYANT, is dressed as such a song should be, and brought out for the holiday trade.

It is from the press of D. Appleton & Co., New York, and is every way one of the most sumptuous volumes ever issued from any American house. The forty-two wood engravings are in the finest mood of that advancing art. The paper is a luxury to run the eye over, and the letter press can not be surpassed. What right have poets to immortality, when the present dowers them

with such royal dress and such noble appreciation.

The drawings in this volume are by Winslow Homer, Henessy, Nehlig, Harry Fenn, Hows, Griswold, and Granville Perkins. The best engravers have been engaged in executing the drawings. Probably no finer holiday gift will be issued this season. It is for sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

Hymns of Faith and Hope. By HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. Three series. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. For sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

This is a beautiful and cheap edition (75 cents per volume) of these delightful hymns, many of which have taken a permanent place in Church hymnology. "Let me write a nation's songs and I care not who makes its laws." There is a similar determining power in hymns, as witness Luther's.

He who writes the hymns of a Church is a forcible professor of theology in all her schools, churches, and homes.

The Percys (from Randolph), is a little book for young people, written some years ago, as a serial for the New York Observer, by Mrs. PRENTISS, now better known as the author of "*Stepping Heavenward*." It is a charming little volume. It is for sale by R. W. Carroll & Co., 115 and 117 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Wonders of Bodily Strength and Skill, in all Ages and all Countries. Translated and enlarged from the French of Guillaume Depping, by CHARLES RUSSELL. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. For sale by Geo. E. Stevens & Co., 39 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati. Another of the beautiful library of illustrated wonders.

The Ice Raft. By CLARA T. GUERNSEY. Philadelphia: Alfred Martien & Co. For sale by R. W. Carroll & Co., 115 and 117 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

Anne's Beach Party. By MARY A. DENISON. Philadelphia: Alfred Martien & Co. For sale by R. W. Carroll & Co., 115 and 117 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

OUR GLEANINGS.

AMERICAN LITERATURE has often been credited abroad for an immense fertility and a certain New World smartness, but our claim to sound scholarship has been somewhat stubbornly resisted. Three of our leading poets are putting in a threefold argument in that direction, which it will be hard for our British friends to waive aside. Longfellow has given us the most perfect translation of Dante in existence—one as remarkable for the faithful scholarship it evinces as for the poet's appreciation; for who but a poet can translate a poet? Bryant has given us, as the ripest fruit of his long life, a translation of Homer, which will rank with the best. And now the literary world is on the *qui vive*, waiting for the promised translation of Goethe's Faust, by our traveler poet, Bayard Taylor. "Who reads an American book?"

FROUDE, in his History of England, enforces the conviction on the reader's mind that Shakespeare (fortunate for him) came just at the right time, and that there will never be another Shakespeare, unless, perchance (an exceedingly improbable thing), there should be just such another conjunction of social, religious, linguistic, and political influences. Russell Lowell, in one of his essays on the great poet, reaches the same conclusion, and declares, fifty years sooner or fifty years later, that which we mean when we say Shakespeare would have been an impossibility. Let us console ourselves for the mediocrity of our genius that the Times are sadly out of joint, and our poets are born out of season.

What a refuge for dullness; unlucky stars hung over our cradle. We are not going to the phrenologist to have our brains measured. We will cast the horoscope of the Times, and ascertain beyond all doubt that we are not great, not from any internal lack, but from an absence of those conjunc-

tions of external advantage which alone can bring immortality.

WE have alluded to Lowell's Essays "Among my Books." We commend them as exceedingly fine examples of literary criticism. Discriminating sometimes to a poetic nicety—keen and flashing and philosophic in their breadth of view—they are a valuable contribution to that branch of literature. Another series is announced and will be heartily welcome. Mr. Lowell hardly takes second rank among our poets, and most decidedly first among our critics.

SHELDON & Co. announce for the holidays "Our Poetical Favorites"—selections of the best minor poems in the English language, by Dr. A. C. Kendrick, D. D., of Rochester University.

There is a large class of readers who appreciate poetry, but who can not have a library of poets. Such volumes of selections are therefore valuable. But there is something very tantalizing in a taste when the feast is held out of reach.

AMONG the choice holiday books will be a finely illustrated volume, entitled "Winter Poems," getting its reading from Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Lowell, and Emerson, and its drawings from the best artists in the country. This also is purely an American book, which should enforce the claim of its intrinsic literary and artistic merit upon public favor.

How suddenly Bret Harte, our Pacific star, has shot into the firmament, and how steady apparently is the place he takes. His contributions have largely made that delightful magazine, "The Overland Monthly."

Fields, Osgood & Co. have in press a volume of his poems.

POEMS ABOUND. If the Muses chant a lowlier strain than once, they certainly sing a great deal more. Among the new poems announced is "The Monitions of the Unseen," by Jean Ingelow, published by Roberts' Bros., of Boston.

Who of our American scholars will undertake the translation of this new volume?

AMONG the art attractions for Christmas "The Doré Gallery" deserves a prominent mention. It consists of two hundred and fifty of the finest drawings selected from Doré's most celebrated works. The admirers of the great artist will find here collected, into one volume, those master-pieces that are elsewhere scattered through many.

A MAN must needs keep wide awake who would overtake the progress of picture-making. G. P. Putnam & Sons have introduced a new style of art under the name of Oleography. We do not know what that means, but they are claimed to excel chromos, by giving a more perfect canvas imitation. The same firm has also introduced the *Autotype* fac-similes of drawings by Dürer, Raffaele and Michael Angelo. They have received all praise from artists and amateurs.

ALFRED MARTIEN (Philadelphia), gives special attention to the selection of Sabbath-school libraries. He has out an illustrated catalogue containing many handsome new juveniles. The time is not distant when the house that establishes a reputation for a jealous care in the selection and publication of a literature for the young, will have a firm foundation in the hearts of the American people. The Christian public has endured the flood of pernicious juvenile literature about as long as its patience can endure.

A new book, by Archbishop Manning, is announced by a London house. It will defend the Vatican Council and explain its definitions.

THE last volume of Morris' "Earthly Paradise" is announced for the holidays.

Morris has the happy faculty of making himself understood—fortunately not quite one of the "lost arts." Fortunately, also, there are some people still extant to whose judgment obscurity is not the test of genius, either in literature or art. It is claimed Morris ranks next to Tennyson in England.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has been writing on "Mechanism in Thought and Morals." He is one of "the old boys"—and it is morally certain there will be both humor and thought in the book.

"FLOWERS FROM THE UPPER ALPS" consist of twelve fac-simile reproductions of exquisite water-color drawings, made by Mr. Walton expressly for this publication; each giving a separate flower with its appropriate scenery—the whole forming a very beautiful and unique series of views. In order to afford the American public an opportunity of buying this beautiful volume at a reasonable price, the English publisher has made such arrangements with Messrs. Lippincott & Co. as will enable them to offer it at the low rate of \$12.50.

THE German book-making has the nation's military turn. Fiction is at a discount. The Germans are writing up the tragic history that is being enacted before their weeping eyes. We give titles of some new volumes that will indicate the heroic and enthusiastic character of their present Literature: "The Rhine shall be German," "War Songs and Poems of the Time," "Illustrated History of the War of the Year 1870," "The Heroic German War of 1870, in Word and Song," "Napoleon the Blood-thirsty Emperor of the French," "Germany's Dream, Struggle, and Victory," "Black, Red, and Gold;" "Alsace and Lorraine, and their Reconquest for Germany;" "Eight War Songs, Offensive and Defensive," and so on through an almost endless list.

114

OUR MONTHLY.

A

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY--1871.

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH.

BY GEORGE LEE.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH LITTLE PROGRESS IS MADE.

THE fugitives from Troy, we are told, founded a second Ilium, and in their little town fondly endeavored to reproduce the loved features of the original. They even adopted a thirsty stream and called it Xanthus; and, while the unconscious rivulet babbled merrily along in its narrow channel, they paced sadly to and fro upon its banks, and sighed and sang, and wept and prayed, and built new altars and lit new fires thereon in honor of their gods. In the streets and halls of the mimic city their lives went on much as before the perfidious Greeks reduced their ancestral homes to ashes. They ate and drank, and made love and married and had children; they planted and watered and harvested; they bartered and got gain; they quarreled, worshiped, and died—all in the good old Trojan fashion.

So that forlorn little band of wanderers who, many centuries later, sought an asylum in the wilderness, brought with them the names, the customs, and the associations of the land they loved

in spite of her intolercancy. They abandoned England old, only to found an England New, which they endeavored to make in the image of the mother country—differing in a few particulars obnoxious to their Puritan consciences. Thus it came to pass, that throughout the section originally occupied by the Pilgrim Fathers and their immediate descendants, are innumerable villages and towns bearing good old English names. They are pleasant places, often nestled cosily at the foot of a rugged hill, sometimes beside a river or creek, whose waters are seldom suffered to escape from the vicinity until they have done their share of useful work. It is generally understood that the inhabitants of these thrifty villages know a thing or two, and by the combined force of brain-power, water-power, and steam-power, contrive to keep the crank of industry moving pretty briskly, and to grind out in the course of the year enough to eat. They are believed to be shrewd financiers also, and to have an especial aptness for converting the produce of their soil, their looms, their shops, and, in short, of their industry in all its manifold departments, into currency.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by the PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE COMPANY, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

This latter they have been known to invest advantageously, and to expend the interest accruing from such investments in a manner admirably calculated to promote the comfort and welfare of themselves and families, to further the cause of benevolence, education, and religion; and, in a word, to keep the ball of civilization rolling. They pay the minister quarterly, at least in some cases they do—send their sons to college and their daughters to boarding-school, and avoid litigation if they can; if they can not, they fee their lawyers liberally and win the suit, even though so doing necessitates what the world has agreed to call sharp practice. It is a principle with these peculiar people to succeed in whatever they undertake.

Dr. Trowbridge was settled in Hampton, a village of the class above referred to, and situated not many miles from New Haven. The distance between the two places was not far from an hour, by rail. Whether more or less than an hour's ride and by what road, are points of comparatively little consequence—in fact, not worth mentioning. It was, and is yet, a pleasant village, whatever might be or may be its precise location, with reference to New Haven, the railroads, and the Sound.

I advise nobody to consult a map for information on the subject, for assuredly such a document will afford them none, but to be contented with the vague hints which I have vouchsafed to drop. As for New Haven, with which highly respectable and classical city the narrative will have more or less to do, it is of sufficient size to warrant a writer in the assumption that he may, if tolerably clever, gossip harmlessly about it or a few of its inhabitants without incurring their or the public's disapprobation. "Such," in Pythagorean phraseology, "is the beneficent power of numbers." And if this theory is correct, it will certainly hold in its application to New York, whither we may wander, which city moreover, is, as every one knows,

pretty well used to being talked about, and wholly indifferent, apparently, to praise or blame.

How enviable is the lot of a storyteller! I recollect reading once that Bacon, when a young man without fame or title, wrote to his uncle that he claimed the whole field of knowledge as his domain, for which remark his lordly relative administered him a rebuke. But the novelist—the wide world is his own; time and space are under his control—they contract or expand in implicit obedience to his will. He prods the dust of centuries, and from its moldy depths drags up forms that long since have crumbled and breathes the breath of life into them anew. He invades the tombs of kings and rattles their august bones with impunity. He reclothes monarchs in their royal robes, and seats them on thrones of gold and ivory, puts scepters into their hands again, places crowns of untold value on their heads, and compels them to amuse or shock, win the admiration or excite the contempt of a generation which owes them no allegiance. To make a puppet of a king—ought it not to satisfy any reasonable ambition? If history may be believed, rulers have more than once been made to dance in that capacity, prompted thereto by the cunning, not of novelists but of subtle statesmen.

The popes themselves, whose very toes were sacred in their days of vitality, the novelist has power to call from their places of repose and cause them to nod and grin and fulminate in servile obedience to his commands. The world's vast reservoir of facts, the boundless realms of imagination alike offer him their inexhaustible stores. Their treasures, like golden nuggets in the fabulously rich mines of ancient Mexico, lie before him, ready to be molded into shapes whose beauty and value are limited only by his ability to see and use them.

You have read, perhaps, of the greedy inhabitants of Bagdad, whose eyes, when greased with the magic ointment of a certain dervise, were

capable of seeing all the hid treasures of the earth. "Caskets of buried jewels, chests of ingots, and barrels of outlandish coins seemed to court him from their concealments and supplicate him to relieve them from their untimely graves."

Ah, that magic compound! Where is it? I fear the secret of its mysterious composition is forever lost. The dervise selfishly allowed it to perish with himself, and we go stumbling through the world, seeing but a moiety of the beautiful and strange and precious objects with which creation teems. We are blind—blind.

I sigh after the dervise and his box of ointment, for I have undertaken to lead a company, whose extent I know not, through a land the beauties and wonders of which may not be as numerous or striking as I would have them appear. And I entreat that unknown company, be it small or great, to remember that while I thus pay heartfelt homage to the novelists' art, I appear before them simply as the humble historian of a family with which I chance to be connected, and in whose fortunes I almost dare to hope somebody will be interested.

You know that when a medium is about to hold converse with the invisible world in the presence of a circle, he takes the double precaution of darkening the room and of requesting all who are disposed to be in the least skeptical or captious to leave. The spirits, he tells them, are very particular on these points, refusing to appear unless the influences are harmonious. So I respectfully request all who at this moment are inwardly determined not to be entertained with my story, if they can help it, to lay it aside quietly—in other words, steal out on tiptoe, lest I be obliged to stop midway and say with sternness: "Young man, take your hat and leave;" or, "Young lady, you are annoying both the showman and the house; we will excuse you for the remainder of the performance," which would be quite embarrassing to all concerned. The room darkening is already

effected to all intents and purposes, for I am snug in my corner where none can see me, nor, however shrewdly they may suspect delusion, actually detect me in practicing upon their imagination.

CHAPTER IV.

"ORIGINAL SIN."

Dr. Trowbridge did not talk much with his little son. He was unused to children, and, since his wife's death, too much saddened to be merry. His grave manner awed the child. Sometimes he awkwardly tried to talk with him, but succeeded so poorly that he soon desisted from the attempt. Madge would have taught him how. He would have learned from her a jargon more musical than his Greek or Latin or Hebrew. But Madge was gone! So, after making a few clumsy efforts, which never failed to throw Elisha into a state of gravity as profound as his own, he entrusted him wholly to his sister, reserving to himself the right only of correcting him when guilty of unusual misdemeanors, and of instructing him in the catechism when he had arrived at a proper age.

As the reader already knows, I had no idea of the existence even of such a person as Elisha until several years after he had dropped his early acquaintance, the junk bottle. But I have often heard Aunt Cynthia discourse on this period of her favorite's life, and indeed—perhaps I shall not have a better opportunity for making the acknowledgment—it is to her that I am chiefly indebted for what information I am possessed of concerning him previous to my adoption into the family. She could talk in a very edifying manner on this subject, since it was one which appealed to her heart, rather than to her head. Parents, and especially grandparents, usually take an interest in the sayings and doings of children of quite tender years even; provided the young people in question have any lawful claims whatever to their senior's consideration. For the

gratification of such as are not too old to feel an interest in the joys and sorrows of childhood, I am induced to bestow a few more paragraphs on those early years in Elisha's history. And if any are disposed to grumble at the delay, I beg leave respectfully to suggest to such, that when they come to take an interest in Elisha, as he will appear in a more developed state of existence, they will, without doubt, recall this chapter, and wish the writer had prattled even longer about his hero's childhood. Further apology is, I trust, unnecessary. Among the many choice bits of wisdom which his faithful aunt endeavored to impress upon her young charge was this: "Thou shalt not steal." One day, having with much patient labor explained to him what stealing was, told him he must not steal, and given him the reasons for the same, the good lady placed the pot of blackberry jam, the concoction of which he had watched with great interest while she delivered her homily, on the highest shelf in the pantry and went off to visit her friend and neighbor Mrs. Fielding. The coast was no sooner clear than Elisha climbed up to the shelf and thrust his fingers into the jam-pot. The flavor of its contents surpassed his expectations. He repeated the process, nor ceased until a large share of the delicious stuff had been safely deposited, either in his stomach or on his face. There was a good deal in both places. He made his way down again in safety, and greeted Aunt Cynthia, on her return, with an air of conscious innocence.

"Why child!" she cried, aghast at his appearance; "What *have* you been doing?"

"Playing horse with mine doggie," replied Elisha, promptly.

"You have been in the jam-pot," she said, eyeing him sternly.

"No, I haven't," the little rogue answered, boldly returning her glance, and showing not the slightest embarrassment.

Aunt Cynthia was horrified.

"What's that on your face?" she gasped, when at length she had recovered enough breath to articulate.

Elisha rubbed the back of his chubby little paw across his beameared cheek, and looked at it in considerable surprise, maintaining a respectful silence.

"What is it?" demanded Aunt Cynthia.

"Why," answered Elisha naively, "I guess it's *jam*."

"How did it come there?"—severely.

"I don't know."

Aunt Cynthia could hardly believe her senses. She had taken down the vessel, woefully depleted of its contents, and was holding it up before him. But there he stood, perfectly unabashed, and lying like a little Cretan.

"You have been stealing it!" she said, wrathfully.

"No, I haven't, Aunt Cynthia," he stoutly replied.

The good lady's countenance indicated a condition of great mental perplexity. It was a very aggravated case both of lying and stealing. She was at a loss on which charge to deal with him first.

"God is very angry with you, Elisha," she began, gravely.

"What for?"

"Because you stole."

"I *didn't* stole. You didn't see me; you was gone away," he cried, becoming excited at her persistent reiteration of the charge.

"No," she answered, solemnly, "I didn't see you, but God did."

"No, he didn't: I shut the door."

"That made no difference; he could see you just the same. God sees every thing. He is every-where."

"He wasn't in the pantry," said Elisha, confidently.

"He didn't need to be. He could see what you were doing from His throne in the sky."

"Look right down through the roof?"—very much surprised.

"Yes."

"And through the plastering!"—still more astonished.

"Certainly."

Elisha's blue eyes opened wider and wider. He surveyed her for a moment, doubtfully.

"*I don't believe it, Aunt Cynthy!*" he said, at length. "*I guess you're lying, too.*"

Aunt Cynthia was confounded. She felt that she was not equal to the occasion, and the youngster was marched off to the study.

The blacksmith's children, for whose society he showed great partiality, encouraged his pugilistic propensities, in consequence of which he prided himself, when yet scarcely seven years old, in his skill in the noble art of self-defense. He was ready, at a moment's notice, for a tussle with any small youth who had the temerity to engage with him. He was very fond of his little neighbor, Agnes Fielding, a curly-headed, rosy chub; and was in the habit of drawing her to school on his sled, winter mornings. He was quite a gallant, even at this early period of his existence. One morning he called for her as usual, but found that she had already gone on the sled of his friend and rival, the blacksmith's son. The sleighing was particularly fine that day, and he had on, moreover, a brand new pair of beautiful red mittens, sent him as a Christmas present by his grandmother. His disappointment brought the tears to his eyes, and he trudged on to school, dragging his empty sled after him, in a disconsolate manner, and looking inexpressibly grieved. Catching sight of young Vulcan, however, his grief was in a twinkling turned to wrath, and he prepared to whop him immediately. They were soon at it with all the ardor of little Bowery boys, and though our little man fought valiantly and well, displaying no end of pluck and great professional skill, for an amateur, he suffered a notable defeat, and was sent home by the teacher, with the embarrassing accompaniments of a black eye and a note to his father,

either of which were sufficient to necessitate a private interview with that gentleman in the study.

From these two anecdotes it is plain that Elisha was very much like other bad little boys, and bound, if not to verify in himself the well-known impression respecting ministers' sons, at least to cause his father a great deal of anxiety. Dr. Trowbridge strode on in the path of rectitude and duty with giant strides, swerving neither to the right hand nor to the left; but his little son, like "*parvus Julius*" followed, "*non passibus equis*"—that is to say, with unequal steps and frequent stumblings.

CHAPTER V.

LEAVES AUNT CYNTHIA IN A STATE OF PLEASANT EXPECTATION.

It must be confessed that, at the time of my adoption into the family, and for several years subsequent to that event, Elisha exhibited many traits of character by no means calculated to prejudice good people in his favor. His behavior on the evening of my arrival, for instance, was not such as became the son of a Doctor of Divinity. His propensity for telling lies, again, was sadly to his disadvantage. To do him justice, however, when he did get his mind made up about lying, he held that practice in utter abhorrence, and would tell the truth, not only when he expected to gain nothing by it, but even when he foresaw that so doing would inevitably get him into difficulty.

His numerous pugilistic encounters at school won him the reputation of being a very quarrelsome, bad-tempered boy. And, indeed, there is no doubt that he was sufficiently inclined to defend his friends, and chastise his own and their enemies *vi et armis*. His quarrels almost always arose from his desire to punish some one for maltreating some one else, too weak to take the law into his own hands. He was my sworn champion and defender.

From the first, he took me under his protecting wing. He initiated me into the mysteries of many boyish games. He patronized me with an air which won my heartfelt admiration and allegiance. He pitied my weakness, and I admired and exulted in his strength. He was bold and self-asserting, while I was bashful and timid. I thought him immeasurably my superior. I yielded up to him my whole heart, and worshiped my hero with all the enthusiasm of my young soul. I am sure that he returned my affection with love as warm as my own, though probably it differed somewhat in kind. Mine was that of the weaker for the stronger, his the reverse. So we became Damon and Pythias to each other, and our friendship grew and took deeper root as we passed from childhood into youth; nor had its green leaves withered when we stood together on the threshold of manhood.

As I recall the five years which glided so swiftly and pleasantly away, after I became an inmate of the parsonage, I can not help feeling that same proud swelling of the heart which I felt then at witnessing my friend's feats and brave exploits.

How fierce he looked, as he stood on the platform which gave dignity to our little school-house, and, with clenched fist and flashing eyes, hurled the "Seminole's Defiance" in our teeth! His "Lord Angus, thou hast lied!" fairly made us turn pale and quake.

His compositions, too—with what noble sentiments they abounded! I am minded to give one, written when he was twelve years old. It was read on the last day of school, in the presence of a large and distinguished company, among whom was a professor in the Yale Divinity School, and who, I remember, seemed deeply impressed.

"A VIRTUOUS LIFE.

"Everybody should strive to lead a virtuous life. The virtuous man is the only truly happy man. The wise King Solomon laid great stress on a virtuous life.

The heathen philosophers of Greece and Rome discoursed a great deal on virtue. They said many wise things about it, but I guess they preached better than they practiced. It is almost always easier to preach than to practice. But actions speak louder than words, so we should be careful to act virtuously as well as to speak virtuously, in order that we may exert a good influence on our fellow-men, and the world be better for our having lived in it. Be virtuous and you will be happy.

"ELISHA TROWBRIDGE."

At about this period he read a "Life of Alexander the Great," and was filled with immense admiration at the deeds of that renowned warrior. His soul expanded within him, and he desired to emulate so wonderful a man. He had no doubt of his ability to do any thing which man ever had done. No hero who figures in history possessed a loftier or more courageous spirit. He was a youthful Alexander, and he yearned for a Bucephalus. "I tell you what it is, Johnny," he said proudly; "I just wish I had a horse like that. I'd tame him!"

The next day he came in, big with a mighty discovery:

"Come out-doors!" he whispered mysteriously. I obeyed, and he showed me a colt browsing in a neighboring pasture.

"That colt—see him! Ain't he a grand one? I'm going to ride him, Johnny."

"Oh! I'm afraid he'll throw you off though."

"No he won't. S'posing you run and get Agnes. I want her to see me."

So I cut across the fields to Mrs. Fielding's, and speedily was on the ground again, Agnes panting at my side, ready to admire. Indeed, like myself, she admired every thing that Elisha did.

Meanwhile he had coaxed the animal to the fence by means of a hat full of oats. The colt was a magnificent fellow, with a flowing black mane and tail, gentle enough ordinarily, but wholly unbroken. Elisha seized a favorable opportunity and bestrode him. The colt played the part of Bucepha-

lus very well, but Elisha proved deficient in his rôle of Alexander. There was a momentary pause, during which the astonished steed seemed trying to comprehend the situation, then a few frantic plunges, and Alexander lay sprawling ignominiously on the ground, bloody as to his nose, and rending the air with cries which seemed to add wings to the speed of Bucephalus as he careered wildly away, and made a Pegasus of him. Frightened half out of our wits at so unexpected and dire a calamity, Agnes and myself left our friend prone on his belly and hastened after Aunt Cynthia, who straightway repaired to the scene of disaster, at a pace which left us shorter-limbed people far behind, armed with a camphor bottle, and her skirts flapping in the wind. She led him, howling, to the house, soothing him on the way by propounding her usual query:

"Why, Elisha, what possessed you to do such a foolish thing?"

No serious injury had been sustained, although for several days his nose presented an appearance which caused him deep humiliation. When rallied on this adventure in after years, he invariably contended that his discomfiture arose from no lack of nerve and skill, but from the fact that he attempted the feat unaided by bit or saddle, without which accessories he defied Alexander or any other man to succeed.

Although Elisha made a very poor figure in many of his undertakings, there were others in which he seldom failed to come out first best. Marbles, for instance, was a game in which he displayed remarkable skill, and it was difficult for him to realize the wickedness of playing for keeps. One evening he came home from school in high feather, his pockets fairly bulging with the day's winnings. After supper he seated himself like a contemplative Turk on the carpet, and proceeded with a business air to count his gains, piling the treasure in little pyramids around him. Having disposed myself in a similar attitude, I watched the process with profound interest.

"How many?" I asked, when he had finished counting.

"Two hundred and four; started this morning with only nine brownies, and just see here! three tiptop agates and more than a hundred chinas; won 'em from young blacksmith, him that gave me a black eye once, you know."

While we were carrying on this absorbing conversation in an undertone, Dr. Trowbridge sat at the table balancing his teaspoon.

"Where did you get so many marbles, my son?"

"O, I won 'em playing with the boys; ain't there a lot of 'em, pa?"

"A great many; you intend to give them back to-morrow, I suppose."

"No, indeed," he answered promptly; "they're mine."

This proposition the doctor seemed disposed to question, and in the end positively forbade his son to bring home his winnings. He drew a distinction between playing for the pleasure of it and playing for keeps, stigmatizing the latter as a species of gambling not excusable in any one, and especially heinous in the son of a clergyman.

While the doctor delivered this homily, his sister sat by listening, with an expression on her face of peculiar complacency. I supposed that she was pleased with the tenor of her brother's remarks; but I remembered afterward that she was arrayed in her stiffest silk and befurbelowed generally in an unusual manner. The lace collar which encircled her neck was fastened by her best brooch. Her gold chain, without any watch at the end of it (though the locket, supposed to contain locks of her father's and mother's hair, which stood in its stead, looked very like a watch), glittered in two diagonal curves across her bosom, and disappeared at her waist. I speak thus minutely of her appearance that evening, because it was, as it were, the ripple on the surface which first indicated to the family the agitation which had for some time been going on underneath.

During a portion, at least, of the five years which had passed so pleasantly

away, and of a few events of which I have chatted so lightly, influences were at work, destined, at no distant day, to materially change the aspect of our quiet household. The nature of this change, and how it came about, shall be duly recorded. In order to a clear understanding of the matter, however, I shall be obliged to enlarge the reader's circle of acquaintances.

CHAPTER V.

MR. HEMENWAY.

Over a certain double door, in a certain street of New Haven, Connecticut, there was, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-two, an elaborately painted sign, which read thus: "Solomon Hemenway, Hardware Merchant." On the door-posts hung neat placards, whose business it was to announce more particularly such wares as Mr. Hemenway kept for sale. They informed the public that he dealt not only in those common articles usually found in a hardware store, such as stoves, axes, flat-irons, locks and hinges, but also in superior qualities of glassware, crockery, wooden-ware and cutlery. Mr. Hemenway professed himself ready to dispose of any or all of these articles to any body who would pay him a cash equivalent for them. Nothing but a *cash* equivalent would do. This point was an important one, and Mr. Hemenway was so anxious that it should be well understood that he had caused it to be proclaimed, in one form or another, a great many times. Immediately on entering his store the eye was caught by a card which dangled from the ceiling, and which bore: "Positively no Trust" on both sides; and in unmistakably distinct, black letters, pinned against the shelves was: "We sell for Cash." Lying on the counter: "Quick Sales and Small Profits, because We Sell for Cash." And in a conspicuous position: "If you don't see what you want, call for it, and we will sell it to you Cheap for Cash." Cash, cash, hard cash, was

posted not only in every available place, but it was legibly written on Mr. Hemenway's bald forehead, in Mr. Hemenway's cold, gray eyes, in the lines around Mr. Hemenway's determined mouth. The closer it was shut, the louder it seemed to say: "Cash; I want it and I'm determined to have it." If report could be believed, Mr. Hemenway had succeeded in obtaining no small share of the substance upon the importance of which he laid such stress, and to which his whole person apparently laid so decided claim. He was a large man, with projecting brows and grizzly black hair and beard. He parted his hair just over his left ear, brushing it in such a way as to conceal his baldness as far as possible. But, sometimes, when absorbed in business, he would inadvertently stroke it in the wrong direction, causing his head to assume a very one-sided and ragged appearance. He had great hands and feet, the latter incased in heavy boots, a full size too large for him, but always well polished. Coat, vest, and pants were all correspondingly large and substantial. He prided himself on being a substantial man.

Mr. Hemenway was no stranger in our family. He had dined at the parsonage more than once, and was an avowed admirer of Dr. Trowbridge. Indeed, he was on terms of as close intimacy with that divine as it was possible for any one to be. He was fond of theological controversy, and of discussing the merits of various preachers. He was a prominent man in his church; one of the "leading members." He was more or less acquainted with a great many people. There were certain customers whom he made it a point to wait on in person, improving the occasion to converse for a few moments on some one of his favorite topics while he did up the goods. "Now I like my friend Dr. Trowbridge's style of preaching," he was saying in his positive voice when I happened to enter his store one day; "Dr. Trowbridge, of Hampton—you know him. He's what I call a powerful sermonizer. He isn't flow-

ery, nor brilliant; at least, not in the common acceptation of the term. None of the tinsel of rhetoric about him; none of your sky-high flights of oratory; but what he says is straight forward, plain, sound Bible doctrine. It has weight to it—the true ring, sir,” and Mr. Hemenway illustrates by tossing a half-dollar down on the counter. “Genuine, you perceive—no counterfeit about it,” he proceeds, as the murmur of the coin dies away. “That’s the sort of metal Dr. Trowbridge deals in. Half the preaching now-a-days is bogus coin—under weight—good to look at, but heft it”—Mr. Hemenway again illustrates, by hefting the article which he has been deliberately wrapping up—“heft it, sir, and you find it’s nothing but a cleverly executed counterfeit. Two seventy-five. Thank you. James will deliver within the hour. Nothing else? Whenever you want anything in our line, you know where to find it. Our system enables us to buy low and to sell low. Quick cash sales and small cash profits is our motto.” The customer gone, Mr. Hemenway turned to me.

“Well, Johnny, how are you to-day? All right, eh? That’s good. How’s the doctor? Was just speaking of him to Mr. Dexter. Fine man Dexter, in the main, but a poor judge of preaching; apt to be taken with light metal. He doesn’t weigh well what he hears—doesn’t heft it, and the consequence is he sometimes makes a fool of himself, as he did this morning before you came in. Do any thing for you to-day? Certainly; plenty of ‘em. Take your choice. Miss Trowbridge well? Tell the doctor I’ll try to get out to Hampton, Sunday, and hear him preach. Always liked the doctor. Should like to see him settled in the city, but I suppose his people won’t let him go. I wouldn’t if I were they. He gives them their money’s worth. Take that one, will you? Half a dollar. You’ll find it as good a jack-knife as you can get for twice the money anywhere else. It pays to keep a good article, and a poor one never goes out

of this store to my knowledge. Give us a call, Johnny, whenever you come to town, whether you want to buy any thing or not. Always glad to see you. Stop a moment,” he said, as I was going out. “We’ve just been getting on a lot of crockery. Here’s a novelty in the shape of a fancy cream pitcher. Rather stylish, you see; place there to chuck ice into, nice when you want to keep it sweet and cool for strawberries and the like. It occurred to me that, perhaps, Miss Trowbridge might like something of the kind. You may take it home with you, if you’re a mind to, and if she doesn’t care to keep it I can bring it back with me when I come Monday morning. Handle it carefully. It’ll break easy.”

I took the dainty bit of china, and, while admiring the delicacy and beauty of its workmanship, inwardly marveled that Mr. Hemenway should let it go from his store without having an equivalent for it in his cash-drawer. I was again astonished when, on the following Monday morning, Mr. Hemenway took his departure, having said nothing either about the cream pitcher or its cash equivalent. I concluded he had forgotten it, and suggested as much to Aunt Cynthia,

“Perhaps he did. I wonder if it is going to rain to-day? Of all things I do dislike a rainy Monday,” she answered, glancing carelessly out of the window. As it happened, the window looked towards the city, and by a strange coincidence, Mr. Hemenway, who was not yet out of sight, turned and seeing his late hostess, waved his red silk handkerchief. She did not wave her own in return, but turned away with something very like a blush on her faded cheek, and said, pleasantly,

“What a very singular man! Don’t you think so, Johnny?”

I began to think so, and also that Aunt Cynthia was a very singular woman. I kept my own counsel, however, contenting myself with wondering why Mr. Hemenway never brought his wife to Hampton.

"He has no wife, dear," she replied, in her usual mild voice. "His wife died about the time you first came here. I dare say you don't remember it. She was a very excellent woman."

"And Tom Hemenway," said Elisha, coming in just then, "is a capital good fellow, and Lottie Hemenway is the prettiest girl I know except Agnes. I say, auntie, what did you give for this pitcher?"

As Elisha asked this apparently innocent question, he tipped me a very sly wink.

Aunt Cynthia whisked into the pantry, and pretended not to hear.

"I know," said Elisha. "I saw you through the window. You kissed him. And you kissed him when he brought the chopping-knife. I tell you what it is, Johnny, Mr. Hemenway is awful fond of hearing pa's sermons, *ain't* he, auntie?"

Auntie made no intelligible reply, and appeared particularly nervous and flighty all day. The mystery was solved. Mr. Hemenway had received his cash equivalent, though in coin not commonly found in money-drawers.

Shrewd business man—Mr. Hemenway!

CHAPTER VI.

A VISIT TO GRANDMA PRIME.

Not long after the evening with mention of which the fourth chapter closed, Elisha and myself were invited to spend a day with Grandma Prime, in New Haven. We were delighted when snugly seated in the cars, on the morning of the day designated, to see that Mrs. Fielding and Agnes were among the passengers. They took the seat immediately back of us. Several years had elapsed since the little beauty first proved a bone of contention between Elisha and the blacksmith's valiant son. In spite of the fact that the latter was the winner of that sanguinary battle, he had been left far behind in the race for Agnes' favor. Agamemnon was a great warrior, but

we have no reason to believe that he was especially handsome, gallant, quick-witted, or agreeable, and so Paris, who was not destitute of these qualities, stole from him the affections of Helen. The same little drama has been enacted on substantially the same principles a great many times since, if history and the newspapers may be credited. Elisha was beaten in hand-to-hand combats, not because he lacked courage, but because his adversary excelled in strength.

As Agnes grew older, with true feminine instinct, she clove to the courageous weaker party, and told the stronger when he remonstrated with her, that he was a freckled-faced, mean little bully, whom she detested, and whom Elisha could beat all to nothing at marbles and spelling. So, in the long run, Elisha was conqueror, and his rival tacitly acknowledged the fact by transferring his attentions to one who was more appreciative of them than Agnes.

Mrs. Fielding lived in the house nearest the parsonage, and it was natural that Agnes and Elisha should be much together. They adored each other, and had many fine times together. The little girl was certainly as bright, sweet, and saucy a young person as ever gratified a fond mother's pride. She had curling brown hair and sparkling brown eyes, which she early learned to use with prodigious effect. Her complexion was fresh and healthy, of a warm, rich hue, that indicated a sound constitution. She had a great many coquettish little ways, which were perfectly natural to her, and wonderfully becoming. On the morning in question she was dressed in a jaunty traveling suit, which enhanced her charms not a little. Elisha also was dressed up smoothly that morning, and felt, on the whole, pretty well pleased with his appearance. His little broadcloth jacket, or roundabout, was a source of secret vexation however. He was twelve years old, and felt himself entitled to skirts and a rolling collar. He chafed, too, over the fact that, although his pants were of good material, Aunt Cynthia had made a trifling mistake in cut-

ting them, in consequence of which they were slightly baggy in the rear. She was an economical housekeeper, and insisted on making our clothes with her own hands. As a result, there was always a hitch in them somewhere, which caused us to feel more at our ease sitting than standing.

Mrs. Fielding was a widow of about five and thirty. Between herself and Agnes a strong resemblance existed. Her house and grounds were the finest in Hampton. She was so youthful in appearance that one might easily have taken her to be the sister, rather than the mother, of Agnes. Her husband had been a physician of wealth and culture. He had occupied himself with literature rather than with the labors of his profession, and his sudden death deprived his young wife of a husband apparently calculated to make her married life all that she had hoped it would be—happy, beautiful, and useful.

She had refused to marry again, although she did not appear to brood unduly over her husband's death. Her good sense was no less evident than her refinement. Her life was not made desolate by her loss. It was saddened, doubtless, and made to resemble a hazy but warm and golden day of autumn, rather than a bright and sparkling morning in June. She was somewhat reserved ordinarily, self-reliant and independent. She did as she pleased, seemingly indifferent to the opinions of others. But she managed wisely, and seldom gave occasion for offense. At rare intervals she consulted a lawyer in New Haven with reference to her money matters, but with these exceptions asked nobody's advice. She was a woman whom Aunt Cynthia admired above all women in the world, and for whom the doctor entertained a profound respect. I think she was more kind to me than to Elisha, although she never objected to the intimacy which she saw existing between him and Agnes.

Grandma Prime lived in a modest house in a quiet street. She did not own the house, and was mistress of the first floor only. The second story was

occupied by a small grocer and his family, which latter was neither numerous nor noisy.

Grandma Prime kept a maid and a cat, and with these companions she lived in great comfort and cosiness in a suite of scrupulously neat and delightfully pleasant rooms. To spend a day with her was a treat worth remembering. The outside of the house was suggestive of the kindly atmosphere which pervaded its interior. It was white, with green blinds, which contrasted agreeably with the surrounding color. The front door opened upon a little porch, which was protected by a roof, supported by slender columns. In summer these columns were more or less hidden by climbing plants rooted in the ground close to the porch. On our visit she met us at the door.

"So, you have come at last, have you, sirs?" she said in her cheery voice, as hat in hand we stepped into the little hall. "That was a brave kiss, Elisha. I almost believe you would kiss your grandmother as soon as you would that young rogue Agnes, whom you love so desperately. Tut-tut, don't blush! La, its nothing to be ashamed of. She's a sweet, pretty little girl, and her mother is what I call an out-and-out likely woman, if there ever was one. Now do you, fine gentlemen, hang up your hats on the hooks there, and come and sit by me on the sofa till dinner-time."

"I expect you're as hungry as a couple of bears," she began, when we were seated by her side as directed, "and Jane will have dinner ready half an hour earlier than usual. I told Jane that I expected a pair of strapping boys to dine with me, and she must do her prettiest, so it will be a good dinner. I don't mind telling you that there is a fat turkey in the oven, but I'll say nothing about the pudding, and whether or no its full of raisins is my own affair. Now, what do you suppose I'm making here for you two dandies?" and, without waiting for a reply, she held up a pair of fine shirts. "I'm going to make you two pairs apiece. It

isn't fair that New Haven boys should have better shirts than my grandchildren, if they do live in the country. And see here—two pairs of nice woolen socks for next winter. I'm healing the last one this very minute. I'm not sure but you two youngsters will be the death of me yet. There's no end to your wants." And the old lady knitted away as if she had so much to do that not a moment could be lost. She was always at work for somebody.

Grandma Prime was sixty-five. Her eyes twinkled brightly through her gold-rimmed spectacles, and her teeth were still good. Her smooth forehead was topped by a jet-black switch, which

harmonized well with her dark eyes and eye-brows. She wore a white lace-cap, its strings tied in a double bow-knot under her chin, which was double also. Her whole appearance was wonderfully neat, brisk, and cheerful. As we sat chatting, the smell of savory victuals began to steal through the cracks and key-holes of the doors, suggestive of the coming feast. But before we were invited to partake of it, Jane responded to a loud summons from the porch, and immediately afterward with sleeves rolled up, arms a-kimbo, and a flushed face, ushered in Thomas and Charlotte Hemenway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A VILLAGE DOCTOR.

THE differences made by nature between members of the various ranks of human society, when distinctions of wealth and station are removed, are trivial in the extreme. The soul of the beggar and the soul of the king—those extremes of position among men—possess the same passions and desires, the same hopes and fears, the same loves and hates. But influences higher than earthly ones, work changes in the human soul as real and as marked as the difference is between good and ill, or life and death. One may be refined for the society of heaven, and one debase itself for the companionships of hell. The slave may be made the "freeman whom the truth makes free"—the master remain the thrall of appetite, and passion, and sin. The first may tread the courts of death with the serene dignity of an heir of life, conscious of his title to a higher position than any earthly one—the latter yield his spirit up with sotlike indifference to what the future may bring, without other happiness or hope.

The practice of medicine long in consequence and varied in character, embracing among my patients the high and the low, the rich and poor, the

holy and vicious, the publican and Pharisee, gave me many and convincing illustrations of these familiar truths—so many and so convincing that I do not merely believe, but I am fully conscious of the fact, that the wise king of Israel spake as he was moved by the inspiration of the Holy One, when he said that the "faith of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day;" and, also, as many and as convincing proofs of that other truth, the antithesis of this, "the way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble." And I have seen, too, evidences, blessed and cheering, of still another truth, that he who walks in the light himself can never be enshrouded in total darkness, yet may venture to the borders of the dark and devious way, and lay hold upon the hand and lead the wayward wanderer back to the paths of light and love.

The scene of my story—more a narration of actual events than a work of the imagination—is laid in the region around the headwaters of the beautiful Miami river, in the State of Ohio—the time, the closing period of our Mexican war; those "old times" be-

fore the mind and the conscience of the nation had awakened to a realization of the criminality of slavery and its resultant abuses—when involuntary and unceasing servitude was believed to be the normal condition of the black man; and the Southern Church claimed to be specially commissioned to conserve and perpetuate the "institution"—to demonstrate its consistency with the "law of love," and its capacity to create and develop a type of humanity excelling in virtue and refinement and intellectual culture any that has preceded it.

I was waited upon by one of the most intelligent and substantial farmers among my patrons, a Mr. Whitehurst, and requested to see, professionally, an invalid colored man, whom he had permitted to occupy, temporarily, one of the tenant-houses upon his farm, and in whose welfare he had evidently become much interested. As soon as practicable, I rode to the family mansion of my friend, who had invited me to do so, promising to conduct me thence to the home of the patient, and introduce me there. He was himself absent on business; but his lady, whom I found to be as deeply and kindly interested in the case of the poor stranger as was her husband, together with her sister, a Mrs. Bourne, there on a visit at the time, volunteered to accompany me. A pleasant walk through a piece of woodland brought us to our destination, an old, rough, dilapidated log cabin, which had stood untenanted for years—its windows broken in, and the door off its hinges, nothing ornamental or inviting about it, yet a center of a scene of surpassing beauty—itsself the only blur upon the lovely landscape.

It had been a marked spot in the days of the "mound builders." One of these tumuli which dot the surface of the earth all over the western country, and the question of whose origin and age causes so many and such diverse speculations, wherever seen, occupied the intersection of two ridges that crowned the summit of a majestic

hill overlooking the two forks of the river, and which commanded the view, north and east, as far as the eye could reach, up the valleys of both these streams. On the south and west vast plains spread out a boundless landscape, where the eye was feasted to repletion with the view of diversity made to harmonize as nature alone can mingle and combine. It was a grand and beautiful picture. The mound had been either a watch-tower or a mausoleum, and was well adapted to one purpose or the other. Occupied by a vigilant watchman, no foe could approach unseen—if the monumental burial spot of a benefactor or a warrior, it was a noble memento, fitted to be an unceasing reminder, far and wide, of the virtues or the terrors of him whose memory it was built to perpetuate.

The cabin of the sick man was in the center of this lovely scene. It seemed a profanation to have placed it there. But this was the work of the rude pioneer, the first occupant of the land, and was old and tenantless when my friend obtained possession of the estate. Rude and forbidding as was its exterior, I found, upon entering the house, that the hand of taste and neatness had been within. All was orderly and clean, the work of the pleasant and tidy black woman, the wife of the sick man, who met us at the door and welcomed us in.

There are men before whom we instinctively bow, under whatever circumstances they are met, whether clothed in a hunter's garb or dressed in a robe of state; or however colored they may be, whether white or black or red. Nature has stamped upon them the impress of MANHOOD in its perfection, and this is at once perceived by all. A feeling of homage for superiority inheres in us, and is spontaneously and freely rendered. This feeling lies at the foundation of man's religious nature. Its highest and most intelligent exercise constitutes him the worshiper of the "High and Lofty One." I once saw Daniel Webster, and I gazed upon his rugged features and massive brow, and listened to the elo-

quent words which fell from his lips, until my soul bowed to the majesty of mind so as it had never bowed to human intellect before. Such, to some extent, were my feelings when I looked upon my dark patient for the first time. His color was neither black nor white; but a mingling of the two. His tawny stain was derived from his African mother; but the noble contour of his head and his perfect Caucasian features indicated the gentility and intellect and culture, through successive generations, of his white patrician fathers.

My first view of the sick man showed me unmistakably that his days would be few. The mark was upon him. He had pictured upon his countenance that mysterious *something*, so indescribable, yet so easily read by all familiar with the premonitions of the near approach of the "king of terrors." I felt that in dealing with his case I would have to do with one stronger than myself—that it was the dictate of prudence to decline the contest; and that my whole duty would be best performed by doing what could be done to smooth his journey to the grave.

A close and critical examination of his case but confirmed the opinion I had already formed of the fatal character of his affliction, and that the closing scene, unless postponed by remedies, would probably not be a distant one. Still, I believed that the distressing character of his symptoms could be mitigated, and he be buoyed up and floated along, safely and pleasantly, until he could be held up no longer. I found that his disease was an old one, and that, prior to sending for me, he had given up all hope of recovery. But the cheering representation of my friend, dictated by his flattering partiality for myself, had re-excited his hopes; and, though he had "suffered many things of many physicians," and had tired of them and their remedies too, he yet determined to make one more effort for life.

It is a hard duty to extinguish hope in the human heart, when its fire is kindled once more, after a season of

dark despondency, and begins to send abroad again its pleasant light and heat; rudely to place the foot upon the flame, and stamp it out, and drive the sufferer back to hopelessness and gloom. But this duty the faithful physician has often to perform. And better is it for his own peace of mind, and the safety of him who has intrusted his all into his hands, to nerve himself to its stern discharge, whenever the duty ought to be done, than that knowledge should be withheld when it can be made of utility, and given only when that time has passed forever away.

Such were my thoughts at that first visit to my patient, when, surrounded by his family and those who were their friendly sympathizers, he asked me in a manner which forbade evasion in my answer, what would be the issue of his disease. When I saw the mingled fear and hope depicted in the face of his wife, and the manner in which she waited for my words as for the decision which would raise her to life or sink her to woe; and when I observed the anxiety and tender sympathy, evidenced by the unbidden tears which trickled down the cheeks of more than one then present in the room, I felt almost that I was an arbiter of life and death, and would gladly have left undone the duty that had been rolled upon me to do. But the truth must be said let the effect of its expression be what it might. I glanced hastily at the patient himself; he was the most self-possessed individual in the room. There was that in his face which showed preparation for whatever might betide him, whether life or death. Had I known of the sublime hope which then bore him up, and which, throughout an eventful life had sustained and cheered him amid many an affliction and suffering, I would have been at no loss to analyze the lofty sentiment pictured in the expression of his countenance.

I firmly but feelingly told him what inevitably would be the termination of his affection.

The look of deep disappointment and

crushed hope which overspread the countenance of his wife was sad to see and made my heart to ache. I thought, too, that my answer was different from the one looked for by the patient himself; but if so, the expression of his face and the feeling which was its origin passed quickly away. He cast a look of wonderful tenderness upon his wife and boy—the latter of whom I now observed for the first time—and seemed for a short period to be lost in thought or engaged in prayer. His countenance then cleared, while almost a smile overspread his features, and, with a look and tone of resignation, such as I seldom had seen or heard before, he said: "It is well."

"My friend," said I, "you seem to have found the true source of support and comfort."

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said he, in a tone and with a look of exultation; "and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

"Ah, those words of the man of Uz, when raised, for a moment, above his desponding gloom, have given voice and expression to many a feeling of triumph over the power of the grave, and will continue to do so until 'death shall be swallowed up in victory.' Happy knowledge, blessed understanding, better than all other knowledge!" said I.

He only bowed his head; and then his eye sought his wife again, who, during our brief conversation, had been convulsed with a perfect agony of weeping.

"Ann," said he; "come to me, and bring our boy with you."

I felt that the scene which was to follow was one which a stranger should not look upon; and, signing to the other friends in the room, I withdrew to the adjoining apartment, followed by them all.

After a brief interval the wife came out, and signified that "Harry," as she called him, wished to see me again. She had ceased weeping; her voice was calm and composed; and every thing

in her appearance was so different from what it had been but a few moments before, that I was surprised, and ventured to express the hope that she was borne up by the same trust that sustained her husband.

"He told me it was wrong to give way so," said she.

I understood her, and said no more. I understood the influence he had acquired over her, and the pleasant manner of its exercise—an influence not merely such as a powerful intellect exerts over one not so strong; but that which alone is the product of true piety and its consequents, prudence and kindness—such an influence as Abraham wielded over his household, and which was productive of so happy effects in those who came after him: "I know him," says One who never errs, "that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him."

Upon returning to the sick room I found Harry, as he was familiarly called by all who knew him, with his boy seated upon the bed beside him; and I could not but observe the marked similarity of the two, and the fondness each one manifested for the other. The boy had the jutting forehead, speaking eye and well-cut features of the father; and the same intellectual soul beamed from the face of the one as did from that of the other. I had partaken of the common sentiment of the day regarding the mental inferiority of the black man; but when I looked upon these two fine specimens of humanity—the one in full maturity and the other in its budding-time—I grew skeptical concerning the correctness of my belief in the intellectual disparity of the two races.

"Doctor," said the sick man, "I thank you for your candor and kindness in telling me at once what to expect; and in not deceiving me with a false hope of life. How long can I live?"

"That question can not be answered. It is possible you may be so much relieved that you will again become comfortable for a long time. But your symptoms will return; and again you may be relieved; and this alternation of suffering and relief go on, probably for months—possibly for years."

"When death comes, will I fail gradually, or will I die suddenly?"

"Your energies may slowly weaken, and the flame of life flicker until it ceases to burn, simply for want of something to feed upon. Such is sometimes the case with those affected as you are. But, oftener, the wheels of life, like a clogged engine, suddenly cease to turn, and the whole machine stands still."

"It really, doctor, makes no difference how or when we die; but I have always desired to know when the last hour should come, that I might leave a good testimony behind for those who shall come after me."

"A natural desire, and one founded upon right motives; but that can better be done by the evidence of a good life than by the testimony of a peaceful or triumphant death. 'I shall die silent,' said the great Whitefield. 'Tell me how a man lives, and not how he dies,' said the greater Alexander."

"You are right, doctor. Let that pass. But I have a strong wish to live long enough to raise this boy as he should be raised," laying his hand affectionately upon the head of the lad. "He is all I have, and he is very precious to me. It was for his sake alone that I left a good home, and plenty, and my kind friend, once my old master, in the South, and came here among strangers, and to want, having nothing to depend upon but the good providence of my Father in heaven for my daily bread, and clothing, and a shelter for my shattered body."

"Has that dependence ever failed you?"

"No, sir. Often has the future seemed dark indeed. Suffering from want seemed just at hand. But at the

very time that I had fixed upon for darkness and suffering to begin, light broke in, and full supplies came from 'I hardly knew where; and all became cheerful again.'"

"Yes, my friend, and so it will continue to be. Fear nothing. The future will be as the past has been. 'Trust in the Lord and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' Perform the conditions, and the promises will follow. But we have now talked as much as your strength can bear. At another time we will renew our conversation, and you will then tell me something of your past life, and explain the connection between your coming here and the welfare of your boy."

I turned quickly around, and was startled at the expression of rapt interest shown in the countenance of Mrs. Bourne. Her very soul seemed to have been absorbed in the subject of our conversation. Hers was such an expression as made me hope that the Chief Shepherd had spoken to one of his straying sheep, and that the call had been heard, and the wanderer was turning its footsteps back toward the fold again. Her sister and the other friends were listening politely and respectfully to what was said; but none drank in our language as Mrs. Bourne had done.

I was not sorry when Mrs. Whitehurst remarked that it was time for them to return to their home, for I trusted that the impression that had been made upon the mind of her sister would be strengthened and made permanent by privacy and meditation, and, perchance, by prayer.

I remained some little time after their departure, in deciding upon and preparing the proper medicines for the relief of Harry's sufferings—in speaking a few more words of consolation; and, by request, in conducting the evening worship of the family. I then left, promising to return in a few days.

When I left the cabin the full moon

was shining in its strength and beauty. The landscape spread out a perfect picture before me. The moonbeams lay like a gorgeous veil of light all over the lovely scenery. I could not suppress the audible expression of that

inimitably worded sentiment of Wil-
lis:

"How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed to human sufferings,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY SISTER'S WEDDING.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

IV.

AFTER an absence of nearly two weeks, during which time a correspondence of the most untiring sort had been faithfully carried on between Maud and himself, Charley arrived quite unexpectedly at the Elms. He brought with him a vast amount of *impedimenta* in the way of bundles and boxes, besides some very pleasant congratulatory notes from some of our city relations. I remember what an enjoyable time we had in Maud's bed-room that evening, unpacking the boxes and subjecting the notes to a general family criticism. Maud, as usual, was in high spirits, and Charley's gay cheerfulness made me wonder whether his bitter secret had not lost half its bitterness, now that he shared it with his promised wife. Before our little party separated for the night, I learned that the wedding was fixed, and that the wedding cards were to be printed, for a certain day in December, not distant by more than a fortnight from the present date. I could not help expressing my opinion, in rather decided terms, against their being married in winter, and suggesting spring as a far more favorable season. I had previously spoken to Maud, using all my persuasive powers, on the subject of postponing the affair until May or June, and had then believed that my arguments would carry their point. But as mother, who entertained a strong and rather old-fashioned prejudice against long engagements, quietly overruled

me, and as Charley declared himself on her side, I was forced to admit myself vanquished and retire from the contest.

A week glided away uneventfully enough. Every thing was ready; the dresses had all undergone their final "tryings-on" and alterations; the wedding cards had been sent out; Maud's cherished surprise had been forwarded to Helen Rowe in the shape of a fat envelope, containing eight or nine closely-written pages of "confidence," and nothing remained except the rather passive employment of waiting for the all-important day to arrive.

If, until the dawning of that day, nothing had occurred to vex the quiet current of our lives, this story of mine would not have been written. But something *did* occur, and it is of that something which I have now to speak.

The weather had been severe enough for the past week to keep me closely within doors, despite my decided taste for winter walks. I was alone before the sitting-room fire, looking absently at the pile of blazing hickory logs on the hearth, and feeling very much in need of what I used then to call "my constitutional," when one of the servants entered with a letter which had been left, she said, for Miss Gertrude Edwards, a few minutes ago. I glanced at the superscription before opening it, and tried to recall the hand-writing. But this was quite impossible. I could not remember having seen it before,

although struck with its uncertain sort of resemblance to the writing of Miss Rowe. Maud, since her departure, had received several letters from our ex-governess, all dated "Philadelphia," and about as uncommunicative on the subject of her own personal affairs as that lady had always been. Having read most of these letters, my familiarity with Helen Rowe's hand-writing made me detect, I suppose, this resemblance. But I was little prepared for the following:

"D—, December, 18—.

"I arrived here this morning. It is necessary that I should see you at once—this afternoon, if possible. On no account show these lines to Maud, or to any member of your family. I have purposely disguised my hand-writing. Come immediately. I am staying at the 'Hotel.' What seems to you mysterious will be explained to you when we meet.

Yours,

"HELEN ROWE."

"What seems to you mysterious!" I repeated the words in blank amazement. The whole note was a mystery of the most intangible nature. Helen Rowe's unexpected presence in D— would have been sufficient in itself to surprise me. But the fact of her having gone to the "Hotel"—a wretchedly-kept boarding-house which flaunted this pretentious sign because the only building of its kind in the village—this fact struck me as purely unaccountable. Then the air of secrecy which pervaded the note, and the disguised hand in which it was written, were matters quite impossible to explain.

I remained for some time staring at the strange lines, and read and re-read them, as if by this means to solve the strange enigma which they presented. Finally, I cast the letter in the fire and ran up stairs for my bonnet and shawl. Instinctively I felt that Miss Rowe was in trouble and needed aid. Why she had written to me instead of Maud, and why she was unwilling that any one save myself should know of her presence in D—, I no longer tried to guess. Every thing would be explained, according to the note, by an interview with its writer.

I left the house without being obliged, thanks to my usual afternoon custom, to answer any questions concerning the object of my walk. In spite of my being warmly shawled, the sharp air seemed to pierce every wrapping, and caused me to reach the "Hotel" in a very chilled condition. I was shown to Miss Rowe's room by a slatternly-looking chambermaid with red hair, who appeared to sustain the factotumship of the establishment.

Miss Rowe came forward to meet me, and stood holding my hand while she gave some directions to the servant. Then, when we were alone, releasing my hand and making no offer to kiss me, she said:

"You must warm yourself, Gertrude; you are quite blue with the cold."

We sat before the fire in perfect silence for several minutes. Her reception chilled me more than the weather had done. A vague sense of uneasiness, which had begun to possess me at the first sound of her voice, deepened as I looked upon her calm, pale face. Something had brought out more strongly the expression of sadness that I had so often noticed there, sharpening, as it were, each feature and drawing dark rings about her eyes. She looked older by ten years than when I had seen her last.

"Are you all well?" she asked at length, keeping her eyes steadily fixed on the fire. "Is Maud well?"

"We are all in excellent health," I answered, making a faint attempt at cheerfulness—"Maud particularly so. She is quite as happy as a woman should be under the circumstances."

She rose from her chair as I finished speaking, and began to walk nervously up and down the room. I could bear it no longer.

"Helen," I said, "you have something to tell me. What is it?"

Then she came and sat down beside me, and looked steadily into my face.

"Did my note surprise you?" she asked.

"It more than surprised me," I answered. "It almost alarmed me. I

believed you—I believe you now—to be in trouble. This is why I lost no time in coming here.”

“If the note alarmed you,” she said, speaking with difficulty, “that which I have now to say will do so still more. It closely concerns the happiness of your Sister Maud.”

I tried to be calm when I answered her, though my heart beat rapidly with sheer terror.

“Go on. I think that I understand you, and am prepared to hear the worst.”

Helen Rowe started, and looked at me searchingly with her dark, sad eyes. “Answer me, Gertrude; are you familiar with any secret relating to the past life of your Cousin Charles Ascott?”

I shuddered. A moment ago there had been a faint hope that her next words would not touch upon Charley. That hope was gone, now. The sound of my own voice startled me as I replied: “I do know of such a secret.”

“Have you known it long?”

“Scarcely a fortnight.”

“May I ask whether it was imparted by your cousin or your sister?”

“By Maud.”

“Ah! Then he has told her. It is my turn now,” she went on, speaking rapidly, and in a sort of gasping tone. “Gertrude, the wife whom Charles Ascott married in New Orleans, is alive. The wretched, scheming woman who deceived him so shamefully as to her life, deceived him also as to her death. She is living; and the name by which your family have known her—a name which shall bring as much suffering upon Maud as that of Margaret Elison did upon him—is Helen Rowe!”

I remember putting my hands to my forehead in weak, bewildered way, and still hearing, with giddy, whirling brain, her voice close at my ear.

“Whatever Charles Ascott may have said about his wife’s character, I do not deny. I was born an adventuress, and have been forced to live the life of one. My earliest recollection is that of being driven in a sumptuous carriage

through the streets of Mobile, with a dusky, black-haired woman by my side, whom I called mother. Then I remember a tall, handsome man, who used to take me in his arms and say kind things to me, and give me costly toys to play with. By and by I learned that my mother was the slave of this man, and that I was his daughter. My childhood was very happy until the year I was sent to boarding-school. There the girls of my own age—girls without half my brains or beauty—sneered upon and insulted me. I cried a great deal at first, but grew hard and bitter after a while. One day, when I was at home during vacation, my father showed me a paper which told me that my mother and I were slaves no longer. From this moment I made a resolve to rise in the world—to use the education and accomplishments which they had chosen to give me, for a purpose of my own. I had very little conscience left at eighteen years of age, the time when my mother died and I was taken away from school. I was clever and handsome, but the scorn of those with whom my school-life had thrown me, made my nature a compound of cruelty and unscrupulousness. After my mother’s death I expected no support from my remaining parent, and I received none. Through his influence I became governess in the family of a wealthy planter. Living among people by whom my birth was not even suspected, my handsome face and my refined manners soon gained me friends. They gained, beside these, an offer of marriage from one of the wealthiest men in Alabama. I became his wife. Nothing could be more miserable than the first three years of our marriage. I found myself united to a creature whose drunkenness was his smallest vice; whose want of intellect or education his most endurable quality. The disgust which I could not refrain from openly showing made him finally hate me in return. Discovering by some accident the secret of my birth he publicly spoke of having been deceived

into "marrying a nigger." It was a master-stroke of revenge for the deceit I had practiced. One by one the women whom I had called my friends dropped off from my side. The insolence of my school-mates was easy to bear in comparison with the humiliating indifference, the quiet scorn, to which I was now subjected. Until then the most evil-minded could have spoken no slander against my name. I grew desperate and reckless now. If women shunned me because of the stain on my birth and the cursed taint in my blood, the admiration of men was still open to me. I shudder now to think of the life I led before the eyes of a husband whose gratified hatred made him an indifferent spectator to my behavior. In the midst of this wanton, shameless life I was startled by the death of my husband. This death attracted the suspicion of his friends. It was discovered to have been caused by poison, and I was accused of the murder. I believed his death to have been caused then, as I believe it now, by a woman whom he had ruined and afterwards abandoned. But I held my peace and waited for my trial. The proofs against me were weak; I was acquitted. My position in the world, as I left the presence of my judges, was one of utter friendlessness. I soon discovered that my husband's fortune was so eaten away by past expenditures, that only the merest pittance, a few hundred dollars, would revert to me. I had sunk very low then; I *might* have sunk still lower. But I still clung to the hope of bettering my condition. I left Mobile and went to New Orleans. You know the rest. You know the falsehood I used to make myself the wife of Charles Ascott. You know how he discovered all and cast me from him, but you do not know that my love for this man redeemed me from a life of infamy. The hour I met Charles Ascott was the hour in which I became a better woman. Oh Gertrude, it is not Margaret Ellison who tells this dark story—it is

Helen Rowe, whom you were once willing to call your friend!"

"Friend," I said bitterly, as she finished speaking; "I can not call you that after the misery you have brought on poor Maud. You might have spared *her*."

She looked at me reproachfully. "I would rather have died myself ten times over, than have Maud suffer as she shall through me. When I spread the rumor of my death I never counted the chances"—here her voice trembled a little—"of his marrying again. Until two days ago I was ignorant of Maud's engagement."

It was almost evening before our interview was brought to a close. Helen's last words were, as I left the hotel, "Do nothing yourself. I will come to-night."

Then I walked home through the chill winter twilight with the keen gusts sweeping around me. When I reached our gate I stood still for a moment and looked at the lighted sitting-room window. There were shadows moving across the curtains, and a gay laugh, which I knew to be Maud's, echoed faintly through the icy stillness. The cheerful sound made me shudder.

V.

"The next time that you intend to ignore the dinner-hour, Gertrude, it would be advisable to state your purpose beforehand," my mother spoke very irritably as I entered the sitting-room.

"You certainly haven't been walking the whole of this Polar afternoon?" asked Maud.

"No," I answered, driven to the falsehood almost in spite of myself, "I have been paying a visit to Ellen Fergusson."

"Have you dined?" asked mother.

"Yes."

I suppose my tones were calm enough. I do not think my hands trembled as I held them out before the fire. No one

noticed any unusual paleness on my cheek or agitation in my manner. But the suffering of those two hours will never be forgotten. To see Maud's face lighted up with its happiest smiles—to hear her laugh ringing blithely through the room—to think of the fearful grief whose shadow had not yet touched her, but whose desolation I knew *must* come—all this was agony beyond description. Any thing, I thought, would be preferable to this mockery of unconscious happiness. I longed for Helen to come and deal her blow and leave us. I believe I joined in the conversation, but can not recall a word of what I said; perhaps I hardly knew then. No premonition of her approaching sorrow seemed to disturb Maud. Her spirits were as gay as ever—her talk as easy and light-hearted.

Seven o'clock. An hour had passed since my return. I grew sick at the thought of what the next hour might bring. Maud and Charley were talking in low tones, now, at the further end of the room, and mother was quietly dozing over her embroidery. The suspense tortured me. I took a book from the table and tried to read. What if Helen should not come? What if at the last moment her heart had failed her, and she had fled, daring not to meet Charley face to face? Must mine be the hand to strike this cruel blow; mine the lips to speak those dreadful words of separation?

Eight o'clock. The soft chimes had just died away from the little time-piece on the mantel, when there sounded a sharp ring at the hall-door. She had come. Thank God, my fears were unfounded! I heard the opening of the door and a faint hum of voices in the hall, and then the servant entered and told Charley that a lady, closely veiled, who declined to give her name, was waiting to see him in the parlor. Charley looked a little puzzled, and Maud very curious. As soon as the former had left the sitting-room, my sister turned to me with a smile.

"Don't you think I ought to be jealous, Gertrude? I mean to go and have

a peep at this veiled lady." Then the smile faded into a look of alarm.

"Why, Gertrude, how ghastly pale you are! What is the matter?"

I stammered out something about being fatigued. Maud rose and passed into the hall. In an instant I was at her side, one hand grasping her shoulder, the other pointing toward the door of the parlor.

"Maud, you *must* not enter there—you must not even look in!"

She turned and read the terror in my wild eyes and on my white cheeks. I had chosen the worst means of detaining her. In another moment she had broken from me, and was standing in the presence of Charley and his wife.

The next time I saw that face it was so still and pallid and marble-cold, that I believed the poor wounded life had been scared from it forever.

She did not die. We watched at her bed-side through the weary weeks that followed; we heard her moan and rave in the frenzy of fever on the day that was to have been her wedding-day; we tended her through the long, tedious recovery, and when the sickness had left her, we knew that, like a storm which sweeps the fairest flowers from a garden, it had taken with it all traces of the old mirthfulness, and that nothing but a sad memory remained to us of what poor Maud had once been.

In the spring of the year that was to have seen my sister married, the first peal of those brave Sumter guns was answered by the loyal battle-cry of the North. A letter from New York told us that Charley had received a commission in the —th Regulars. By and by a story reached us of his gallant conduct and promotion. I shall never forget the sad look Maud gave me when I brought her the news.

"I might have felt proud of him once," she said, mournfully. "I have no right to feel so now."

One day, while I was sitting alone in my room, Maud entered and laying a newspaper on my lap, pointed silently

to a short paragraph among the daily lists of deaths. It ran thus:

"On Friday, August 10th, Margaret Ascott, in the 28th year of her age."

From that day I noticed a change in my sister that was easy to understand. Those few words had sown the seeds of a daily-increasing hope. She could not shut her eyes to the possibility of one day becoming Charley's wife. Before, her life had been purposeless. Now there seemed an object to live for—a happy destiny to fulfill.

I found out Charley's address and wrote him a long letter. I told him—

but what matter the words I wrote? It was the will of Heaven—stronger than the love of these two—that they should never again meet on earth. Months later I learned that Charley had received my letter while he lay among the hundreds of wounded and dying that crowded our hospitals after the bloody fight of Gettysburg.

Was not his farewell thought of Maud Edwards? Was not her name the last on his lips? And if marriages are made in Heaven, will not my Sister's Wedding be consummated there?

Ah! who of us all has wisdom enough to answer that question?

ALEXANDRIA OF THE PTOLEMIES. No. IV.

BY PROF. J. C. MOFFATT, D. D.

IN the earlier days of Greece, criticism was not pursued as a separate occupation, but grew up in connection with the different arts. Every poet was a critic of his own department of poetry, every orator of oratory, and every historian of history. Criticism was then simply the skill which the artist expended upon his work. Every art sought out the methods whereby it could effect its ends the best. But, when masterpieces in all the arts, and especially in all departments of literature had accumulated, it was a natural step of abstraction and of generalization to take up, as a separate matter of study, those principles according to which the best writers and artists were found to have wrought.

One of the earliest and certainly the most successful of those students of art in general, and of its laws and methods in the abstract, was Aristotle. Plato handled the subject in a more beautiful manner, but with less definite result. He was himself more of an artist than critic. The remorseless analysis of the Macedonian philosophy laid bare the skeleton of whatever he treated. The spirit of Aristotle, as far as literary

criticism and scientific investigation were concerned, perpetuated itself in the school of Alexandria more truly than in that which bore the Peripatetic name in the gardens of the Lyceum. Never before had the Hellenic world possessed such facilities for literary criticism. The great library of the Museum invited to the exercise of that very discrimination, which was the foundation of it; which was necessary for some of the duties of librarians, and which the genius of Aristotle had so well equipped. Criticism sustains invention, but always as an afterthought; and can not begin until the work of genius is finished. It was not Athens, but Alexandria, to whom fell the task of classifying, weighing, and estimating the productions of classical Greece.

Among the links connecting the literature and criticism of European Greece with Alexandria, were Demetrius of Phalerum, and Philetas the poet and critic of Cos, both of them men in well-ripened youth before the death of Aristotle, and both employed in executing the literary schemes of the first Ptolemy. To Philetas was

intrusted the education of the young prince destined for the throne. His poems were chiefly elegiac and amatory. Although highly popular for many centuries, they have not succeeded in weathering the storms of the middle ages. The wrecks which remain of them are few and scanty. His treatises on grammar and notes to Homer have suffered the same fate.

When Ptolemy Philadelphus wished to have a collection of all the best Greek poets in correct copies, he appointed Zenodotus the Ephesian, Alexander of Aetolia, and Lycophron of Chalcis to make it. Alexander undertook the tragedians, Lycophron the comedians, and Zenodotus the epic and other poets; and thus a classified and critical collection of the whole was prepared, which no doubt had much to do with the preservation for later times of some of the best works of antiquity. Zenodotus executed his part so well as to merit special distinction. He had already been employed in some literary capacity under the first Ptolemy, and was the first curator of the great library of the Museum. With such facilities for critical pursuits, he led the way into a new style of poetic criticism, which subsequently became characteristic of the Alexandrian school. In charge of the library he was succeeded by Callimachus, a native of Cyrene, who early in life removed to Alexandria, and after some time spent in augmenting his own intellectual stores became a teacher in Eleusis, one of the suburbs of that city. His duties as chief librarian began in 260 B. C., and continued until his death, in 240 B. C.

Callimachus earned extensive reputation no less as a poet than as a critic. If, in conformity with his own saying that a big book is a great evil, he confined himself to narrow limits in his productions, he balanced the account between himself and the public by their number, if he really published, as is said, no less than eight hundred volumes. Of his poems, seventy-nine, most of them epigrams, have been preserved. They evince learning and art; but are of

that kind of poetry of which it is conceivable that a man might write two or three hundred volumes. It is to be regretted that his critical works are entirely lost; for no doubt they were the most solid basis of his reputation.

The greatest names in Alexandrian criticism are those of Aristophanes of Byzantium, and Aristarchus of Samothrace. The former, born in the city by which he is called, removed early in life to Alexandria, and there became a pupil of Zenodotus, and in criticism, at a later date, the rival of Callimachus. About the middle of that century (250 B. C.) Aristophanes of Byzantium was the most illustrious editor in the Greek language. For some years during the reign of Ptolemy III, he had charge of the great library, in which office he was the successor of Callimachus. His works included valuable commentaries upon Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Alcaeus, Sophocles, Euripedes, Anacreon, Aristophanes, Plato, Aristotle, and other ancient authors. Of Homer and Plato he prepared critical editions. He has also the credit of being the first to describe the accentuation system of the Greek language, and to devise marks to express it. The works of this eminent critic are not extant in a separate form, but substantially do survive, to a considerable extent, as woven into later commentaries upon the authors of whom he treated.

Aristarchus of Samothrace, like so many others of his time, early left his native place to put himself under the instructions of the philosophers then assembled in Alexandria, and especially under those of Aristophanes. Afterwards, becoming a teacher himself, he earned the highest reputation for learning and sound discriminating judgment. In the pursuits of literary criticism the strength of his life was spent, until, at the age of seventy-two, he retreated from the atrocities of Ptolemy Physcon, to the island of Cyprus, where he died.

The great aim of Aristarchus was to establish correct texts of the ancient Greek poets, and to interpret their dif-

difficult passages. His grammatical studies comprised every thing which the term, in its widest sense, was then held to mean; including the antiquities, geography, history, dialect, and principles of art concerned in elucidating the works which he edited. And together with his contemporaries in the same field, he is regarded as the first to establish the general principles of literary criticism, in those days called grammar. His most celebrated work was that edition of Homer, which, from its superior excellence, in after times, superseded all predecessors, and alone has survived the middle ages. The utmost that any editor of that poet can now propose to himself is to remove subsequent corruptions from the text of Aristarchus. Although none of his treatises remains entire, so much of their material has been preserved in later criticism, especially in Eustathius and the Venetian Scholia on Homer, as to deeply impress modern scholars with an idea of his real greatness.

Aristarchus and his teacher Aristophanes of Byzantium were the principal hands in framing the celebrated Alexandrian Canon, in which the best authors, selected out of the mass of existing literature, were assigned to a rank and distinction by themselves. This work was executed with eminently good taste and judgment. Although all the authors of the Canon have not been preserved, yet those whom modern times most highly esteem are found to belong to it. It consisted of a classified list of seventy-five authors, of whom only twenty-five are now represented by any complete work.

The favorite theme of those illustrious editors and commentators was Homer. Nor was their care uncalled for in those days. Errors had crept into many of the numerous copies of his works. Careless copyists had corrupted his text, and malignant abuse had assailed his fame. Even while Aristotle was yet alive, and for some time into the reign of the first Ptolemy, the notorious Zoilus had done his utmost to depreciate the poetic reputation of Homer, as well as

the attainments of Plato and Socrates. The efforts of more exalted minds and of better taste were needed to correct such errors, and to rescue the public judgment from perversion, and the productions of genius from disrespect and corruption. Works of real merit will make their own way among an intelligent people, if they have a fair chance. But they need a fair chance. Misrepresentations by enemies may prevent the public from giving any attention to them, or may so bias the judgment of readers as to prevent it from making a fair estimate. Shakespeare, after the first burst of his popularity, in his own life-time, was so persistently written down by French critics and critics of the French school, that, at one time, it was thought a high compliment to speak of him as a crude, uneducated genius. And Milton's superficial estimate of him, as

"Warbling his native wood-notes wild,"

was more than matched by the injustice done himself in the succeeding generation. It needed a just criticism to do away with that reproach, and put the public in an attitude to see the excellencies of even those great poets truly.

Among the successors of Aristarchus appears Artemedorus, to whom the world owes probably the collected poems of Theocritus; also Sosibius, who wrote on comedy, and on the rites of sacrifice among the Lacedemonians; Philemen, another editor of Homer, much honored and quoted, and Palæphatus, of whose work on Greek legends we possess an epitome.

The Alexandrian critics constitute a class by themselves, and are not to be confounded with the rhetoricians or sophists of either earlier or later times. They refrained from speculation on general principles, or made it subservient to specific treatment of particular works. They addressed attention chiefly to commentaries upon the classic authors, to the collecting of manuscripts and deducing of the best readings, and so on to the production of more correct copies, with occasional

eulogies of their favorite authors, to treatises on particular parts of the language, as the Attic or Doric dialects, to ancient customs, history, legends, and other topics throwing light upon the text which they edited. They collected and classified the productions of literary merit, and labored to establish their purity. By them also was the irksome, but useful, work of preparing grammars and dictionaries commenced. Originally, without any determinate purpose to that end, explanations of separate words and phrases, and glossaries of obsolete or uncommon terms, and of dialectical variations, gradually accumulated in the hands of successive critics, to large volumes of miscellaneous information touching the structure and lexicography of the language. That material, afterward digested into more practical order, at length, in the first century before Christ, began to assume the distinctive shapes so familiar to the modern scholar. The grammar of Dionysius the Thracian, who taught Greek in Rome about the year 80 B. C., is the oldest formal treatise upon grammar. And the first dictionary, begun by Zopyrion and executed as far as the letter e, was completed by Pamphilus an Alexandrian of the first first century after Christ.

The grammar of Dionysius is extant, though perhaps not quite in its original form. The dictionary of Zopyrion and Pamphilus was abridged by Diogenianus in the time of Hadrian, and, as in the decline of learning, smatterers who became the only scholars, contented themselves with the smaller and more superficial work, the original fell into neglect and ultimately perished. The dictionary of Diogenianus, again, formed the basis of those of Suidas and of Hesychius, and then in its own form was only partly preserved. Those of Suidas and Hesychius remain to the present day. Upon these foundations have been gradually built up, by successive addition and improvement through many centuries, every structure of the kind, down to Liddell and

Scott, and the last Greek grammar from Germany or New England.

The wide diffusion of the Greek language among nations to whom it was not vernacular, had created a loud demand for such helps, over and above the voice of the oral teacher.

Much valuable information was amassed by those learned researches, constituting a treasure of critical material for succeeding ages. They left an impress upon the learned world which has never passed away. But, unhappily, the sterility and bad judgment of later compilers, after plundering them by imperfectly-made extracts for their own jejune collections, left those great sources and originals of criticism to perish, as mediæval builders tore down theaters, temples, palaces, and triumphal arches to construct their own tasteless piles. And no doubt much of the loss is due to the repeated calamities which befell the libraries of the great university city.

The scholars of Alexandria were the discoverers of that particular field in which they labored. They had their successors, of greater or less eminence, down through the middle ages, to whose care we owe all that has been preserved of classic lore; and the line has perpetuated itself into the classical editors and commentators of the present day. Such men are and were the curators of the works of genius, who had no place in the earlier ages; but, after the Athenian period, became indispensable to further progress, and even to the holding of attainments already made, by discriminating and protecting the good among the mass of literature then accumulated,

What was now taking place in the Greek had long before occurred in relation to Hebrew literature, within the natural range of its own tongue. In the days of David and Solomon, of Isaiah and Jeremiah, no critics appeared in Israel. Those were times of production. But when that series of sacred authors was drawing to a close, men were needed to arrange and edit their productions. Then it was that

Ezra and his fellow-laborers in restoring the law and worship of God, commenced the work of reading and expounding to the people the books of their ancient Scriptures, a work afterward perpetuated in the synagogue. In that connection it is most probable, though not positively asserted in Scripture, that they also made out fair copies of the old manuscripts. Ezra's profession was that of a scribe. And in making a fair copy it would have been in accordance with custom, both oriental and reasonable, to compare, for the securing of accuracy, all accessible manuscripts of earlier date. The number if not also the order of the books of the Hebrew canon was determined before the Alexandrian school arose.

By the dispersion of the Hebrews into Media, Assyria, Babylon, and Egypt, some knowledge of their Scriptures had been extended to most, if not all, the centers of oriental civilization. Among Semitic dialects the Hebrew had executed a great work, as well for human culture as for true religion. But the dominion of the Semitic race had now passed away, and their classical idiom was becoming obsolete.

In like manner Greek literature, in the days of its greatest productiveness, was domestic. But the time had come when its fruits were also to be communicated to the world. Greek was now the universal language of literature and refinement, and in Alexandria it came consciously into contact with the literature of its Semitic predecessor. The greatest medium of ancient instruction had met that of the new. What must take place to combine their efforts? Not that the literature of Greece should be translated into Hebrew. That language was already dead or dying. But the treasures of the Hebrew must be transferred to the Greek, in order that the language of existing civilization should sum up in itself the substantial results of what had gone before. Movements on both sides favored and led to that consummation. Greeks had made Alexandria

their chief point of communication with the East. To Hebrews, Egypt had long been a favorite place of residence. When Nebuchadnezzar destroyed Jerusalem and carried the best of its inhabitants into captivity, he permitted most of the peasantry to remain on their lands. But they, after having slain the governor set over them, removed in great numbers to Egypt. Thus a numerous Hebrew colony was planted there as early as the end of the seventh century before Christ. By their Persian rulers the Hebrews were, in general, treated with much favor in all places. Their common monotheism was a bond of sympathy between them, in the midst of a world otherwise sunk in a polytheistic idolatry. When the Greeks became masters of the East, and carried their letters thither, the Jews also fell in with the common adoption of Greek as a literary tongue. Ptolemy Lagus, after his conquest of Syria, carried not less than one hundred thousand Jews from Palestine into Egypt. And during the hundred years in which Egypt and Palestine were under one crown, the intercourse between them was unobstructed and continual. The attractions of Alexandria, both commercial and literary, were such as to make it the center of the intelligent and enterprising population of both countries. Moreover, Egypt, under its Greek kings, was a safer place of residence than Palestine, subject as it was to frequent invasion from the princes of Seleucia.

Thus a knowledge of Greek becoming a business necessity to the Jew, as well as to other enterprising orientals, it was soon adopted by them also as the common vehicle of thought. In course of time Hebrew residents of Egypt found it convenient to have even their sacred books translated into that language. The first Greek version of the Hebrew Scriptures was made in the early part of the Ptolemaean rule. The oldest accounts of it are those of Aristobulus and of Aristeas. That of Aristobulus is the older and simpler, written within about

one hundred years of the event which it recounts. Differing in some particulars, they substantially agree in representing the translation of the Pentateuch, as undertaken in the beginning of the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus for the use of the great library, and with authority of the Council of Seventy at Jerusalem, and also that the Jews made copies of it for their own use. Among the controversies to which it has given rise this much is well established, that it was made in Alexandria under the first Ptolemies. The other books of the Hebrew canon were translated, if not at the same

time, in the course of the same century, but apparently by Jews resident in Egypt.

And thus, more than two hundred years before the appearance of the Savior, the whole civilized world was presented with the books of revelation which announced his coming. The world had been taught Greek, and to the Greek language were now committed the oracles of God. Thus it has always been ever since. The chief languages of the existing civilization have always, upon their becoming such, or soon after, if not earlier, received the sacred trust of the Word of Revelation.

FOUND DROWNED!

BY A. A. E. T.

I.

Found Drowned!

Where the swift gurgling eddies dance swirling around,
Where some sullen misfortune hath suddenly frowned,
A brave, stalwart frame, without blemish or wound.
No signet upon him, no trinket as clue,
No hinting initial, nor sailor's tattoo,
Just a traveler all nameless, nobody knows who!
Ah! the pitiful sound,
To be found friendless, drowned!

II.

Found Drowned!

At the coroner's inquest the jury give ear,
But no witnesses cited—will none volunteer?
Rise to tell how, or where, the dread peril drew near;
To say whither he came, or the way he would go,
Where his home, what his life's occupation to show;
And therefore what verdict they render we know,
As in duty all bound,
"Stranger found—*somehow* drowned!"

III.

Found Drowned!

No satin-trimmed casket, nor casement of lead,
But a box rudely stained for the moneyless dead,
And a place in the Potter's lone field for his head;
No hot tear of affection his cold brow to lave,
Not a friendly foot following on to his grave,
In the public cart jolted out, so like a slave.
And who does it astound,
That men found one thus drowned!

IV.

Found Drowned !

A prodigal, mayhap, far wandered from home,
 Now retracing his footsteps, exulting to come,
 Fully bent never more from love's duty to roam ;
 He, the strength of a mother, her fading life's stay,
 Whose sad heart, sorely yearning, scarce brooks the delay,
 And in absence protracted can pining, but pray ;
 While to her comes no sound
 Of one found, who was drowned !

V.

Found Drowned !

Some poor, weak wife, it may be, is widowed hereby,
 Her sweet children thus orphaned, untried hearts to try,
 She left helpless, despairing, to soothe their wild cry ;
 By the window she watcheth, while trembling lips say,
 Ah ! why lingers my loved one thus cruel away ;
 But the weeks bear no message from him who doth stay.
 Oh ! will grace not abound ;
 Who hath found this one drowned !

VI.

Found Drowned !

Let the brief item speed, through exchanges resound,
 Of a person who perished put under the ground,
 Where a nameless board shelters an unsodded mound.
 But afar no physician of grief may reveal,
 To those weepers these clods which their lost one conceal,
 And the wounds in their cleft hearts, Christ only can heal.
 Nor till God's trump shall sound
 Will be found one thus drowned.

UNDER THE YOKE.

BY MRS. JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

“FURTHERMORE, my children, in entering into the holy estate of matrimony, you solemnly promise, as becomes good Christians, to train up whatever offspring shall be given you in all the tenets and rites of the Holy Catholic Church.”

The full tones of the Very Reverend Father Garren, slightly tinged

with Irish brogue, rolled through the cathedral. The fair cheek of the kneeling bride flushed a deeper crimson through the drooping folds of her veil, as she replied : “I do ;” but the voice of the groom, Brian Waring, was decided as that of the officiating priest, as he made answer : “No, that I do not promise.”

The bride's rejoicing aunt gave a little scream, the four bridesmaids and the four groomsmen rustled amaze-

ment; there was an audible stir and catch of breath among all the fashionable witnesses of the fashionable wedding. Beautiful Clare Bently, the bride, drew a little from Brian's side, and turned her head. The priest spoke promptly.

"My son, do I understand you? Do you refuse the pledge to train your children in the Catholic faith of God?"

"Proceed with the ceremony, father, and let that pass. You are asking a promise which you have no right to ask; which I can not give.

"Then I proceed no further!" cried the priest; "I have a *right* to ask this question. The Church regulates the conditions of marriage, and I *INSIST* upon this promise."

Brian Waring sprung from his knees with much greater alacrity than he had bent upon them. He had shrugged his shoulders as he assumed that lowly position for the first time since juvenile games of marbles, or the far-off early days, when some good nurse may have taught him the legitimate orison.

"Reverend sir," said Brian, giving his hand to the bride and lifting her to her feet, "I came here to be married to this lady. It becomes you to receive our vows to be true and tender to each other. But to go beyond this, and to demand how I may exercise a new relationship to other unknown beings, is to pass the limits my self-respect assigns you. I have promised you before these witnesses to treat this lady with all faithfulness and courtesy; I beg you conclude this ceremony and receive your fee."

The last words were in a whisper, but the priest was not to be moved by a hundred dollar bill.

"The Church must conserve the interests of her unborn children. She is their mother by nature and by grace. Unless you promise to train your children as Catholics, this ceremony shall never be concluded."

The bride and her four most intimate friends were blushing fearfully; the decorous groomsmen stroked their mostaches and smoothed their glossy

locks, to the destruction of their new gloves, as they endeavored to conceal their smiles, while Mrs. James Bently entered into an excited calculation of the cost of the trousseau and the amount expended on the magnificent dresses of the bride and her attendants, and here was—an interrupted wedding! Brian turned his back upon the angry priest.

"Beloved Clare," he said, "we are in point of fact married, having made our promises to each other before these witnesses. But as no voice has duly pronounced us man and wife, we will return to your uncle's, where your Cousin Ben will speedily bring some one to complete the ceremony."

Ben, groomsman No. 2, hearing himself thus mentioned, stepped forward.

Clare looked up earnestly: "Brian! I can be married by no one but a Catholic priest."

"By any one you like, Clare, be it even a Jewish Rabbi, or a Mohammedan Mufti!"

Father Garren plucked Mr. Waring's sleeve, crying hoarsely: "Marriage celebrated under other auspices than those of the Holy Catholic Church is no marriage; it is a farce and a sacrilege; it is a shameless adultery, and its offspring are illegitimate."

Brian's face flushed hotly, and he exclaimed wrathfully: "Silence, sir! I am the child of what you are pleased to call heretical parents."

"Daughter Clare Bently," said Father Garren, "I forbid you ever to marry this rash and wicked heretic."

By this time Clare Bently had endured as much as was possible. She gave a hysterical cry, and threw herself into the arms of her uncle, and was at once taken out to the carriage, accompanied by her aunt and bridesmaids. Brian stood with the first groomsman, Alban Rowe. The Very Reverend Father, the assisting priests, the choir boys, and the acolytes trooped away; the boys whispering in high glee, as they crowded through the door on the epistle side of the altar. Mr. James Bently and his son, Ben, came back

for a hurried conference with the dismayed groom; and then invited the guests to the wedding breakfast on the following day, before which time the marriage, for which it was manifestly impossible to make an exact appointment, would have been celebrated in the presence of the attendants and the immediate family of the bride.

"Mr. Bently," said Brian Waring, as the gentlemen stood near their carriages on the sidewalk, "you know that it was no lack of affection or deference to Clare that has caused this action on my part. But I could not retain my self-respect or my manhood, if I sold my future liberty to a priest, by making vows concerning a relationship the desires and feelings of which I can not now imagine."

"If Father Leroy," replied Mr. James Bently, "had not fallen ill, and had officiated as we expected, all would have gone right. This Father Garren is new to this country, and disposed to be domineering. For my part, I would have my niece married by any person legally qualified to perform the ceremony; but women, you know, are different, and with Clare it must be priest or nobody. Clare is very much devoted to her religion—" For the first time in his life Brian winced at a reference to Clare's religion. Mr. Bently continued: "My wife and Clare would never consent to anything but the solemnization of this marriage here in the cathedral. We must see Father Leroy. I will send and make an appointment for us, at his house, at three, and we will have this affair talked over. I will drive round for you. I want to see Clare; take care of her for me, until then."

Mr. Waring stepped into the carriage which was to have carried himself and his wife to a home, and lonely, angry, and disappointed, drove off to the St. Nicholas. Even among the well-bred functionaries of this hotel, from the proprietor to the best waiter, there was a start and amazement when the joyous groom, who had gone off that

morning, came home in this fashion, and went to his room with a moody face. And well might Brian Waring be moody; the curse of his life had now first spoken in audible words—an iron that should fester and corrode until his heart ceased to beat had but now entered into that heart; he had felt the thorns with the blossoms of his marriage crown. All this he did not apprehend; he believed the present storm one that would speedily pass away. A great problem of independence or of servility was presented to him, and he sat down to consider it. Our friend was an extreme type of that Americanism that revolts at domination and interference, and has only one terror—that of being under bondage to—priestcraft. Of a high imperious temper, he was filled with indignation at the assumption and overbearing of the priest; and his national pride resented the dictation of the Milesian autocrat.

We can not make out Brian better than he was, and we grieve to say that a hatred of Father Garren in particular, and of priests in general, took possession of his soul. Besides indulging this reprehensible feeling, Brian, pacing up and down his room in fierce excitement, exhibited another of the idiosyncrasies of the unconverted soul, and swore vehemently; and having begun by calling the very Rev. Father after the humblest of quadrupeds, concluded by consigning him to the constant society of a being improper to mention before ears polite. At this stage of his history Brian Waring was certainly not a Christian gentleman. A man of education, fashion and fortune; a man of business probity and prudence, he called himself too *liberal* to be chained to a creed, and considered it the part of a man of mind to hold himself superior to piety.

While Brian Waring was fuming and and raging in his hotel, and the family of James Bently were in confusion, Father Garren divested himself of the festive paraphernalia, wherein he had prepared to celebrate a wedding in

high life, and went in hot haste to Father Leroy, feeling while he went certain severe twinges in the lower region of the heart—that lying nighest the pocket—occasioned by a vacuum that should have been filled by the marriage fee. Arriving at No. 19—, 16th street, the irate father tramped noisily up stairs, and burst into the luxurious bed-chamber of the invalid priest. Lying wearily back in an easy chair, his pale, thin face touched with a ruddy hue, by the fire blazing before him, Father Leroy was finding, perchance, treasure-trove of miters, robes and scarlet hats in the glowing coals. The charge of a vast congregation in a great city, and the painful efforts to hold his own in a mighty throng of struggling priests, each fiercely battling for pre-eminence, had written deep care-lines on the sick man's cheek and brow, and bleached the thin locks hanging about his well-made head. In the years of toil and contest since he had entered priestly orders, Father Leroy had learned the wisdom of the serpent. Indeed so thoroughly had he studied his part in life, that he was the same hero to himself in private that he appeared in public. His calm was never outwardly broken; the fixedness of his purpose never relaxed—to sum up all in a breath, we have only to say that Father Leroy's housekeeper and scullion venerated him as entirely as did any member of his flock. He never descended from his pinnacle even at home.

"Back from the wedding so soon?" he asked, as Father Garren dashed into the room; then looking up at the flushed face and blazing eyes of his guest, he demanded "What has happened?"

"Nothing but that I have stopped the ceremony, and refused to marry a daughter of the Church to a vile, heretical, obstinate infidel."

"Stopped the ceremony! interrupted *Clare Bently's* wedding!" cried Father Leroy, aghast.

"I have that," said priest Garren, vauntingly. "I find the base deceiver

has not become a Catholic christian; he has not confessed, nor taken the sacrament, and would not promise to train up his children in the Holy Church."

"All these were matters which you should not have inquired into. We were to let them pass."

"You must be far gone in heresy to talk of letting such monstrous enormities pass. The fellow must submit to the Church, or give up his bride—that's fixed."

"I promise you he will not do either."

"He must; for I have forbidden her to marry him. If he won't yield, we'll find the girl some good Catholic husband, and tie the knot."

"That might do in Ireland, or France, but not in this country. A pretty muddle you've made of this wedding, and I wish I'd gone myself. Sit down here, and let me explain matters to you. Brian Waring is a great catch, and not to be lightly yielded up by any family. This girl Clare is a portionless orphan, and her aunt and uncle are delighted at the prospect of such a match for her. James Bently is rich, but his family is absolutely innumerable. It really seems to me as if it is like that of our famous German count, who had seventy-five daughters christened Elizabeth and seventy-five sons christened John. I truly think I've baptized more Bentlys than all other children in the congregation together."

At this view Father Garren relaxed a little from his angry gravity, and smiled.

"Under these circumstances," said the Rev. Leroy, "Bently can not give his niece property, and is glad to have her well provided for by a marriage with a rich man. Mrs. Bently's girls are some of them growing up; and their mother is naturally anxious to get the lovely niece off her hands. You may rest assured that Bently will never lose Brian Waring, and if we won't marry them somebody else will."

"Do you tell me that a member of

the Holy Church sets so little value on her marriage law."

"I can easily tell you what sort of a member James Bently is. He comes to church, pays us money, sends his children to our schools, and that is the best we can do with him. He would hoot at the idea of confession, and as a consequence he hasn't taken sacrament since he was twenty; but as long as he is counted a Catholic, and don't help the other side, we have to rest contented."

Father Garren's lower jaw had fallen, and his eyes were nearly starting out of his head with horror at this revelation of concession; the consternation of young Hamlet at the appearance of the paternal specter was not worth a consideration in comparison with the agonizing terror of the Celtic priest.

"Such monstrous wickedness is your own fault!" he cried passionately. "I'd put the screws down on him until he was reduced to obedience!"

"It couldn't be done with a rich American. The *authority* game serves very well with women and the ignorant—we can keep them down. But the sons of aspiring Americans, Catholic or not, are educated in secular schools and the learned institutions of the land, else they would not be capable of holding their own, or advancing to preferment—they imbibe thus liberal notions, and we have to wink at this and be content with their dying on good terms with the Church. Still he that is not against us is for us. We get the money, the wives, the children of these men. If we had been hard on Bently he would have left us. Now we have his family, and the women are quite devout. This Brian Waring dotes on Clare; and if you had not made such a coil this morning our course was plain. Clare would have brought him to church, and coaxed his money for us; she would have gradually set him against other creeds. As a politician his influence would have done us good; for us; he would have helped us; he is respectable and influential—he would have brought the babies

for baptism, and quietly have trained them Catholics. How do you know but thus we might have gotten one day even a Catholic president or general? Now you have roused his antagonism and suspicion, and may have spoiled our game——"

"If you please, sir—a note from Mr. Bently."

The chambermaid stood at the door with a letter. It was Mr. Bently's request for an interview at three o'clock. Father Leroy feebly traced a few lines in response, and sending down his note, said: "I'll banish you from that confab, Garren; you'll have to count out of this business."

"I believe," said Garren, "that I shall report at once to the bishop."

"The bishop understands the necessity of this policy as well as I do."

"The archbishop, the cardinal, the pope," gasped Father Garren; "some one must look into matters."

"Good sir, this is our only course until we obtain the balance of power. When we get *that*; when cautious men, such as I, have drilled and prepared the masses, and laid the plans and stored the arms, and gained the day, then we may lie down in dust, and men like you may hold America purely and severely Catholic above our bones."

Clare Bently, weeping and nearly fainting, had been carried to her home and to the room where the bevy of gay girls, under Mrs. Bently's supervision, had arrayed the bride. While these same girls ran, one for sal-volatile, and another for cologne, and cried now this and now that, defacing meanwhile their dainty cheeks with tears, Mrs. Bently showed a commendable carefulness for the dresses and decorations that had cost her a pretty sum of money.

"My darling girls," she entreated, "pray do not ruin your clothes, for tomorrow we shall need them for the wedding. Violetta! Clare can wait for that bay-water on her head until I remove her veil; it is common smelling stuff any way; I don't see why she likes it. Of all things, Rose, don't

give her any wine until I get her wrapper on. I shall go distracted if you give way so, Clare—and the breakfast all ready, and the whole town talking. Agnes! ring for my maid, please, and lay these things away properly."

"I thought, I thought," sobbed Clare, "that Brian loved me—and now he don't, or he would not have spoiled our wedding."

"For mercy sake don't lay it to Brian," cried Mrs. Bently, fearful that Clare might arouse a quarrel with her excited lover, and break up the match entirely. "It was all the fault of that new priest. Father Leroy would have made no trouble."

"For my part I like to see a man independent," observed Violetta, taking the bridegroom's part; "and such questions were ridiculous."

"It was not Mr. Waring's fault," said Agnes; "he looked terribly cut up."

"Well, come girls," cried Mrs. Bently, "let us be comfortable. Get yourselves dressed, and we will have refreshments. Make Clare as pretty as you can, and do, child, quit crying your face up. Brian will be here to see you before long. I heard the gentlemen come in some time ago. Be good now do, and make the girl enchanting in my boudoir, while I run down and hear what Mr. Bently says."

Father Garren would have been amazed at hearing these young maidens condemning him unsparingly; while they yet declared that "Catholic ceremonies and cathedrals were the only fitting forms and places for marriage; and that Father Leroy was a saint and an angel."

Clare having announced that "her heart was broken, and she wished she were dead," refused to eat when urged to do so; but her Cousin Agnes having assured her "that she hadn't a particle of color, and looked like a fright," she yielded so far as to take some wine, some cream toast, and a few spoons of gelatine, and much to her chagrin was comforted thereby. She also stole looks in the cheval glass to see that her dress and coiffure were becoming.

Just at this moment the voice of Brian Waring being heard in the hall, the bridesmaids fled hastily to the library, and Clare, resolved to be inconsolable, fixed her eyes on a picture of Santa Clara, and made believe not to hear her lover's knock and entrance.

"My Clare is not angry?" said Brian, softly bending beside her. Although Clare had only the moment before fully made up her mind to a freezing little address, she now forgot all about it, and cried out, "You don't love me Brian; I know you don't?"

"O, upon my soul, I do! Don't I think you the most beautiful and bewitching little woman that ever existed?"

Brian's eyes avouched him so in earnest in this flattery, that Clare relented still further, but said, with an injured air, "But you stopped our wedding, and have made me—talked of—by everybody, by doing so this morning."

"I did not stop the wedding, my dear girl, it was that ridiculous Irish priest; didn't you hear me tell him to go on?"

"But why did you let me say 'Yes,' and you say 'No?'" cried poor Clare, her face flaming.

"I had no idea of his asking his stupid questions, and you might have said 'No,' too, for he was going beyond his business. Surely, Clare, you would not have me sell away my liberty to that priest, and bind my future life, as head of a household, to his commands."

"I thought you were a good Catholic," said Clare.

"My dearest love, you know I never professed to be any thing. Just put this matter out of your head, and you and I will be happy together. I shall see Leroy this afternoon with your uncle, and to-morrow we shall be properly married. As for the talk, Clare, that is nothing; not an honorable man in the city but will feel that I was right, and you and I together can face all the gossip that ever was uttered."

Suddenly Clare recalled Father Garren's last angry words, and tears rush-

ing to her eyes, she said: "But you heard what he told me, Brian; he forbade me to marry you."

"What if he did!" said Brian, astonished; "I say that you are to marry me, and isn't my word more to you?"

"But you are not a priest," faltered Clare.

For the first time the demon of jealousy, a demon that never afterward wholly slumbered, awoke in Brian Waring's soul.

"And will you, Clare, give me up for the word of a stray priest!" he exclaimed, drawing back from her.

At this moment Mrs. Bently, ever opportunely on hand, entered, saying: "Give you up, Mr. Faint-hearted, who intends to give you up? Surely you are not so foolish and excited as this poor little girl. Mr. Bently is ready for you to go to Father Leroy's. Bid Clare good-by, and tell her not to fret herself sick; to-morrow morning will set all right, and our wedding will not be interrupted."

"Mr. Bently," said Brian, as they entered the carriage, "if your priest refuses his consent, will that prevent our marriage?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Bently.

"I'm afraid Clare would think she should not marry me against the priest's will."

"Clare is a baby, and will do as she is told," said the uncle impatiently.

"Then she is likely to do as her priest bids her."

"I mean that she would do as I tell her—as you tell her," replied Mr. Bently hastily.

Father Leroy, according to his word, had banished his rude confrere Garren, and was prepared to receive his callers with the greatest suavity. His evident illness awoke their sympathy; his genial demeanor conquered their vexation.

"Father Leroy," said Mr. Bently, who was heartily annoyed by the occurrences of the day: "The occasion of our call is exceedingly unpleasant."

"I regret what happened this morning as fully as you can; and wish that I had been present, at whatever sac-

rifice of my own health, that your nuptials might have been uninterrupted."

This was said to Brian, and nearly disarmed his ill-humor. Still his suspicions had been excited, and he asked rather stiffly: "Yourself and Mr. Garren being priests of the same Church, what difference would there have been in the ceremony?"

"Father Garren asked you a question which he has been accustomed to put in his own country, where both the contracting parties are Catholics," replied Priest Leroy, smoothly. "But I trust, my dear sir, you are not an opposer of our faith."

"I am an opposer of no faith, neither am I a believer in any. Religion seems natural to the aged and to women; indeed, it is quite pretty and attractive in the latter, and I leave it to them. I supposed this was fully understood."

"Yes, I so understood it. But you have attended at our services respectfully——"

"I went to please Clare, and do not begrudge an hour or so spent on Sunday in making her happier. I should never in the least thwart her religious inclinations. I like your creed as well as any; indeed, it seems to suit the women, who are your most devout worshipers, uncommonly well."

"It is common," said Mr. Leroy, cautiously, "in a marriage where only the bride is a Catholic, to stipulate that *at least* the daughters shall be educated in the mother's faith."

"Sir," replied Brian, with decision, "I shall give no pledges to a minister of your denomination that would not be demanded by the minister of any other creed. If you have *advice* to tender in the exercise of your office, it will be heard with due respect."

"My dear young friend," said Father Leroy, politely waiving away the disputed point, and gracefully assuming the paternal, "however lightly you may esteem the matter of *religion*, it must ever appear to me a subject of the first importance. In committing to you the keeping of a beloved daughter of our

Church, we should desire to feel assured that you would in nowise interfere with her highest interests, or prejudice the safety of her soul."

"Her uncle and guardian, at least," said Brian, glancing toward Mr. Bently, "is willing to trust Clare's future happiness and welfare to my love and honor."

"We all know Mr. Waring to be a man of distinguished justice and charity," began the priest, when Mr. Bently interrupted:

"The fact is, father, your friend, Father Garren, made a great mistake this morning, and one which we can not easily overlook. My niece must be married to-morrow morning, and we wish some one secured to perform the ceremony. Could you not officiate? You could be taken comfortably to the cathedral in your carriage, and have some one or two to assist you. Very likely going out would not be an injury to you."

"Benefit or injury, I shall most certainly make the attempt for the sake of my sincere friendship to you both," replied Mr. Leroy.

The final arrangements for the wedding having been concluded, Brian Waring took his way back to the hotel, and found his friend, Allen Rowe, comfortably ensconced in his sitting-room.

"Well, Brian the strong, have you overcome the priests? Having promised myself to see you safely through this weighty business of getting married, I am naturally anxious to know how affairs are progressing."

"Sit still—sit still; I'll ring for our supper to be brought up here. Glad to see you, Allan. I'm just about the bluest bridegroom on record. Yes, I've settled the priests; but my look-out is rather dubious, after all. I wish Clare were not a Catholic!"

"Then she would be perfection, which is not to be looked for in this world," said Allan, gallantly.

Brian rested his elbow on the mantle, and stood glowering at the fire.

"Why didn't you just throw the priests overboard, and get married by

some other ecclesiastic? Would not the bride agree?" asked Allan.

"Knowing her preferences, I was not such a boor as to ask her to yield them. I daresay she would."

Brian spoke pettishly, feeling convinced, all the while, that there was a settled persistency in his Clare for her religion, with which it would not be well for him to come in conflict.

Allan Rowe was an older and more thoughtful man than his friend. He sat watching Brian's moody face, now thrown out in strong lights by the darting flames, now cast into deep gloom as those flames cowered away in the heart of the fire. At last Allan spoke, the silence having lasted while the servant lit the gas, and spread out the supper on a table drawn before the fire:

"I'm greatly afraid, my dear fellow, that you are going under a double yoke; not the yoke matrimonial alone, but the yoke of Rome."

"You are wrong there. I'm not such a dastard as to submit to any shaven crown and chin that ever saw sunlight. If they undertake to set a yoke on me they'll find their mistake. They'll rouse a spirit as if all the gallant knights of story were resolved into one man, and that man Brian Waring." Brian spoke jestingly, while he was in earnest, and made some poor attempt at a laugh.

"But," persisted Allen, "it is not a cheerful prospect this maintaining your position in married life, by strife."

"Mind you, the quarrel would never be between my wife and me, but between me and the priest."

"And if your wife loves you and loves her priest —"

"Stay there! that is a word I won't listen to!"—shouted Brian, angrily.

"I mean *as* as priest—if her heart holds with you, and her conscience with him, her prospect is not a very bright one—nor is yours. I talked of this matter long ago with you. I say Brian I wish we could convert your Clare."

"Convert her to what! to *nothing*," cried Brian, bitterly. "She supposes she has something; I profess nothing—

not a very attractive exchange. I know no better way now than to go it blind, and to fight the battle along as it stirs up. I love Clare, and I mean to have her; and having her I want to be first in my house, and not only first but alone in her heart." Having thus spoken, Brian threw off his gloom, seated himself at the table and invited Allan to turn his attention to the supper.

He had expressed his true feelings; so exacting and so self-asserting was Brian that he would have felt jealous if he believed that Clare held God or eternal happiness higher than his love. He set her first in his heart, he said; but in point of fact he set himself first, as he was not willing that she should have a hope or an interest that reached beyond him.

Brian Waring entering his married life, was also to enter into conflict with a bigoted woman, an exacting creed, an interfering priest. This conflict was to begin so quietly, to advance so slowly, that it should imperceptibly drive him back from the positions he had assumed and lead him into the greatest difficulties. In these beginnings *pride* would be Brian's reason for contest, and alas for him who fights and toils rather from pride than from an honest, hearty sense of what is right. Allan Rowe, not a Christian, but with higher views than Brian, and a deeper knowledge of both Romanism and Waring himself than Waring possessed, saw this wearisome contest from afar, and trembled for his friend. But why prognosticate evil just before a wedding? What other than happiness can be expected for lovely Clare and Brian who married her for love's sake alone.

Again the bridesmaids dress the bride, and Mrs. Bently gives a sigh of relief as she sees that dress and veil, wreaths and jewels have suffered no detriment in the scene of yesterday; and now the maidens, Violetta, Agnes, Rose, and Alice are arrayed; the carriages wait; Ben Bently vows "that if Father Leroy goes to making any blunders or running into any needless

questions, he will don the surplice and marry the couple himself."

As for Clare, she brings into the rudely winter morning a beauty like the fairest day of spring; there lightens in the violet eyes no gleam of the fire that flashed yesterday at Brian, "but *you* are not a priest." The delicate folds of that costly veil have shaded away any lines in her dimpled young face that may mean hard obstinacy; the pearls that Brian has brought, as bridal gifts, are but poor types of such precious beauty and grace. All brides are fair, and Clare is fairest of all.

Father Leroy, gaunt, tall, and wan in his robes, looks a little like a specter at a feast as he marries this couple. The father is undeniably feeble, and he astutely makes the most of his feebleness, and impresses Brian with a great sense of his goodness and friendship in coming painfully from his sick-bed to bless the groom and bride.

So, now, they are married at last, and all good fortune go after them; and blessings many and rich, like the troops of guests who, all in best array, again follow them to the wedding-breakfast.

Quoth Father Garren to Father Leroy: "When I marry a couple, I make them both confess and take the sacrament, and prove themselves good Catholics, before I will make them man and wife."

"So do I, among poor people, or those who will do it," replied Father Leroy.

"And the very least they should yield, is daughters to the mother."

"That is good, too, and my plan when you can secure that much. Where you can not, my policy is to yield all at first, looking to gain all by and by."

So we see that Father Leroy had two terms of membership for his holy, indivisible, infallible, and unalterable Church; one to suit the ignorant and submissive, another to please the educated and independent, and by both the Church was to be most effectually and efficiently served. From the marriage-feast to the home where their new life begins, go the happy pair, and there anon we shall see them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANCIENT COINS FOUND IN HOLY SOIL.

BY DR. ROBERT MORRIS.

No. III.

THE worst defect in our operations as a Numismatic Society (I allude to the distribution of some five thousand ancient coins among the members of the *Scholars' Holy Land Exploration*), was our inability to name, locate, and describe each one with sufficient accuracy. We shall be better able, in our coming distributions, to do this, and it is the purpose of the Society to publish printed descriptions of every rare coin that passes through our hands. To proceed with our subject.

At Safed, a short day's journey from the Sea of Galilee, I purchased of a Jew an excellent coin of Alexander Balas—fine, well preserved, in the best condition. As this coin brings us in contact with biblical history at several points, I propose to dwell somewhat lengthily upon this. The reign of the Syrian monarch, Alexander Balas, was from B. C. 150 to 147. The meaning of his name, *Balas*, is doubtful; perhaps it signifies *lord*. The coin I am describing is of silver, about the size and weight of an American *quarter*, but handsomer than American moneyer has ever minted. The mint-marks upon it are as sharp and clear-cut as on the day of its issue. The portrait of Alexander Balas represents a handsome but inexpressive countenance, adorned with short whiskers; the hair, bushy and abundant, tied behind with a fillet. On the reverse is the eagle and thunderbolt, used so freely by all the lieutenants of the great Alexander and their successors. The inscription is *Alexander Basileus*, in Greek characters. By the coin books, I perceive

that, in his short reign of four years, many coins were struck, especially some large copper ones, exhibiting his own profile over that of his wife Cleopatra, daughter of Ptolemy Philometer. The female appears as the Egyptian goddess, Isis. On the reverse of these is the Alexandrian type of the sitting Jupiter. On some of his coins the inscription is (in Greek) "of the King Alexander, the son of a father-god, the beneficent."

The points in history illustrated by my coin are these: About B. C. 162, Demetrius Soter had been sent to Rome by his father, Seleucus IV, to redeem Antiochus, the king's brother. Demetrius, however, escaped from Rome, seized the Syrian kingdom, and held it twelve years. It was during this reign that the Jews were driven into a second revolt, under the exactions and tyranny of their Syrian governors; then Judas Maccabæus formed an alliance with the Roman government, which secured their independence. About the year B. C. 150, an aspirant, Alexander Balas, supported by the Romans on one hand, and the Egyptians on the other, aided, too, by Jonathan, the Jewish governor, assumed the kingdom, twice defeating Demetrius, and then taking his life.

His throne being secure, he plunged at once into excesses of every kind. This brought his ruin; for, in B. C. 147, Demetrius II (son of Soter), called *Nicator*, made war against him, and drove him into Arabia, where he was speedily assassinated. His son, however, appears on the stage, assuming

the title of Antiochus VI, and recovered his father's kingdom. He reigned but a few months, yet coins were issued in his name, having the word *Theos* upon them, many of which, say the numismatists, are very fine. One of them is definitively dated (O R) the 170th year of the Seleucidæ (B. C. 147).

To pursue this history: A few months closed the life of the youthful and unfortunate *Theos*, who was murdered by his own patron (Tryphon Didotris), who had set him upon the throne. This brought forward Typhon as king, under the title (in Greek letters) of *Autocrat*, "the emperor, absolute monarch, autocrat;" the same word by which the Roman title, *Imperator*, was expressed, when Roman money was coined in the Grecian States, after their reduction, under the domination of Rome.

But the murder of *Theos*, son of Alexander Balas, led, by a process which historical readers will readily recall, to the absolute independence of the Jewish nation, for the first time in about six centuries. They coined money (B. C. 143) for the first time in their history, and made an epoch of that year from which to compute their chronology—an epoch that is used by the author of the First Book of Maccabees, and also by Josephus.

As I thoughtfully finger this inanimate piece of silver, it becomes, indeed, a *monument*, speaking of great and important events to the student of scriptural facts. As one of a series of the coins of Syrian kings, it touches all the dynasties that successively rose and fell, from the death of Alexander (B. C. 324) to the date last above named. Unhappy Palestine! Placed between Syria and Egypt as between the upper and nether millstone, in the words of her own historian, she resembled "a ship tossed by a hurricane, and buffeted on both sides by the waves, while she lay in the midst of contending seas." First Ptolemy Logus, the Egyptian, then Antiochus, the Syrian (B. C. 315); fol-

lowed (in 312) again by the Egyptian. So the yoke, always onerous and cruel, was shifted; and in the same man's lifetime this miserable country changed owners as often as three or four times. What thoughts must have been suggested to the pious Jew by the sight of one of these coins!

The great mass of brass, bronze, and copper coinage that was brought me while in the East, was Byzantine, dating from about A. D. 320, when Alexander Magnus removed the seat of government of the Roman Empire to Constantinople. Nearly every large coin—that is, larger than the former American cent—is stamped by the great "NI" on the *reverse*, denoting, as above remarked, the Greek numerals, "40." I have one of these before me in good (not the best) preservation. The reverse gives the "NI," sharply defined; in the angle at the top is the Passion Cross; below, and in the vacant space, an equilateral triangle, said by Humphrey to be the moneyer's mark; below a line is drawn, and then the letters CON, representing "Constantinople." In parallel, perpendicular columns, are the letters,

A	
N	X
N	III
O	

On the *obverse*, the emperor is seen wearing a cap with tassels. Or this portrait, perhaps, is designed as the head of Christ, which is abundantly displayed on the Byzantine coins, and treated by the artists often in the rudest, almost ludicrous, style. Whether the personage I am describing is an emperor or divine being, he is holding a cross in his right hand. A similar cross is over his left shoulder. He wears a sort of breastplate. The letters are Latin, very rude, viz.:

IVSTINIANVS PPAVG.

That is to say:

"Justinianus,
Pater Patriæ,
Aug;"

or, Justinian Augustus, the Father of his Country.

This emperor reigned A. D. 527. Two letters, partly defaced, precede the above title—probably “P. M.” This means *Pontifex Maximus*, the Sovereign Pontiff. And yet, I am of the opinion that this title was not employed by *Christian* emperors.

As readers are usually more curious to examine coins themselves than to peruse lengthy inscriptions, I will take up other coins now before me. One is in splendid preservation. Its place of entombment was probably among dry limestone dust; or, peradventure, in some earthen crock, carefully concealed by its Syrian owner. In either case, the moisture has so little affected it that my little girl Ella, whose busy fingers, aided by a superannuated tooth-brush, cup of vinegar, and paper of whitening, have recalled hundreds of these ghostly images from their long sleep, has had but little to do here. Upon the *obverse* is a bull-necked individual, laureated, looking (as the large part of them do) toward my right, and resembling in neck, forehead, and facial lineaments, the “Great Uncle” of his nephew, whose cannon-peals almost reach my ears as I sit in my quiet study examining it, this August afternoon. The inscription on the *obverse* is clear:

CONSTANTINVS NOBCAES.

This means, “Constantine, Noble Cæsar.” This is a common form of lettering at the period referred to.

The *reverse* has at the bottom the letter “T,” implying, as I understand it, that the coin was struck at *Treves* (then styled *Treveris*), in Germany, a province much associated with the exploits of the Great Constantine. On a closer examination, however, I believe the initial is the Greek capital *gamma*. If so, it is probably the initial of “Gnornou” (Illustrious). It is very common to see on these Byzantine

coins, especially those of the later periods, the strangest jumble of Greek and Latin characters and terms—being sometimes all Greek, sometimes all Latin.

I can not with confidence describe the figure on the *reverse*; it appears to me a *Ceres*, holding in her right hand a handful of wheat in the ear. It is certainly a full-length female figure, rather poorly executed, with flounces or embroidery in the skirts of her garments. The inscription contains twenty-six letters, well cut, but evidently done by a Greek artist, viz:

SALVIS AVGG ETCHES AVGT
THEART.

This will be a good exercise for the Latin scholar. The plural of Augustus, I remark, is always denoted by the double G: thus *Augg*, Augustuses. This refers to the fact that there not only were several rulers invested with the title of “Cæsar” at the same time, but also that of “Augustus.”

But my time is exhausted, and these leisure hours among the coins found in Syria are, for the present, closed. In regard to the Numismatic Society, now forming, I shall be gratified to correspond with those who desire to commence the study.

P. S. After closing the article, my eye fell upon Dr. W. M. Blackburn's “Theban Legion,” Chapter IX, the paragraph in which he describes the Emperor Constantine, whose portrait I alluded to above: “He was described as superior in the royal qualities. No one, said Eusebius, was comparable to him for grace and beauty of person, or height of stature. He so far surpassed his compeers in personal strength as to be a terror to them. Broad-shouldered, muscular, sturdy in health, commanding in presence, he was a fine specimen of the military chiefs of the declining empire. Fierceness and gentleness strove together in his lion-like eye.”

THE SCOTS IN IRELAND.

BY PROFESSOR WM. M. BLACKBURN, D. D.

WE propose, in a few papers, to notice some of the migrations of Scots into Ireland, and thus trace the origin of the *Scotch-Irish*—so-called in our country, where they form a large element of the population; also to show how the Presbyterian type of reform was more readily introduced into that island, and more effectively established.

There is a legend of the olden time, that certain Scottish refugees, driven from the Hebrides, settled in the center of Ireland, where they prospered exceedingly, until they became so intolerably wicked that the land gave way, and they sunk out of all sight. Thus was formed Lough Eme, which Camden called "the greatest and most famous lake in this kingdom." The Scotch-Irish may rest comfortably assured that they are not the descendants of these sunken adventurers.

The migrations and settlements in which the origin of the Scotch-Irish may be found, seem to date back into the thirteenth or fourteenth century. They continued until Scotland ceased to be persecuted by the English Court and Church. The immigrants came in different bands, and with various motives—adventure, free life, and lawlessness, fortune, work and wages, refuge from persecutors, Protestant liberty, and the missionary spirit. They were not all saints—certainly not the earliest of them. Rough, stalwart, independent, fearless, and irrepressible, the first bands did not seek, nor promote, a very high and classic civilization. Indeed, culture was thought to be quite adverse to their free sort of life, if it was thought of at all. Nor did the boisterous, brave, generous Irish hold a very refining influence over their intrusive neighbors, some of whom boast-

ed as loudly of their Celtic blood, and claimed that they were only getting back into the land of their fathers.

Both Scots and Irish had in them good material, raw as it was, for a new people, when a true Christianity should unite and purify them. The canny Scot had never been surpassed in forethought, acuteness, self-command, persistency, and a due estimate of his rights. The wild, witful Irishman, offending at a fair and forgiving at the next feast, sinning till noon and repenting at sunset, praying to the dead in heaven and holding wake over the dead on earth, impertinent to friend and hospitable to foe, ready with the first greeting and intent on the last word, most vivacious when the world was dullest, had in his emotional nature a rich ore worthy of the mining and minting processes of education. Educe and refine it, and it would shine as the coin of conversation, sympathy, song, and eloquence. If a cool Scot were a cast-away upon some distant isle, with only one stranger to break the silence, let that stranger be an Irishman, and the solitary place would be glad, although it might not bud and blossom abundantly. For, as Macaulay writes, "The Irish were distinguished by qualities which tend to make men interesting rather than prosperous. They were an ardent and impetuous race, easily moved to tears or to laughter, to fury or to love." The same historian, treating of the sixteenth century, adds, that "in mental cultivation, Scotland had an indisputable superiority. Though that kingdom was then the poorest in Christendom, it already vied in every branch of learning with the most favored countries. Scotsmen, whose dwellings and whose food were as wretched as those

of the Icelanders of our time, wrote Latin verse with more than the delicacy of Vida, and made discoveries in science which would have added to the renown of Galileo. Ireland could boast of no Buchanan or Napier. The genius with which her aboriginal inhabitants were largely endowed, showed itself, as yet, only in ballads, which, wild and rugged as they were, seemed to the judging eye of Spencer to contain a portion of the pure gold of poetry."

Families and clans of these two vigorous peoples were to meet on the same soil, rob and quarrel and fight each other, or make friendly league against a third enemy—hating and loving with equal ease, bartering and mingling not always in strictest observance of the ten commandments; and thus they were to wed and weld together, and form a new people, whose descendants have taken high rank among the honest pioneers, the Christian heroes, the solid educators, and the staunch patriots of the Western World.

Even the Saxon Scot, who received no Irish blood in his veins, drew into his heart enough of the geniality, which gives a tone to the very climate of the Emerald Isle, to make him a genuine Scotch-Irishman. Not by birth, but by breath, he came to be half Hibernian. None the less a Saxon, he is more of a Celt, and hence a man to be studied and sometimes imitated.

More than six hundred years ago a tournament was held at Haddington, Scotland, and the friars and nuns may have looked from the upper windows of their convents upon the shams of chivalry. Walter Bisset, a proud baron, who piqued himself upon his skill in a tilt, was foiled by Patrick, Earl of Athol. They were more than rivals; an old feud between their families made them bitter foes. Walter was not the man to show himself noble after defeat. He retired surly from the contest.

The Earl Patrick slept, at night, in the hospitium, where he was murdered, and then the building was set on fire to conceal the deed. Even in that fero-

cious age the crime excited an unwonted horror, and suspicion fell upon the Bissets.

"It's William, the chief of them," was the popular rumor, although Walter had been in the tilting match.

"We will kill him," said the friends of Athol, and many nobles pursued William, seized him, and would have torn him in pieces had not the king interfered. Walter was, probably, also arrested.

"I swear to my innocence," pleaded the haughty baron, "and I offer to prove that I was fifty miles away from Haddington when the cowardly deed was done."

"Let us have a jury to hear the proofs," demanded the advocates of justice.

"Nay," replied William; "the heat and malice of men unfit them to be judges. But I offer combat to any one who dares to abide the issue."

No one accepted the challenge. William was eager to clear himself and his brother of all charges. He caused it to be published in the chapels of Scotland that the assassin was excommunicated.

The case came before the king, who thus gave sentence: "I condemn the Bissets, and declare their estates forfeited to the crown. They shall swear upon the Holy Gospel to make a pilgrimage to Palestine, and there remain, and all their days pray for the soul of the murdered earl."

What William did we have not learned. Walter started southward. But instead of seeking Jerusalem, he turned aside to the English court. By artful misrepresentations, he inflamed the passion of Henry Third, and worked up his wrath to so high a pitch that instant war was declared against Scotland. Armies marched and met, looked each other in the face, and soldiers felt as ready to die as to slay, when somebody thought of peace, and nobody was hurt. For peace was made, with love, too, for the English princess was pledged to the Scottish prince.

"But the Bissets are not in the bar-

gain," said the Scots. "Their name shall be blotted out of our land."

Henry Third saw that Palestine was not attractive to these exiles, and he settled them upon the Glennes in the north of Ireland, as if it were the "Botany Bay" of the time. In the next reign we find that John Bissett "had a great estate in lands there;" and in the next, Hugh Bisset "forfeited part of it by rebellion." Later still, there was a hot contest for these lands in Ulster.

Such exiles found kith and kin in the adventurous Scots, who crossed the narrow channel and pitched upon the wilder isles and coasts of Antrim and Down. Others followed, wiser and better people, we may suppose, until "some thousand Scottish families," from Bute, Arran, and Argyleshire, settled along the north-east shores. The Irish chiefs, according to their humor and interest, sought their friendship, intermarried with them, or made war upon them. But welcome or unwelcome, these Scots of the Isles increased in numbers and power, until it was feared that they might drive the English out of the Pale and the Irish out of the northern provinces.

The Pale, or Pal, was a part of the eastern coast, above and below Dublin, especially given to the English after the Norman conquest. The Irish of that district had been conquered, but yet held a magic power over their conquerors. They had "yielded only to fling over their new masters the subtle spell of the Celtic disposition." They ingeniously began to captivate their captors, and uncivilize those who had brought over the softer manners of Normandy and England. The English residents sank, morally and socially, to the level of the Irish. Their very names and lordly titles melted into wild Hibernianism, so that the De Veres took the name of McSweany, the Fitz-Urnes that of McMahon, and the Dubourys became Bourkes, the Geraldines were changed into Desmonds and McShehies. Their grandchildren

scarcely differed from the Irish in look

or language, in dress or manners. It was all in vain to pass laws forbidding the "Englishry" to use the Irish speech, copy Irish habits, or intermarry into Irish families. They must break such laws or be hated. The *degeneration*, as the Normans of England called it, went on among the fresher colonists, who were readily swept into the deeps by the tide of Celtic fascination. It is an error to assume that an upward progress is natural to tribes and peoples. Certain savages of our day may be descendants of anciently civilized races, having wandered afar from their fathers' home.

The Scots seem not to have fused so easily. They had not come to conquer and oppress as had the English. They might be intruders, but were not military invaders. They need not disguise themselves to escape being hated, by giving up old names for new; and still severe laws were enacted to prevent them from "mixing" too much with the natives of the soil. It was treason for the Irish to enlist them as soldiers. The Scot who left his fruitless islet to seek wages in Irish fields, during the harvest, might be hanged as a spy. Trade and charity were forbidden. Yet the Irish-Scots had their process of degeneration.

The English of the Pale despised the Scots, and reported every sort of charge against them to the court in London. Chancellor Cusack, who was sent to help "make a quyett Irelande," went northward from Dublin on a tour of inspection, and from his report, dated "Anno 6, Edward VI, May 8, 1552," we quote something curious for its spelling if not for its references to the Scots.

He inspects "the Duffreyn, whereof one John Whight was landlorde, whoe was deceiptfully murdered by McRanills Boye his sonne, a Scott; and sithence that murther he keepeth possession of the said landes; by means whereof, he is able now to disturbe the next adjoyneing on every side, which shortlye by Godes grace shal be redressed."

"The countrie of Clanneboy is in woodes and bogges, for the greatest part, wherein lyeth Knockfergus, and soe to the Glynnnes where the Scotte do inhabitt." Clanneboy, therefore, is in great need of "a good bande of horse-men," to ward off its neighbors. "Next to the Glynnnes where the Scotte resort McQuoillynes countrie is, adjoyneing by the sea; a countrie of woodes and most part waste, by their own wars and the exacions of the Scotte. . . . When the Scotte doe come, it is harde to staye the comeinge of them, for there be soe many landinge places between the highe land of the Raithlandes and Knockfergus."

He praises the English policy by which "Irishemen be soone brought nowe to obedyence." It was to bestow honors and offices upon the chiefs. "The making of O'Brian earle, made all that countrie obedyent." And so of other districts where earls and barons were made. This plan was to be tried, hopefully, in Ulster, Munster, and Connaught, and so "make all Ireland that the lawe may take the right course." But we shall see how the policy failed in Ulster. Had it not failed the resident Scots might have been expelled, and others prevented from coming, and no more Scotch-Irish as the result.

It causes us to think quite well of the chancellor to read his suggestion to have "preachers appoynted amongst them [the Irish] to tell them their duties towards God and their kinge, that they may knowe what they ought to doe. And as for preaching, we have none, which is our lacke, without which the ignorante cann have noe knowledge, which were very needfull to bee redressed." Even Dublin lacks preachers.

One of the Irish chiefs had agreed to meet him, but "he hearinge of the arryval of certayne Scotte to the Glynnnes, refused to come," and went to meet "McConnill," who was reported to have landed with a strong force "to warre uppon his next neighbours. . . . I planted in the coun-

trye a bande of horsemen and footmen for defence thereof against the Scotte yf they doe come." There was no false rumor in this "arryval," if the reference be to the following event, so important in the history of Scotch-Irishmen:

Just over in Scotland was a family which had a long memory of the Glinnes, or glens, of the Bissets. In the sixteenth century these lands were claimed by James MacConnell, of the "Macconeyllis kin," and lord of Cantire, a Scottish promontory, which "thrusts itself with such a seeming earnestness towards Ireland as if it would call it over to it." He and his brother, Surley-Boy, or Yellow Charley, were quite ready for a diversion among the Irish.

"We'll just cross over and settle that old affair with the O'Neills," said James, "and, as the heirs of the Bissets, make good our title to the Glinnes. They are ours by right of near three hundred years."

"And lend a helpful hand to the Scots of the Isles," added Surley-Boy, "lest they be mastered by the McGillies."

Thus Cantire showed "a seeming earnestness" to cross over into Ireland. Archibald, Earl of Argyle, favored the enterprise of his kinsmen. So three of the MacConnells, at the head of two thousand followers, crossed the strait, only thirteen miles wide, and marched upon the Glinnes. No doubt their eyes shot far ahead into the woods to get sight of the men of O'Neill, who, as Camden tells us, "with great pride and haughtiness kinged it in Ulster." It was his art to draw invaders far into strange places, then turn and corner them in the bogs and glory in his wrath.

"Leauvdarg Abo!" was the wild cry heard by the Cantire men. "The bloody hand! Strike for O'Neill."

"Stand, Scots!" was the order on the other side. "Strike now for MacConnell the true lord of the Glinnes! Campbells! prove worthy of your fame."

No doubt there was much rough striking on that day; but for a MacConnell to measure arms with an O'Neill was a rash business. The Scots were repelled and driven westward. Thinking that the foes of O'Neill might prove their friends, they sought refuge among the O'Donnells, the ruling clan of Tyrconnell, or Donegal.

Thus the MacConnells mingled with the O'Donnells, and became as confused as they are likely to be in the reader's mind, so that O'Connells and MacDonnells are the result.

The Callogh O'Donnell, chief of the clan, wanted a wife, or a queen from his point of view, and the Cantire men had some genius for diplomacy. They named their kinswoman the half-sister of the Earl of Argyle, and called in the histories a countess.

"The Countess of Argyle!" exclaimed O'Donnell, at the moment thinking himself not at all worthy of one so noble, and then assuming that she might not be royal enough for him. Irish chieftains imagined themselves to be kings, whose like was nowhere else to be found.

The Scots pressed the suit. Argyle assented, and gave over his sister to a strange life and destiny. Upon this match were some turns of history.

The countess was an educated lady for that age, and described as "not unlearned in Latin, speaking French and Italian, counted sober, wise, and no less subtle." It seems that her stanch Protestant brother, and Queen Elizabeth of England, had hopes of her influence in advancing the Reformed cause in Ireland. Why might she not throw the shield of power over the Irish Scots, win them from their popish errors, their crude superstitions, their marauding and cattle-stealing, and maintain among them some earnest preachers of the Gospel? The fact was, she was not fit to be a patron of the reform. Not even would she serve the purpose of Elizabeth, who cared less for pure character than for shrewd management in a political way. If the countess

might be employed to outwit the lawless O'Neill, or deceive the English-hating Scots into quietness, it was as much as the court desired. Her life, so rudely whirled from the path of honor and right, so romantic, eventful, and wretched, proves that her fine talents were held in bondage to her great vices.

The Scots in Ireland were, at least, raised to a more dignified position by her presence among them. They were not to be treated, by the jealous and revengeful chiefs around them, as the very offscouring of the earth—outlaws and renegades, fit subjects on whom to test the strength of an arm, the swiftness of pursuing feet, or the mercies of exultant savageness. They were placed above contempt. They were now a people, a colony, a force in the country, acknowledged to be worthy of winning by the party that needed their votes or their battle-axes. It is a fine thing to be in demand. The managers of English interests now made advances to the MacConnells, whom they had before treated as enemies. They ransacked the late Queen Mary's wardrobe, and made the following: "Memorandum. To send to O'Donnell, with the queen's thanks for service done, and her promise to make him an earl on further merit on his part; the gown and kirtle that were Queen Mary's, with some old habiliments, to be sent to the Countess Argyle, O'Donnell's wife, for a token of favor to her good disposition in religion." Did she then profess to be a Protestant?

There a double game was playing—for the affair was a political game, rather than an earnest religious movement. While the English were seeking to win the countess, and carry over the Scot MacConnells to the Protestant side in the war, the great chief of the O'Neills was seeking to crush the Irish O'Donnells by taking away their countess and her native countrymen.

In another paper we must notice the daring and infamous schemes of Shan O'Neill. It is possible, that his ex-

ploits turned a gifted woman away from a path of hope, and prevented the Reformation from appearing among the kinsmen of Argyle, with brightest promise, in Ireland. At an earlier day	Protestantism might have taken hold upon the Scots of Ulster. They were not likely to reject what Argyle proposed, especially when it was seconded by his sister, the countess.
--	---

MY BIRTHDAY.

BY MARY A. FORD.

HEART-SICK and fainting 'neath my weary burdens,
 Cumbered with many cares,
 I pause at length beside this lonely waymark,
 And view my hoarded tares.

Aye, tares and thistles; and a few bright garlands
 Of flowers and budded leaves;
 A few ripe grains of wheat and golden fruitage,
 Make up my garnered sheaves.

Behind me lie the fragrant fields of childhood—
 Companions false and true;
 Romance, that bound me with enchanting fetters,
 Of roses jemed with dew.

And turning now, I view each humble waymark;
 Each pasture, fair and green;
 Each faithful friendship, and each shattered idol—
 Each grave that lies between.

I do not grieve to-day for bitter struggles;
 For joys long quenched in tears;
 I only mourn my dead—my broken pledges,
 My scars, and wasted years.

Upon my face is stamped a lasting impress
 Where life-long shadows stray,
 While through my raven locks are slowly stealing
 The first few threads of gray.

Though fainting now beneath my tares and thistles,
 Though parched my aching feet,
 Before me lie the fields where I may linger,
 And glean among the wheat.

The purple vineyards, where my hands may gather
 Vintage in noon-tide hours;
 The pathway, leading down life's western hill-side,
 Bordered with autumn flowers.

Vintage to cheer me through the chill baptism
 Of time's relentless wave;
 Bright flowers of hope, to light the gloomy shadows
 That shroud the silent grave.

O Father, grant that fruits of earnest labor
 May crown my future years,
 That I may reap with songs of faith and gladness
 A harvest sown in tears.

And when, at length, I pass the last lone waymark,
 And Christ my soul receives,
 Oh may I with his band of faithful reapers,
 Go, bearing precious sheaves.

THE IMPENDING REORGANIZATION OF EASTERN EUROPE.

BY W. F. W.

WITHIN the past few months Europe has been the scene of wild and startling events, that have occupied and bewildered the attention of the world. The collision of great armies; the sudden overthrow of dynasties and powers; thrones tumbling; an emperor a prisoner; an empress and a queen fugitives; the accession of Prussia to a first position; the recession of France to a nominal position; the unification of Germany; Rome occupied by Emmanuel; the Pope's temporal power terminated—how rapidly and suddenly have these conspired to work the complete transformation of Western Europe.

It may be interesting now to direct attention to the East, and note events there likely soon to occur, of far more importance and of far deeper significance than any of these.

Before passing to the real purpose on hand, we may notice the new posture of affairs in Central Europe. The creation of the German Empire may work the unification of the Slavonic races. The long contest between Prussia and Austria, for the leadership of the German Bund, terminated in favor of Prussia at Sedowa, in 1866, and the Bund, under which the German races

were united for self-protection during forty years, having then been severed, Austria was compelled to strengthen her position by a closer union with Hungary, and now we may expect to see arise a power, having for its leadership the splendid Hungarian, absorbing Austria and all the territory east of the Adriatic and drained by the waters of the Danube. Thus the Teutonic races united under the German Empire, and the Slavonic under the supposed Austria-Hungarian Empire, will complete the new organization of Central Europe, and tend to consummate the renovation of that portion of the continent so long resting under the baneful influence of the Mohammedan.

For four hundred and seventeen years the Ottoman Empire has held control of South-eastern Europe. For six hundred and twenty-six years the same power has held possession of Jerusalem and all of Eastern Asia. During these long centuries have two cities, once the centers of Christianity, been under the shadow of Mohammedanism. Thus long has Christianity been denied free access to the sacred shrines and the hallowed spots clustering in and around Jerusalem. While civilization, based upon the Christian

faith, is every-where working out the elevation of the human race, right here, in the fairest portion of Europe, we find a foul blot, a gangrene so baleful and obnoxious as to demand that the sharpest diplomatic surgery should be applied for its removal.

Islamism and Christianity can have no affinity; and as long as the Ottoman Empire dominates the fair land in her possession, so long must civilization and the world's advance pause at this most interesting and important point. Will they then pause? Is it right they should be thus blocked? Unsupported as a national institution, Mohammedanism would vanish like a mist. Upheld by three million Osmanli, who comprise about one-fifth of the population of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, and who are the governing race, it would be a blessing to the remaining thirteen million of Turks when the tyranny of the haughty rulers shall cease. For eighteen centuries Christianity has pushed her conquests westward, till now her beaming eye is cast out over the vast expanse of the Pacific. Too much occupied by these conquests, ground has been lost at the point of her departure. Save some spasmodic and romantic efforts, known as the crusades, no serious attempt has been put forth to reclaim ground rightfully belonging to the Christian world, and thus, for ages, Islamism has been suffered to desecrate a spot most dear and sacred to every Christian. The Mohammedan of to-day proclaims his faith, as he proclaimed it at Medina ten hundred and forty years ago, in the first Hegira, by the sword. The Koran tolerates no compromise, and has no sympathy with gentle measures. To the proud Osmanli all other races of men are infidel. He boasts that he came into Europe with the sword, and he will go out with the knife. Unimproved and unimprovable, too weak to advance, he can sullenly strike; and as often as he dares, plunges the knife at the heart of Christianity. Deep-seated hatred so pervades the Turkish mind, that nothing short of the total overthrow of the Ot-

toman Empire will open the land to the uses and blessings of civilization. The hopes engendered by the decree of the emperor, in 1856, are at once dispelled when we get at the true condition of affairs in that empire. Previous to 1856, any person of Turkish birth who embraced any faith other than the Mohammedan incurred the penalty of death. When, in that year, the decree known as the *Hitti-Humayhum* was issued, declaring equal rights, and giving freedom of choice in matters of faith, such was the opposition that a wide-spread conspiracy at once arose to destroy the emperor and his ministry, and now, after fourteen years of effort on the part of the emperor to organize a healthier state of things among his people, little progress has been made and his famous decree amounts to a nullity in the Provinces. With here and there slight concessions, under compulsion of France and England, Christianity has a fettered existence in that empire. At Jerusalem no Christian may enter the Mosque of Omar, nor is it wholly safe for him to proclaim his faith at Constantinople under the very eye of the emperor. The traveler wishing to explore places of surpassing interest within these dominions, can do so only by sufferance, and under the protection of an armed guard. He may not with safety visit Olivet, or the little town of Bethany, or the Garden near Kidron, so sacred as the resorts of our Saviour.

From principle and by education opposed to what he terms the infidel races, the Crimean war of 1854 was the source of deep mortification to the Turk. To be protected by two infidel nations from the assault of another infidel nation, only served to increase his hatred towards all, and from that time he has stood in an attitude of sullen pride, striking, where he dares to strike, against the advancing civilization.

While Turkey thus remains an incubus upon the fair breast of Europe, a healthy growth in material wealth, science, and morals is witnessed else-

where. Nor can Turkey much longer resist the mighty influences everywhere at work. We deem it not an idle assertion that, within the life of the present generation, Eastern Europe and Western Asia will become essentially what Central and Western Europe are to-day. For the accomplishment of this great renovation there are many fitting agencies; the wonderful activities of commerce, developing channels of communication wherever channels are needed, surmounting difficulties hitherto deemed insurmountable, penetrating regions remote and apart, spanning oceans, delving mountains, and bringing the ends of the earth into easy and quick connection. But there is yet another and a quicker agency to be applied—the outpouring of the strong and vigorous energies of Russia upon and through the weak and enfeebled races that now are the curse of that vast region.

Had it not been for the selfish and mistaken policy of Europe, when its diplomacy in 1840 combined to recognize the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, this “sick man” would long since have been out of the way; again, in 1854, France, in the interest of Rome and England, from a fancied danger to her eastern possessions, checked the advance of Russia. Pent up and restrained within her broad but frigid boundaries, Russia has long wished to push her boundary to the Middle Sea, and to control the channel which opens out from the vast waters of the Caspian and the Black Seas—thus releasing her navy and her commerce now blocked during eight months of every year. The vigorous population of Russia, shut off from the more arable lands and genial skies of a southern latitude, once liberated would press forward with an irresistible force over the fair lands of South-eastern Europe; but, unlike that rude northern horde, which once rushed upon effeminate Rome, merely to waste and destroy, the Russian, with his habits of peaceful and patient industry, would make of that now barren waste a land

teeming with abounding riches. The poor Turk, misgoverned and with no protection against the lawless pillager of his crops, can hardly be blamed for his careless and shiftless cultivation; but as the Indian was compelled to give way to the white race, so must the Turk give way and permit a more faithful hand to cultivate the soil he has neglected. We, of course, do not favor the propagation of Christian civilization by the sword, neither do we believe that any nation has the right to block the way of its advance; nor will the spirit of the nineteenth century much longer permit such a blockade. Whatever or whoever opposes must yield or be crushed.

We might indulge emotions of regret at the downfall of so intelligent a ruler as the Sultan. Wiser than his people, he has, doubtless, earnestly desired to work the reformation of his nation. Physically and mentally he is a noble specimen of a man, and well deserves a better fate than that awaiting him. We have lately seen, nevertheless, how a grander throne than his may tumble, and how a mightier power than that of the Sublime Porte may collapse and vanish as by the wand of a magician. No government ought to survive the period of its usefulness; no state can prosper whose government is upheld for mere selfish purposes. If the hour of doom for the Ottoman Empire has struck; if the awful sentence, “*mene, tekel, upharsin*,” has been written, the calm judgment of the world must approve the sentence, for the grand progress of the nineteenth century demands the sacrifice.

With the question of bad faith, involved in the recent diplomatic papers issued from St. Petersburg, we have nothing to do. From this action of Russia we simply aim to draw conclusions and results. Russia has wisely chosen her time for action—and while conferences may be held, her armies are on the march and her navy is afloat. Europe to-day has no power to interpose. Russian occupation of the Dardanelles means, of course, Russian

occupation of Constantinople and the extinction of the Ottoman power in Europe. Should this occur, as we have strong reasons to believe it will occur, Constantinople would become the center of influences that would not stop there; they would reach to the gates of Damascus, and Jerusalem, so long dominated by a power so unsuited to the hallowed associations connected with that renowned city, would be opened to the Christian world. Science would soon reveal the buried mysteries so long guarded by superstitious bigotry—and all Palestine, feeling the impulse of an infused energy, might again become the land flowing with milk and honey.

We might reasonably indulge in further speculations as to results which would naturally follow a reorganization such as we have outlined. Egypt and Arabia would be brought under healthier influences. Even that vast *terra incognita*, styled the land of the Turcoman in Central Asia, might soon be opened up. Push the railway and the telegraph into these dark regions and Christian civilization will quickly follow. Khiva, Bockhara, and Samercand may become centers of new enterprises. Surely, whoever has a comprehensive faith in the final triumphs of Christianity, will acknowledge that in some such way must that triumph be secured.

THE EYE AND ITS STRUCTURE.

BY E. WILLIAMS, M. D.

I PROPOSE, in a series of articles, to serve up to the readers of the *Monthly*,

"Those laughing orbs that borrow,
From azure skies, the light they wear."

Whether I shall make them spicy enough to insure a hearty rally at each lunch time, remains as yet in total darkness. If I fail in the effort, it will not be the fault of the *orbs*, wherever else the blame may attach. The godlike gift of vision, and the exquisite organ through which it is enjoyed, are themes rather for the pens of angels, dipped in the gorgeous tints of the ocean of light in which the universe is afloat. As Aurora rides in a rose-colored chariot, preceded by the morning star, scattering roses with her lavish hand, why shall we not enjoy the floral feast and honor the eye we see with? In all ages, reflective minds have dwelt in rapture on this the noblest and the best of all our senses. So long as the soul's senses continue to thrill with emotion, as they struggle in sublime bewilderment, after Him who is the source of

all light and joy, that long will its reputed *window* remain an object of admiration and wonder. See it pivoted in its secure bony orbit, sweeping the heavens and drinking in their intoxicating glories, the most marvellous organ, both in its structure and functions, of the whole organism! Mystery of mysteries—so complex in its parts, so far-reaching, and yet so simple and easy of use! He that hath eyes to see, let him see, and let him *look out* lest he undervalue this divine orb and extinguish its "holy light."

"To open our eyes at present is not to have a *simple feeling*; it is, as it were, to have *innumerable feelings*. The *color*, the *magnitude*, the figure, the relative *positions* of bodies are seen by us at once. It is not a small expanse of light which we perceive, equal merely to the surface of the narrow expansion of the optic nerve. It is the universe itself. We are present with the stars, which beam upon us at a distance, that converts to nothing the whole wide diameter of the planetary system. It is as if the tie which binds

us down to the globe in which we dwell, belonged only to our *other* senses, and has no influence over *this*, which even in its union with the body, seems still to retain all the power and unbounded freedom of its celestial origin."

The eyes of animals may be arranged in two great classes. In the simplest form its power is limited to the mere *perception of light*. The lowest and most insignificant creatures, but a step removed from the vegetable kingdom, present, in some instances, what are called eye-dots, composed of a special nerve, whose peripheric extremity is exposed to the action of light through its transparent skin. These merely discern light from darkness. Others, perfectly transparent and without any trace of optic nerve or appearance of eyes, seem to feel the influence of light, some seeking and others shunning it. Whether they are really sensitive to light, or only respond to the rays of heat that are always associated with it, it is impossible to determine.

In higher orders of animals the eye assumes a more *complicated form*, capable not only of taking cognizance of light, but of distinguishing *forms*. This is *vision*. To secure this end, the light issuing from distinct luminous points must be separately perceived. Each nerve-filament must no longer be flooded with light coming from all directions, but only receive that which emanates from a given point in space. To each nerve-fiber, therefore, corresponds a certain field of vision. In proportion as these elementary fields of vision become smaller and more numerous, does the eye become capable of seeing more and more minute parts of the objects around us. At last, in the most perfect form of the organ, each of the elementary fields of vision, which together measure the whole scope of sight, is infinitely small as compared with the total visual field. In turning the eye towards the sky, for instance, the portion of the concave vault, which it takes in at once, is called the field of vision. This surface may be considered as composed of an infinite number

of isolated points, for seeing each one of which a distinct nerve-filament is necessary. In that way the end of each nerve-fiber looks to a given point in space, which it, and it alone, sees. If we look through a long delicate tube towards the sky, perhaps but a single fixed star is visible at one time. Its image is formed in the bottom of the eye on the end of its corresponding nerve-filament. To get, in this way, an idea of the whole blue vault, with its myriads of stars, this little tube must be turned in succession to each separate point. To see the sky in that way would be the work of ages. If, however, an infinite number of these tubes be placed before the eye at once, each will fix its own point, and the whole heavens can be taken in with a moment's glance. Now this arrangement exactly obtains in the compound eyes of insects, as it does essentially in the single eyes of the mammalia, at the head of which stands *man*.

For the study of the wonderful phenomena of vision, a knowledge of the structure of the eye is indispensable. As it is with human vision that we are most interested, I will commence with a short description of the human eye, referring to the peculiarities of the eyes of other animals, as we proceed, by way of comparison. The organ of vision proper, is the spherical ball called the globe of the eye. The accessory parts are muscles to move it, lids to protect, and a lachrymal gland to moisten and keep it in a healthy condition. When we examine the eyeball, there are two parts that fix the attention at once. One is the front clear portion, resembling a watch crystal, called the cornea. Further back, and forming the other four-fifths of the globe, is the *white* of the eye, the sclerotic, the back part of which is imbedded in the socket. According as the lids are more or less widely opened, do we see a greater or smaller portion of the sclerotic. The cornea and sclerotic together form the firm outer tunic of the globe, which preserves its form, gives its resistance, and protects the

delicate internal structures. Posteriorly the sclerotic is continuous with the sheath of the optic nerve, a cord about the size of a crow quill, which connects the eye with the brain. Immediately within the sclerotic coat is a delicate pigment membrane, which performs the part of the black paint in the *camera obscura*, to which the eye may be so aptly compared. This thin membrane, called the choroid coat, is perforated behind by the optic nerve, and is continuous in front with a dark curtain, which leaves the sclerotic where it joins the cornea, and passes perpendicularly through the eye. It forms a septum or *inside curtain*, pierced in the center by a round opening, the *pupil* which, by its varying size, regulates the amount of light admitted to the bottom of the eye. The iris is so called from its resemblance, in color and form, to a *rainbow*, and is so denominated in most languages. The iris is the seat of the great variety of color in different eyes, and is darker or lighter according to the amount of black pigment in its texture. Piercing black, languishing blue, or crocodile gray, poetic as they sound, depend simply upon the heavier or lighter touches of the divine Painter, whose boundless liberality, in one race at least, is not confined to the iris, and has never been appreciated! But I have said the iris has a hole in the center called the *pupil*. It was so named from the diminished image of one's own face, seen in the pupil when one looks closely into another's eye, the Latin *pupilla*, meaning a diminutive child. A popular poet once gave a sentimental turn to this phenomenon in these words:

"Look in my eyes, my blushing fair,
Thou'lt see thyself reflected there,
And as I gaze on thine I see
Two little miniatures of me."

To return to the choroid, I must give a more detailed description of that part which connects with the iris and extends backwards near one-quarter of an inch. The choroid membrane grows

thicker as it nears the iris, and forms a wedged-shaped zone, the thick edge ending in front in sixty or seventy rounded points, which present inwards towards the line of vision and surround the margin of the crystalline lens like a corona. This whole thickened part is called the *ciliary body*, and the points the *ciliary processes*. The most interesting part of this body is a delicate fan-shaped *muscle*, the *ciliary muscle*, which performs the duty of varying the focus of the eye to suit it for distinct vision at different distances. It is the muscle of *accommodation*, and by its action, varies the curvature of the lens. Like all muscles it has its fixed and its movable point or points, or its origin and its insertion. It is fixed to the inner surface of the sclerotic and corneal junction, in a complete circle, and sends its diverging fibers, some backwards to become fixed in the choroid, and some inwards into the thickness of the ciliary body and processes. Attached to the ciliary processes, and passing inwards to the edge of the lens, all round, is a delicate membrane, the suspensory ligament of the lens. From the position of the ciliary muscle, it can act on the shape of the lens, through this connection, by tightening or relaxing the ligament.

The third tunic, from without inwards, and that which constitutes strictly the *visual membrane*, is the *retina*. It is said to be the expansion of the optic nerve, which pierces the sclerotic and choroid behind. It contains, however, an apparatus, additional to the nerve-fibers, for the specific purpose of *perceiving* light. The minute anatomy of the retina is so exquisitely beautiful and so instructive, that I must postpone its description for the present, confining my remarks to the distribution of the retina. It extends from the optic nerve forward, as a delicate, transparent nerve-membrane, to a point in front of the equator of the globe, near one-fourth of an inch back of the base of the cornea. Its distribution is exactly limited to the extent

to which light can reach it through the pupil. Looked at from the front, the retina forms a sort of cup, with its hollow part presenting forwards, ready to receive the rays of light.

The three tunics mentioned, lie in immediate contact one within the other, the sclerotic forming the outer, the choroid the middle, and the retina the inner; the cornea completing the containing tunics anteriorly. Filling the whole interior, and distending the globe, are the so-called humors of the eye. They, like the cornea, are perfectly clear, like the clearest glass, and allow the free passage of light through them to the retina. The back four-fifths of the globe is filled out by a jelly-like fluid, called the vitreous humor, over the convex surface of which the hollow concavity of the retina is expanded. Lodged in a depression, in the anterior central part of the vitreous, is the *crystalline lens*, a double convex body, similar in shape to a sun-glass, of a firmer consistence than the vitreous, and enveloped closely in a clear, thin bag, the *capsule of the lens*. From the margin of the lens, in its entire circumference, which is a smaller circle within the corona of the ciliary processes, proceeds a membranous attachment to those processes. Thus the lens, with its suspensory ligament and the ciliary processes, are so connected that they form a complete septum or partition through the front of the eye, close behind the iris. The space in front of the lens, between it and the transparent cornea, is filled with a liquid, called the *aqueous humor*, from its exact resemblance to water. The iris being bathed on all sides by this liquid, is free to move without friction in the frequent and rapid variations in the size of the pupil. These transparent humors, including the cornea, form a system of lenses (or taken together they are one lens) placed just in front of the retina to collect and concentrate the light upon it. They are termed the *dioptric media* of the eye, because the light passes through them, in virtue of their

great clearness. The cornea, the aqueous, the lens proper, and the vitreous humor constitute a double convex lens, whose principal focus is at its posterior surface, on the concave disc of the retina. By this arrangement a distinct, small image is formed on the retina of any landscape or other object to which the eye is directed. This image makes an impression on the sensitive retina, which is conducted by the fibers of the optic nerve with the velocity of lightning to the brain, where consciousness is enforced, and *we see*.

The annexed cut (Fig. 1) represents

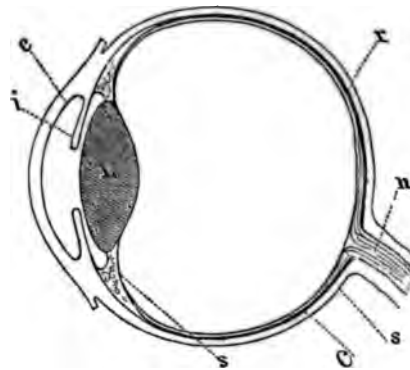


FIG. 1.

a section of the globe, with all its parts in position, as they would appear if the eye were frozen and cut through the center, and the point of entrance of the optic nerve. The *cornea c* is more curved than the rest of the globe, the *iris i* being attached at its base. The *sclerotic s*, extending from *n*, the *optic nerve*, to the base of the cornea, where *s*, the *suspensory ligament*, is seen connecting the ciliary body with *L*, the *crystalline lens*. The *choroid C* is seen as a black line reaching from the optic nerve behind to the suspensory ligament, which holds the lens in position, in front. The thickened anterior part of the choroid, which gives off the suspensory ligament, lodges the *ciliary muscle*. The space between the lens *L* and the cornea *c*, is the *aqueous chamber*, and that large space back of the lens is the *vitreous*

chamber. The *retina* *r* is indicated by the delicate lines just within the choroid, which are continuous with the fibers of the optic nerve *n*. The section of the iris *i* shows the pupil opposite the center of *L*, so that all the light that enters the pupil must necessarily pass through the lens.

The subjoined cut (Fig. 2) will

water, which is very nearly the same in density with the cornea, that organ has very little effect in refracting the light, so it is made flat to diminish its prominence and consequent exposure to injury, and the necessary refraction is made up by the lens, which is a *perfect sphere*, as seen in the cut. The eye of the fish, too, is very large

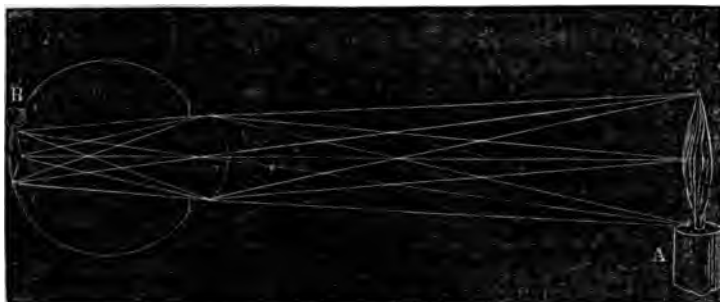


FIG. 2.

illustrate how the image *B* of an object, *A* (as a candle, for instance), is formed by the transparent media, in a reversed position, on the retina.

The modifications of the external form of the globe of the eye, as well as the internal parts in the different classes of animals to adapt them to their peculiar wants and circumstances, is the most interesting study in comparative anatomy. In fish, for example, the eyes are placed so far to the sides of the head that they can not both be directed to the same object at once. Hence they have no *common field* of vision. Now, the two optic nerves in man and other animals, who can fix an object with both eyes at once, meet before passing out of the cavity of the skull, and interchange fibers, some of those from the right side of the brain proceeding to the retina of the left eye, and *vice versa*. In fishes, the nerve-cords approach and *cross* simply, as you would lay one stick across another, without any interchange of fibers. Moreover, in them the globe behind is of regular curvature, while the cornea in front is much *flatter* than in land animals, as seen in Fig. 3. When the fish is in

in proportion to its size, and the deeper it lives in the water the larger the eye in general, so as to collect a sufficient amount of light in the semi-darkness of deep waters. Fish that penetrate to immense depths in the

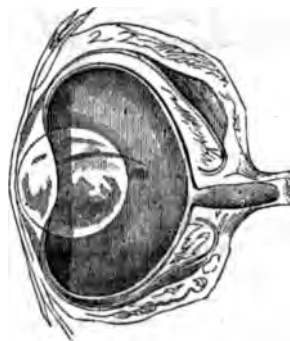


FIG. 3.

ocean have an enormous thickness of sclerotic (in some it reaches an inch and a half in thickness) to resist the great pressure of the water. Fishes have neither eyelids nor tear-glands, as both would be superfluous in the water where they live. They have an ocean of tears *outside*, to moisten their eyes and keep them clean! In the waters of the mammoth cave are found

the celebrated *eyeless* fishes, because eyes are out of place where there is no light.

No creatures, perhaps, enjoy such a range of vision as birds, especially birds of prey. More wonderful still than their scope of sight, is the delicacy and rapidity in the power of adjusting the eye. From the giddy heights of their sublime soaring, they plunge with unerring aim upon their victim on the earth so far below. From the minutest seed, at the end of their beak, they change the focus in the twinkling of an eye for objects at incredible distances. In addition to a much stronger ciliary muscle for acting on the lens, they have a more convex globe in front, and a very pliable cornea. Fig. 4 will show the globular

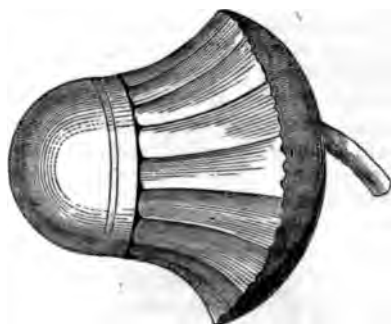


FIG. 4.

form of the sclerotic, and the *drawn out, tubular shape* of the anterior part of the eye. As they change frequently from the most dazzling sunshine to dark and shady places, the iris is endowed with astonishing activity, and the pupil ranges from a very large size in the dark, to a mere speck in the bright light. What a contrast such eyes present to the flat eye of the

fish, and even the spherical, human eye. Fig. 5 shows to good advantage the



FIG. 5.

conical shape of the bird's eye, and the strong development of the muscle of accommodation, as seen connected with the edge of the lens. These are but a few of the wonderful modifications and endowments of the eyes of birds to suit their habits of life. I have given but a *bird's-eye-view* of them, intending to recur to them in a future paper.



FIG. 6.

Finally, I give the cut (Fig. 6) of the eye as it appears in reptiles and other animals that pass part of their time under water. It is a compromise between the flat eye and spherical lens of the fish, and the very prominent cornea, flatter lens, and strong ciliary muscle of birds.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LIFE OF THE PROPHET HOSEA.

BY PROF. W. HENRY GREEN D. D.

PART II.

THE controversy respecting Hosea's marriage is as old as the days of Jerome, and will, perhaps, never be satisfactorily settled. He is said, ch. i, to have married a woman by the name of Gomer, who proved unfaithful to him, and who became the mother of three children. As the conduct of Gomer and Hosea's treatment of her are emblematic of the relation of the Lord to Israel, the question has arisen whether the marriage was merely a parable or whether it was a real one. Could the Lord have required his servant to involve himself in the scandal and dishonor of such a connection? And would not the injury to the reputation and influence of the prophet have been greater than the force thus given to the lesson to be inculcated? Distinguished names are arrayed on both sides, and it might be difficult to say to which the weight of authority inclines. The letter of Scripture is, however, in favor of the strict literality of the occurrence. So is also the stern simplicity of the prophets, and the rank which they accord to the spiritual and the divine above the sensible, and the outward. The former are to them the true realities, the latter its symbols and shadows. When they undertake to make in their own persons a spectacle of the truth to be taught, or the lesson to be conveyed, they do so with inflexible rigor, regardless of the toil it requires or the strange appearance it involves. Isaiah and his children, Isa. viii: 18, were for signs and wonders in Israel. The same prophet did not hesitate to go for three years in address and barefoot as a standing

token of the fate of Egypt. Isa. xx: 3. Jeremiah twice made the journey to the distant Euphrates and back again to point the lesson of the ruined girdle. Jer. xiii: 1, etc. Ezekiel lay bound more than a year upon one side and more than a month on the other, Ezek. iv. 4, etc., to represent the miseries that were coming upon Jerusalem. He dug through the wall of his house and carried out his furniture, Ezek. xii: 3, etc., to indicate the exile of its inhabitants. Hosea would no more refuse to involve himself in a life-long domestic infelicity, if God required it, than Abraham did to sacrifice his son. It was enough to reconcile him to all the unhappiness and the mortification if it made him a fitter instrument for his work, if it made him a truer parable in his own person, if it enabled him to feel more keenly and exhibit more impressively the wrongs which the Lord had suffered from unfaithful Israel, the baseness and shamelessness of their desertion of him, and the marvels of his tenderness and forbearance and of his willingness to forgive and forget the guilty past and receive them once more to his embrace.

Notwithstanding the paucity of incidents preserved from the prophet's life, there are certain traits of character which we can not fail to recognize. Thus he was evidently a man of rare intrepidity and boldness. The rebukes and threatenings, which he freely utters, are of the most fearless and uncompromising character. He deals in the most vigorous and unsparing denunciations of national sins, chastising alike the general corruption and spe-

cific acts of iniquity, the individual crimes of rulers and of the people, and public measures enacted in defiance of the law of God. He scrupled not to attack the iniquitous foundation of the kingdom itself, viii: 4, built as it was upon apostasy and schism, and to contend for the unity of the people and the sole legitimacy of the royal house of David, iii: 5. And this explains the circumstance, which at first sight seems surprising, that Hosea, a native of the kingdom of Israel, residing there and exercising his ministry there, should yet date his prophecies from the monarchs of Judah, i: 1. It was because he considered theirs the only lawful authority; the rival government was a usurpation which had no right to exist, and whose claims he will not admit. Of the six so-called kings of Judah, under whom he prophesied, he names only the first, Jeroboam, the son of Joash, in order to fix more precisely the beginning of his ministry, and thus introduce his explicit prediction of the downfall of the house of Jehu, to which Jeroboam belonged, i; 4.

That Hosea could stand bravely up before the nation and their rulers, with these bold denunciations repeated through two generations, shows his undaunted heroism inspired by the conviction that he was in the right; that what he spoke was at God's bidding, and that God was upon his side. And that he was tolerated for such a length of time with or without molestation, reveals the power of a righteous cause, and proves that the people and their rulers felt in their consciences that he was indeed a messenger of God. It is as though a man in the late rebellion against this government, living in the Southern States, had persistently refused to recognize in any way the lawfulness of the Confederacy, or the authority of its officers, publicly denounced the sin of treason, foretold the speedy fate of the treasonable government, and dated the publications which he issued from the presidency of Abraham Lincoln.

But with all the severity and even sternness which this prophet is obliged to employ, tenderness is a no less marked feature of his character. From the nature of his message less room was given for the display of it, but it is on that account more conspicuous where it does appear. In his most vigorous periods and withering rebukes it is still plain that he speaks the truth in love. He wounds that he may heal, and smites with the view of binding up. The figure with which his book opens, and which underlies many of his harshest denunciations, is an index to the state of his heart. Israel was wedded to the Lord in holy love and has proved unfaithful to her covenant vows. The prophet makes the case his own, and represents the attitude of God to Israel as parallel to his own marriage to the woman who had shamelessly deserted him, but for whom he still yearned with all his early affection and whom he would win back to purity and faithful love. The baseness, the heartlessness, the shameful degradation, the enormity of Israel's sin are thus exhibited. But in all the reproaches and censures and vehement reproofs he utters, there burns a quenchless flame of affection, which is ready to obliterate the whole and receive the erring transgressor back. "I will betroth thee unto me forever," he cries; "yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord."

There is nothing more tender and affectionate in the whole range of prophetic expostulation and promise than the language of Hosea in those few passages, in which the yearnings of his heart are allowed to have vent. They are like the beams of the sun, struggling fitfully through the angry clouds, which they are ineffectual to disperse. They reveal the warmth and genial glow, which lies back of the tempest of judgment, and which only this intercepting medium that sin has interposed, prevents from bursting forth.

in a flood of uninterrupted radiance.

Hosea also presents a singular instance of constancy, persistently maintained amid the most trying circumstances. The field of labor appointed him was the most difficult and least promising that could be selected. He was sent, not to the more hopeful kingdom of Judah, but to the apostate kingdom of Israel. To the former belonged the mass of the truly pious among the chosen people, upon whose countenance and support he might have counted. There was the body of the priests fulfilling in regular course the public service of God. There were pious kings to befriend and aid the prophets of the Lord and the holy cause which they represented. Among the ten tribes, however, it was sadly different. The pious had largely been driven from the kingdom, or had voluntarily forsaken it. The people had been restrained from attendance on the temple at Jerusalem, and the golden calves were set up as the symbols of their national religion, except when these were set aside by the undisguised heathenism of the worship of Baal. The sacred tribe of Levi and the priestly house of Aaron were deposed from their functions, and a base-born hierarchy established in the interest of idolatry. And the kings were uniformly wicked. When not scandalously flagitious, or avowed persecutors, they nevertheless resisted a return to the true service of Jehovah, as destructive of the separate existence of the northern kingdom. There were also periods of anarchy and civil dissension, resulting from the disturbed succession to the throne and frequent regicides, which tended still further not only to the ruin of the state, but to the debasement of public morals, and the multiplication of crimes, of violence, and rapacity, until the very guardians of peace and order, the rulers and the judges, prostituted their functions to ends of oppression and gain. The picture of the times, as shown upon the truthful pages of

Hosea, is gloomy indeed. And yet it was in the midst of this flagrant impiety and iniquity that he was stationed a sentinel of the Lord, not absolutely alone indeed, but with only a few scattered sympathizers and helpers in the entire nation. And here he persevered in warning, exhorting, entreating, instructing through many and weary years of hopeless discouragement and fruitless toil.

The ministry of Hosea is the longest that is recorded in the Old Testament. Throughout this protracted term he continued the messenger of God to that infatuated population. Through every stage of their downward progress he still repeated the messages which they obstinately refused to hear, and renewed the expostulations to which they would not listen, until the ruin of which he had been so long vainly warning them, but which he was through their impotence powerless to prevent, broke in upon them, sealing at once the truth of his predictions and their irrevocable doom.

Hosea is also a notable example of faith. There is something truly marvelous in the power of that faith, which he in common with the rest of the Hebrew prophets exhibits. The impressiveness and moral grandeur of this spectacle are often lost upon us, because we do not image to ourselves distinctly the circumstances in which they were placed. The past crises in the kingdom of God cease to appear such after they have been successfully surmounted; and the anxieties and dismal forebodings which were natural to those who saw the approaching peril, but no earthly means of escape, can not now be reproduced. But if we could for a moment divest ourselves of our knowledge of what has since occurred, and place ourselves in the position of the prophet, we should feel that it was no easy thing to believe as he believed, without wavering or misgiving, and to hold firmly by the sole word of God when sense and reason appeared to combine against it.

The true religion is now established in the convictions of a large part of the civilized world. It numbers its adherents by hundreds of millions. The nations by whom it is acknowledged stand in the foremost rank for power, learning, wealth, and enterprise. And the rapid strides, which it is making towards universality, render it a comparatively easy thing to believe that it is destined to become the religion of the world. But in the days of the prophet the worshipers of Jehovah were limited to the narrow territory of Palestine—a spot scarcely discernible on the map of the earth. All beside was pagan, including the great empires of Egypt and Assyria, which then contested the sovereignty of the world. And more ominous still, this heaven-born religion seemed to be dying out in its ancient seats, and the nation which was its sole guardian and representative was threatened with extinction. Ten tribes were wholly given over to idolatry, which had made sad inroads even in Judah that alone remained nominally faithful. The measures employed to reclaim the transgressing people failed of their effect. Degeneracy was on the increase, and the avenging judgments of God were already at hand. First Israel, then, after a further period of forbearance and of provocation, Judah also was to be driven from the land the Lord had given them, and the land itself made utterly desolate.

Would it have been strange, if even believing hearts then trembled for the cause of God? if a gloom had covered the faithful few like that which settled upon the amazed and agitated disciples when the tomb of Joseph had closed upon the lifeless body of Jesus? "We trusted," they said, as they talked mournfully of the catastrophe which had befallen them, "we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel." Were there none to say in that dark hour, when the foundations of the theocracy were broken up and the chosen people given a prey into the hands of strangers, who de-

filed God's sanctuary and burned the holy city and despoiled the pleasant land, "We trusted that the seed of Abraham should have redeemed the world!"

Hosea foresaw it all with that keen prophetic gaze, by which he was enabled to look down along the vista of the future. He saw the gathering storm of coming wrath. He saw the dark and heavy shades roll over the destiny of Israel, till it was buried from his view. Is all then lost? All that he hoped and prized and prayed for, gone forever? Have Israel and the world sunk forever in an eternal night?

No! no! his trust in the ancient promises and in God's good word of grace, never wavered in all that night of gloom. The judgment must come. Israel must be overwhelmed. "Yet," he declares, i: 10, with unabated confidence, "the number of the children of Israel shall be as the sand of the sea, which can not be measured nor numbered; and it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people, there it shall be said unto them, Ye are the sons of the living God." The judgment, so far from defeating or annulling the promise, is the very means by which it shall be carried into effect. It is by this stern work of righteousness that God will violently cut short the process of deterioration, which no other means can avail to check. The seeming destruction is a necessary antecedent to the future glorious restoration; and all the blissful anticipations cherished from the beginning for Israel, and through them for all mankind, shall meet their complete and triumphant realization.

The liveliness of the prophetic fancy, his love of nature, and his careful observation of surrounding objects, appear from the varied and striking figures, with which his writings abound. Few portions of Scripture are more prolific in illustration or bolder in conception. The book of Hosea will well repay attentive study for the beauty and force of its imagery alone.

He makes his appeal to the dawning day, vi: 3; the rising sun, vi: 5; genial showers and the latter and former rain, vi: 3; the wings of the rushing wind, iv: 19; the parched east wind, the wind from the desert, xiii: 15; the cloud and dew, from whose evanescent character a double similitude is taken; it represents the vanishing promise of good in the people's purposes and lives, vi: 4, and, as a consequence, their own total disappearance before God's desolating judgment, xiii: 3. Then, when the work of judgment was past, God would himself be unto Israel as the dew with its quickening, refreshing influence, xiv: 5. He further finds emblems in flying birds, ix: 11; the migrations of birds of passage xi: 11; the silly, senseless dove running into the toils which are spread for it, vii: 11; the eagle pouncing on its prey, viii: 1, and in wild beasts, the roaring lion, xi: 10, rending, carrying away, v: 14, or devouring; the leopard stealthily watching by frequented paths, the fierce bear bereaved of her whelps, xiii: 7: 8, or the wild ass roving in solitude, viii: 9. He makes use of the green fir tree, xiv: 8; the lily, olive, corn, and vine, xiv: 5-7; wool and flax, ii: 5; nettles, thorns, ix: 6, and thistles, x: 8; grapes in the wilderness, early figs, ix: 10; Mount Lebanon striking deep its roots, xiv: 5; other mountains and hills, x: 8; the desolate wilderness, the dry and barren desert, ii: 3; chaff driven with the whirlwind, smoke out of the chimney, xiii: 3; the blazing oven, vii: 7; foam or a chip on dashing waves, x: 7; water poured out in profusion, v: 10; the moth and rottenness, v: 12; a worthless vessel tossed carelessly about, viii: 8; a cake not turned and spoiled in the baking, vii: 8; a disgraced and faithless wife driven out from her husband's house, ix: 15; a plant whose root is dried, ix: 16, or planted by a fountain and the very fountain dried, xiii: 15; the door of hope, ii: 15; the child learning to walk, xi: 3, and the hoary hairs of age, vii: 9.

Images are drawn from revellers, iv: 18; vii: 5; highway robbers, vi: 9; vii: 1, and other transgressors; also from the various occupations, such as the merchant, xii: 7, with his balances of fraud and his oppression—the original term implying that the operations of trade were chiefly carried on, not by native Israelites, but by foreigners, the Canaanites or Phenicians; the baker, vii: 4; the physician with his medicines and bandages, v: 13; vi: 1; xi: 3; the fowler capturing birds in his snare, ix: 8, or his net, or bringing them down by shooting them on the wing, vii: 12; the hunter with his traps and toils in the forests or on the mountains, v: 1; the stone-cutter, or wood-chopper, vi: 5; the shepherd with his rich pasture, xiii: 6, or whose lamb escaped from the fold is feeding in an exposed place, iv: 16; the implements of warfare, the bow, i: 7; ii: 18; sword, xi: 6; the trumpet, viii: 1; the cornet, v: 8; horses, xiv: 3, and horsemen. Special prominence, however, as was natural in an agricultural community, is given to the operations of husbandry, e. g. breaking up the fallow ground, ploughing, harrowing, sowing, reaping, threshing by heifers treading out the grain, x: 11: 13; winnowing, xiii: the oxen unyoked and fed, xi: 4; the refractory heifer unsubmissive to the yoke, iv: 16; the wine-press with its gushing, ix: 2, and intoxicating product, iv: 11; the unfruitful vine, x: 1; the harvest of judgment, vi: 11; the weeds springing up in furrows of the field, x: 4. The profitless and ruinous character of transgression is thus strikingly described by figures drawn from agriculture, viii: 7: "They have sown the wind and they shall reap the whirlwind: it hath no stalk: the bud shall yield no meal: if so be it yield, the strangers shall swallow it up." On the other hand, the blessings that await an obedient people are represented by a covenant, made on their behalf, with all that could damage the crop that it shall not harm them, ii: 18; while the corn, the wine, and the oil entreat the earth to put forth its

productive power; and the listening earth entreats the heavens to shed down their quickening influences; and the answering heavens entreat the Lord to make them channels of his almighty blessing, and all combine to do God's faithful and beloved people good, ii: 21, 22.

One fact of great interest and importance, which we learn from the incidental allusions in Hosea, concerns the religious and civil usages of the ten tribes. It appears that the regulations of the Pentateuch continued to be observed among them through all their apostasy. Its laws of sacrifice, its festivals, its prescriptions relating to these and other matters even in minute particulars were still adhered to, and the very terms and phrases technically employed in the books of Moses continued to be current. They did not abolish the old ritual and adopt a new one when they gave themselves to the worship of the golden calves. But all the rites and usages to which the people had been accustomed, and which they revered, were retained, only perverted to an idolatrous service, only those changes being made which the necessities of the idolatry required.

Thus, it seems, ii: 11; ix: 5, that the annual feasts, new moons, Sabbaths and festive assemblies were observed, and all kept their proper legal names. In xii: 9, specific mention is made of the feast of tabernacles. Jeroboam had changed the place of celebration, and in one instance at least the time, 1 Kings xii: 27, etc., but had not ventured to abolish the things themselves. And not only were the sacred seasons retained but the sacred actions, likewise the offerings, viii: 13; the drink-offerings, ix: 4, and the sin-offering, iv: 8, with the specific regulation that it must be eaten by the priest. According to the law, Deut. xvii: 8-13, the priest was the ultimate arbiter of questions in dispute, and to resist his decision was a capital offence; the existence of this regulation is implied, Hos. iv: 4, where "striving with the priest" is spoken of as the last degree

of contumacy. The laws of ceremonial purity were observed, as appears from ix: 4, which alludes to the defilement produced by contact with the dead. That the law of the unity of the sanctuary though violated, was well known and its obligation acknowledged, appears from iv: 13; viii: 11; xii: 11, where the prophet denounces the multiplication of altars as a sin. To any mind not instructed in the requirements of the Mosaic code the erection of numerous altars would have seemed to be a commendable act of devotion. The prophet besides makes the express statement that all these prescriptions were embodied in a written law, and this of great compass and extent: "I have written to him the *great things* (Heb. *multitudes* or *myriad*) of my law," viii: 12. And that this written law, with its myriad enactments, contained regulations about sacrifices is plain from the connection in which this verse stands. The drift of this passage is the following: Ephraim has sinned in multiplying altars, and this in spite of the ten thousand statutes of the written law which I gave him, but which he has disregarded; consequently his sacrifices so offered are but as so much flesh slain for ordinary food. The Lord does not accept them as possessing any sacrificial virtue.

Other specific regulations are also referred to as subsisting in full force, e. g. v: 10; the prohibition of removing landmarks, x: 11; "the fat heifer that loves to tread out the corn" is an allusion to Deut. xxv: 4, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." So xiv: 3, alludes to God as the special patron of the fatherless. Ex. xxii: 22, 23.

It is very remarkable likewise that their places of idolatrous worship were not arbitrarily selected, nor chosen simply from motives of convenience, but had in every case been made sacred by cherished associations of ancient date. Thus Bethel, the principal seat of their idolatry, was the place where God had at three different times appeared to Jacob and spoken to him; and it re-

ceived from this fact its significant name, "house of God." The prophet refuses to call it by this honored title, but calls it instead "Beth-aven," *house of wickedness*, iv: 15. He mentions besides, xii: 11, Gilead and Gilgal as places of idolatrous worship—Gilead, where the heap of witness was erected by Jacob and Laban, Gen. xxxi: 48; and Gilgal, where was the heap of stones taken from the dry bed of the Jordan, Josh. iv: 20. To these heaps the prophet alludes in this same verse, when he adds "their altars are as heaps in the furrows of the fields." These places were named from heaps erected there by their pious ancestors; heaps abound there still, but of a very different nature.

This confessed authority of the Pentateuch, from whose binding force the ten tribes were unable to emancipate themselves in spite of their open and willful violation of its commands; this tenacity of customs introduced by the laws of Moses, which clung to them in spite of every attempt at their subversion, so that their very idolatry was but a mimicry of God's true worship; this familiarity with the language and ideas of the Mosaic writings, so that a simple allusion was sufficient to convey the prophet's meaning, which but for the illustration afforded by the Pentateuch would sometimes be quite obscure—all this is certainly very remarkable. And we may add, it is very difficult to be accounted for on any other hypothesis than that of the Mosaic origin and the divine authority of the Pentateuch.

The legends respecting Hosea are utterly frivolous and unreliable. Conflicting traditions represent him as born in Belemoth, or Belemoth, or Bethshemeth, in the tribe of Issachar. The Talmud gives the following story in relation to his marriage: When Israel sinned, Hosea instead of entreating the mercy of God on their behalf as the children of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, besought the Ruler of the world to transfer his regard to another people.

The Lord in consequence directed Hosea to take an unworthy wife; and when two sons and a daughter had been born to him, he bid him separate from them. As Hosea's love for his children would not suffer him to do this, the Lord replied: How then can I put away Israel, my children?

The following miracle is ascribed to him: He predicted that the Lord would descend from heaven to earth, and gave as the sign of his appearing that the oak in Shiloh should of its own accord split into twelve and form twelve oaks; which it is declared took place accordingly.

On the ground of a fanciful combination of Hos. xiv: 9, with Rev. v: 2, the opinion has been gravely propounded that Hosea was the strong angel spoken of in the latter passage.

The Talmud relates the following respecting his death and burial: The decease of Hosea took place in Babylon. Before he died he directed that he should be buried in the land of Israel. And the distance being so great, he gave injunction that his body should immediately after death be put in a coffin and tied upon the back of a camel, which should then be loosed and suffered to go wherever it pleased; and that where the camel stopped he should be interred. This was consequently done, and the camel brought his burden safely to the burying ground of the town of Zapheth in upper Galilee. The residents perceiving from the inscription on the coffin that it contained the body of the prophet Hosea, gave it an honorable burial.

The Greek fathers say that he died at an advanced age in his own country, within the bounds of Issachar, and was buried there in peace. Arab writers speak of his remains as reposing under a costly marble monument in a cave near the Syrian town of Almenia, one or two miles distant from Tripoli. And to complete the confusion, his tomb was pointed out to Burckardt east of the Jordan near the site of Ramoth-Gilead.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE LEGEND OF THE CANNON MOUNTAIN.

A STORY OF THE FAR-AWAY TIME.

BY N. M. COLLES.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

THE WAR.

THE next afternoon proved to be as beautiful as the day before. The children were out on the lawn in front of the house. With their mallets and balls they were busy playing croquet. It was easy to see, however, that the game was dragging. None of them had much interest in it, though usually it was quite an exciting play to them. The fact is, Grandfather Loring's story had broken off, just where they didn't want it to. And they could do nothing else until they had heard the remainder of it.

So soon, therefore, as the shadows began to creep down into the narrow valley, and the old man was seen limping off to the rustic seat, away went the mallets and balls, and, like a little flock of birds, the children—boys and girls together—almost flew down the shaded road. But it did no good; they had to wait a good while, after all, for their dear old grandfather. He used to be as active as any of them; but old age stiffens up our bones, and we have to go more slowly.

However, the time passed at length, and they were all nestled together around the old patriarch. Above them was the great Stone Face, and almost at their feet the Profile lake. Every one

was as still as a mouse, waiting for Mr. Loring to begin the story of the far-away time.

"Of course," said the gentle old man, "I can't tell you the story exactly as the learned stranger read it to the company of pioneers that night. Only a little portion of the roll was copied. And the man who read it left the neighborhood in a few days, and so earnestly desired to obtain possession of the parchment that grandfather gave it to him. This he did more freely, as no one else could read it. That first reading of it, too, had made such a deep impression that no one was ever likely to forget it. So I must tell you the story, just as I remember it, in my own language. Nor can I say that the story is true. We often used to talk about that. I believe the majority of us came to the conclusion that it was only a clever way of telling how there came to be mountains all around us. However, the story of the curious parchment was something like this:

"In the times long ago there lived on the plain, which then stretched over this country, a gentle and lovely race of beings. They were human beings like ourselves, but much smaller in stature than we are. Indeed, to our eyes I suppose they would have seemed more like children. But they were evidently very

bright, intelligent little folks. They had a name which the learned stranger could not exactly make out. It appeared to mean Peaceful, or, perhaps, Little People more nearly than any thing else; so we'll call them by one or the other of these names.

"Well, these Peaceful People, as we might suppose, were very affectionate in their dispositions. Any thing like war, or strife, or tumult, was altogether unknown among them. They loved to cultivate the ground. Every family had its little farm, or, if they lived in a village, town, or city, as many did, they had each a house and large lot. One singular thing about them was their love for flowers. Every body loved them and cultivated them. Indeed, it was a perfect passion with them. They planted flowers and vines around their little houses, and trained them to run all over the structures, so that every dwelling seemed to be a little bower of fragrant bloom. And, as it was then summer all the year round, they had flowers always. The whole country, too, seemed to be like a bed of flowers. Instead of our unsightly fences, they would divide and border their fields with different colored flowers that grew upon tall stems. It was the real Florida—the land of flowers.

"The Peaceful People had a king, or prince, as they called him, whose name was Coronillus. He was a noble-looking ruler, like Saul among his people, a head taller than all the rest. He was brave and strong, and in the prime of life. And he was full of noble qualities of mind and heart. He was greatly beloved by his people, who thought there never was such a prince as Coronillus. His wife's name was Tiarella. The princess was a marvelous beauty. She was as gentle and loving in spirit, too, as she was graceful in body. I remember hearing it said that quite a space on the roll was used to describe Princess Tiarella's attractions; but you couldn't expect an old man like me to remember it all.

Beauty is a gift of God, and is to be used and acknowledged as such. But beauty of the soul is best. And this is what I recall with greatest pleasure about Tiarella—she was lovely in spirit.

"It would take too long to describe all the members of the prince's household. I must not forget to mention, however, the young Prince Idoneas. He was a worthy son of a noble father. Then there was the young Princess Uniola, a daughter who seemed so much like her mother that many could not tell them apart. Besides these, there was old Ixia—the dear old faithful servant, and almost inseparable companion, of the Princess Tiarella. There were also the maids of honor, Gillenia and Melica. Gillenia was full of sport, and was always laughing at somebody or something.

"At the time of which the story of the far-away time speaks, there were visiting the young Princess Uniola three cousins, daughters of the King of the West. Their names were Mimosa, Galia, and Cupressa. They were an interesting trio, but quite unlike each other. Mimosa was a great mimic, and was constantly making fun for her companions. She and Gillenia, therefore, were naturally much together. Galia was distinguished by the marvelous whiteness of her complexion; while Cupressa, always dressed in black, seemed to be the picture of despondency and sorrow.

"The Prince Coronillus, with his lovely family, lived in a beautiful stone palace, near the capital of his dominions. Like the city itself, it seemed to be embosomed in flowers. The extensive grounds of the palace sloped off to the edge of a lake. On the shores of this lake, as it stretched away in the distance, were many towns and villages of his people. They were very happy in their little homes, and in the love of their noble prince and princess.

"But alas! days of sorrow, such as they had never known before, were coming upon the whole kingdom. It hap-

pened, one beautiful day, that some of the Peaceful People were standing on the sea-shore. They beheld, to their surprise, great ships approaching the land. They waited in terror to see what happened next. But they did not wait very long. Soon there sprang upon the shore a monster king. He was a giant in size, and had two faces on his head. He was terrible on account of this, and could see in every direction at once. He brandished a huge war-club, and, with one tremendous shout, frightened the little folks so that they all turned and fled. It was Zigadene, the King of the Warlike Giants. He had come over the sea to make war upon the Peaceful People. He was followed by a host of mighty warriors. His forces were marshalled in five divisions. These were commanded by generals only less ferocious than himself. The old parchment only gave their names—it did not describe them much. They were Daucus, Lupine, Rubus, Leontodon, and Tagetes—hard names they are, all of them. But we shall not have as much to do with them, as the Peaceful People had with the giants to whom they belonged.

"The Warlike Giants had the advantage of the Little People in every way, except in numbers. They were men of amazing strength. War was their constant delight, and they were very wicked; there was nothing noble or good about them. So they soon overran the land, and destroyed the beautiful flower-covered cities, until the hearts of the Peaceful People were very heavy. They were about to give up the contest; but Coronillus went every-where among his people, animating them with his own lofty courage. In this way they prolonged the war many years. They became quite skillful, also, in the invention and use of arms. By this means, and by their great numbers, they kept their enemies in check in many places.

"But Zigadene was slowly approaching the capital. Every day, too, he was

getting more and more enraged because Coronillus was so successful in keeping him back. After getting into the neighborhood of the capital city, the giant king stopped in his march, and built a monster castle. Nobody knew how large it was; and but one person could go through its vast underground passages. That person was Cameline. He was the king's body-servant. He was distinguished from his race by his small size. He was a dwarf, even smaller than the Peaceful People.

"The war went on for long years. The Peaceful People could not fight hand to hand with the Warlike Giants, because they were so small. But one of their number invented a curious and destructive engine. From the description given in the parchment, the learned stranger thought it was like our cannon. With these engines, throwing heavy stones, they could injure their giant enemies a great deal. Some of the giants were killed. But many more of the Little People lost their lives; while some of them were taken prisoners. Among the latter was Idoneas, the young prince. It was a terrible blow to his father and mother. For many months they mourned over it. It made them cling closer to their little household, especially to Uniola, the princess.

"But the days of trouble were just begun. Zigadene sent out some forces to attack the city of Flowers. He himself remained behind to finish a more awful destruction, before leaving the castle. The army entered the city, driving every one before it. It was a sorrowful morning. After a long day of hard fighting, the Little People were defeated and compelled to flee. Last of all, Coronillus hastily embarked his family to cross the lake. One boat was not enough to hold all of them. Mimosa, Gillenia, and Cupressa therefore followed in a second boat. To add to their trials, a heavy storm came on, and the lake was lashed with its fury. The prince, in

the darkness, was rowing to the shore, when, with terrible distinctness, a horri-
fying shriek rose above the noise of the
tempest. It was Cupressa's voice, and
told too plainly their fate. Their boat
had capsized, and they speedily found a
grave in the waters. It was impossible
to help them in that awful storm. After
several vain attempts to reach them, the
noble prince was driven by the winds
and waves upon the shore. The boat
was broken to pieces, but they escaped.
Leaving Tiarella and Uniola with their
companions, the prince hastened to seek
for them some shelter. He found it, and
returned in a little while. But alas! his
darling wife and daughter were gone.
The giants had reached the shore just
after he had left them. They recognized
their royal prisoners, and speedily carried
them off. Now the noble prince's cup
was full.

"Not so the cup of bitterness for his
beloved country. We left Zigadene in
his castle. We might be sure the giant
king meant dreadful mischief, or he
would not have remained out of the
battle. What he was doing the old roll
tells us. Soon after sending off his
army, he called his faithful servant and
gave him a secret message. Cameline
turned deadly pale, but he knew his
master too well to hesitate. He left the
monster's presence, and entered the
room where the prisoners were confined.
They were all asleep from weariness,
except Idoneas. The dwarf went up to
a side of the room, built apparently
of vast stones, and, striking a light, set
fire to a brazier of coals. Then, as slyly
as possible, he took from his pocket
some powder and threw it on the fire.
In a moment the room was full of smoke.
When it cleared away a little, the dwarf
was gone. He had not been quick
enough, however, to escape the eyes
of the young prince. He saw the move-
ment, and, jumping to the wall, touched
the spring which he had just discovered.
Obedient to his touch, the massive stone

rolled back, and Idoneas found himself
in a long, dark corridor. He hurried
on, miles upon miles; and soon, as he
expected, he met the dwarf returning
from his dreadful work. In an instant
he grappled with him. What would
have been the result of that underground
fight no one can tell, for just then the
train which the dwarf had lighted, by
the command of Zigadene, reached the
long magazine. A terrific explosion
followed, extending underneath the
whole country for hundreds of miles.
The beautiful plain of the Peaceful
Kingdom was no more. Great mount-
ains rose on every hand, and vast chasms
were made, many of which remain to
this day; and of the beautiful lake
many smaller ones were formed. The
dwarf was blown to atoms, as the king
and he himself expected he would be;
but, by a merciful providence, the young
prince was thrown down, half-dead, at
the very feet of his father. He finally
recovered, and lived to marry the white-
faced Galia, and to succeed Prince Coro-
nillus on the throne of the Peaceful
Kingdom.

"The great earthquake and its awful
destruction broke the spirit of the
Peaceful People, and many of them gave
up the war. Coronillus was not one
of them, however. He was brave and
patriotic, and was resolved to give the
giant Zigadene no rest until he had
obtained again his Princess Tiarella and
his kingdom. But, with the general
discouragement of his people, he could
do nothing. Zigadene did not think it
necessary to pay much attention to him,
except to try to capture him. This he
never could do, though his soldiers
made repeated and desperate efforts to
do so.

"After the war was over, and the peo-
ple generally subdued, Zigadene called a
council of his generals to consider what
should be done to keep the Little People
in subjection. They finally decided to
make a great Stone Face on the side

of the mountain, to be a perpetual fright to the little folks, reminding them of their bondage to the Warlike Giants. They did so; and the 'Old Man of the Mountain' remains to this day."

And, with these words, grandfather pointed the children to the giant Profile just above them.*

*Mr. Loring is of course aware that Mr. Hawthorne has given another account of the origin of the Great Stone Face; but we presume he felt compelled to follow the story of the old parchment.—N. M. C.

While they were looking at the strange pile of rock, and wondering if the giants did really make the big face, a sudden clap of thunder startled them all, and the threatening rain hurried them to the house. Mr. Loring was particularly fearful of getting wet; and the children could hardly avoid the impression that the little dwarf was at work under the ground again, and that they would soon see another terrible upheaving of the mountains.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BATTLES OF ENGLISH HISTORY. No. I.

BY "ROUND O."

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

A. D. 1066.

FROM the invasion of the island of Great Britain by the Romans under Julius Cæsar, fifty-five years before Christ, until the year 1066 A. D., although England changed masters many times, and the land was often devastated by fire and sword, there occurred no one great, decisive battle. Even the contests with the Danes, during the reign of Alfred, the greatest Saxon monarch, were composed rather of series of skirmishes than of engagements, any single one of which would properly be included in such a series as the one which this paper opens. The barbarous and semi-barbarous tribes who, one after another, had obtained supremacy in the sea-girt island, had but faint ideas of the marshaling of troops in any thing like military precision.

It remained for a son of France to demonstrate the power of discipline and order, even when opposed by equal valor and enthusiasm. France was, at this time, divided into many principalities and dukedoms, held, indeed, as fiefs, under the crown, but sometimes

larger, and generally wealthier, than the royal domains. Of these, Normandy, in the northern part, was one of the greatest, and of all the Dukes of Normandy, none was so mighty as the one whom we know best as William, the Conqueror of England. For years before he consummated his plans, he had his eye upon the English crown. During the reign of Edward the Confessor, he tried, by every artifice and stratagem, to secure the succession to himself; and dreading most the rivalry of Harold, son of Earl Godwin, he embraced a favorable opportunity for extorting oaths of friendship and allegiance from him—making them more binding, according to the ignorance and superstition of the times, by secretly placing beneath the altar above which the oath was made some bones of martyred saints.

Even this precaution, however, failed to make his path to the throne an easy one. Harold satisfied his conscience, or his fear of the judgment of heaven, by declaring that his vows had been extorted by force, and, upon

the death of Edward, he accomplished his coronation with as little disturbance as would now attend the accession of the Prince of Wales, the legitimate heir to the crown. For it was many, many years—nay, centuries—before hereditary succession was secured; and if an usurper could but ingratiate himself with the people, he had but little to fear from their interference. William of Normandy, however, was not the man to be thus thwarted; he knew that Edward had desired to have him fill his place, and that irresolution and physical weakness had alone prevented this plan from being developed. Accordingly, he lost no time in summoning Harold to resign the scepter, and make reparation to him for his treachery.

He was fully prepared for Harold's indignant refusal to accede to his demands, and, overlooking all obstacles, began at once his preparations for his great invasion. The last fifty years of England's history had been peaceful ones—they had no disciplined army, nor fortified towns. Harold, though a brave nobleman, could boast of no blood-royal which would secure his title, while his own soldiers, William argued, with the sea behind them, and a valiant army before, must needs fight desperately; it was not too much, therefore, to hope for an easy victory. He had no difficulty in finding recruits—a military spirit had possession of the age. Battles were fought for the sake of plunder, not of principle; where there was promise of rich booty, there were sure to be plenty to divide the spoil; and William, having raised his standard, found it an easy matter to fill his ranks, and was even obliged to choose the ablest out of a host of men more numerous than his demands.

Powerful allies were not wanting him. The Emperor of Germany encouraged his vassals to join him; the Counts of Anjou and of Flanders assisted him; France was too much enervated to interfere, even in what bade fair to increase the power of a

subject; and, to put a crowning stroke to the good fortune which seemed to follow him, the Pope, indignant at England's boasted independence of the Court of Rome, denounced Harold as an usurper, honored William with his blessing, and, furthermore, sent him a consecrated banner, and a ring, containing one of the Apostle Peter's hairs! What wonder that, armed with *this* mighty weapon, the duke set boldly forth? When all was ready, William was at the head of three thousand vessels, and some sixty thousand men; and among these men were numbered the flowers of many a noble family. In the summer of 1066, they embarked, but were detained for weeks by contrary winds, during which wearisome delay William showed his good generalship by maintaining order and keeping his fleet well-provisioned; and before very long they were coasting along toward the little port of St. Valori.

They lost some vessels in this passage, however, and again met with unpropitious winds, so that the army began to fear that not even the Pope's benediction was sufficient to preserve them. A superstitious dread of imaginary dangers had more effect upon the soldiers and sailors of those days, than any actual perils they might encounter, and the duke, controlled by the spirit of the times, ordered a procession to be made with the relics of St. Valori, and prayers to be offered for a change of weather. The wind shifting instantly, the soldiers were as quickly elated as they had been depressed, and they disembarked on the English coast at Pevensey, in Sussex, without further adventure. William did, indeed, stumble as he landed, but he had the ready tact to construe this into a good omen, by exclaiming that thus he had taken possession of the land.

Harold, in the meantime, had not been idle, but he had been called to the northern part of the island by an attack of

the Norwegians. Having repelled them with great success, though with considerable loss, he was summoned to meet his new foe, and by quick marches, pausing only to collect reinforcements at London, he approached the camp of the Normans, which had been established at Hastings. His brother Gurth, with foresight of which Harold would have done well to take advantage, urged the king not to adventure all upon a single battle, or, at least, to resign the command to some one who could oppose William without perjury. But Harold would not be advised.

The night of the thirteenth of October came, and was passed very differently in the two camps. That of the English was a scene of carousal and disorder, while the French gave themselves up to solemn prayers and vows, and exercises of religion. In the morning, the duke opened the conflict, after an inspiring address to his men, in which he urged them, by every motive, to fight to the utmost of their abilities, reminding them that, if they turned their backs upon their foes, the sea would oppose itself to their retreat; and certain death would be added to their ignominy. Then, having divided his army into three lines, he gave the battle signal, and the troops advanced, singing the famous battle song of Roland, peer of Charlemagne.

Harold had posted himself upon rising ground, and thus was able to repel the first attack of the Normans, and, indeed, to maintain his position for a considerable time. At length, however, William succeeded, by stratagem, in enticing the enemy from their hill, and so contrived to surround them; and, although they afterward regained the position, their ranks were broken, and they were overwhelmed. Harold was mortally

wounded, an arrow penetrating his eye. William had three horses killed under him. The battle lasted from sunrise till sunset of the fourteenth of October, and resulted in the death of nearly fifteen thousand Normans, and a still greater number of English. Harold's body was, by William's order, restored to his mother without ransom. The Norman army solemnly returned thanks to God before leaving the field, and then pursued their advantage "against the divided, dismayed, and discomfited English." Bereft of their leader, the latter speedily succumbed, and, on Christmas day, William, Duke of Normandy, was crowned William I, King of England. With him came in a host of Norman names, customs, manners, and words, which have not yet ceased to wield a power over the English, and over ourselves, their descendants.

To commemorate his victory, William erected a new convent near Hastings, where he ordered masses said for Harold's soul and his own, and which was known for centuries as the Battle Abbey; indeed, it still remains, though now only an ivy-covered ruin. Matilda, his queen, added her memorial, in a marvelous piece of tapestry, two hundred and ten feet long, and twenty inches broad, divided into seventy-two compartments, each one representing some incident of the battle, or the Conquest. It is valuable as a piece of exquisite needlework, as well as from its historical associations, and, having narrowly escaped destruction during the French revolution, may still be seen in the ancient episcopal palace, now the Hotel de Ville, in Bayeux, France, Matilda having placed it there during the bishopric of her brother Odo. May it also survive the present upturning of "sunny France."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FROST ELF;

WHAT LENNY SAW ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY E. W. KEITH.

POOR little Lenny had been very sick. All through the long golden autumn days, and through the November frosts, he lay upon his little bed, struggling for life against the fierce fever that consumed him. Grandmamma came to nurse him, and, thanks to the blessing of our Heavenly Father upon her kind care, the little boy grew better, and, though still very pale and weak, he was gaining strength every day. It had been a weary time for Lenny, especially since he began to get better, for his head and eyes were so weak that the room was kept almost dark, and he had no amusement but to watch the straggling rays of light that poured through the closed blinds, and try to imagine to himself how it looked outside.

It was New Year's morning, and, for the first time since his illness, Lenny had been taken in papa's arms, and carried down into the library.

"Not on the sofa, papa," begged he; "I can not see any thing there. Please put me in the large chair in the bay window."

Papa demurred a little at first, on account of the cold, but at length Lenny was wrapped in shawls, and pillowed up in the great arm-chair, to amuse himself by looking out at the window, while papa went to pay some visits, and grandmamma looked after the New Year's dinner.

This bay window was one of Lenny's favorite spots. There was a beautiful view from it of the broad lawn in front, with its flower-beds, and the green fields sloping down to the river. Lenny had

lost his mother when he was a very little boy, and for this reason he had been more alone than most children; and many a lonely hour had he dreamed away in this window, watching the clouds, and the wind in the tree-tops, and the little brown squirrels that ran up and down so fearlessly. Now it was a beautiful scene, indeed, that met his eyes. There had been a sleet-storm the night before, and every tiny tree-twigg and grass-blade was clothed in a gleaming sheath of ice. The trees glittered against the deep-blue sky, as if daintily carved in crystal by fairy hands; the broad river was sheeted in ice, and, where the sunlight fell on the distant forests, it seemed as if their boughs were hung with all the gems of Sinbad's diamond valley. Lenny gazed, and gazed, until his eyes were dazzled and weary; then he watched the strangely beautiful shapes which the frost-work was forming on the window.

Some of them seemed to him like drooping fern-leaves, bound together by tangled, graceful vines; there were ruined pillars wreathed with ivy, and, elsewhere, what looked like an ancient forest, with a quiet river winding through. At last he shut his eyes, and tried to recall how the landscape looked when he last saw it. He remembered so well the very afternoon before he was taken sick, when he and his little sister had sat for hours in that window, watching an old robin, who was teaching her little ones to fly. Then the flower-beds in the smooth, green lawn were one blaze of scarlet blossoms; great, gorgeous butterflies went wavering by on their broad,

lazy wings, and the soft, fragrant air was filled with the hum of insects and the warbling of birds.

"The life is all gone," said Lenny, sadly, to himself; "the trees, and birds, and butterflies are all dead, and the white snow and ice are like a shroud over every thing."

As he spoke, close beside him sounded a merry "Ha! ha! ha!"—a little, clear, ringing laugh, like the tinkling of a silver bell.

Lenny started up and looked eagerly around him. Nobody was to be seen; yet he had certainly heard the laugh—and there it was again. Again he looked, and directly before him, working away at the frost pictures on the window-pane, was a tiny, grotesque figure, so very small and unsubstantial-looking that he might have been made of frost-work himself. He worked on busily, without turning his head; and then Lenny saw what he wondered he had not noticed before—that all the air close by the windows was filled with tiny floating particles of frost, and with these the strange little visitor was building up his fairy structures, as a mosaic painter constructs his pictures with tiny bits of colored stone. Only there was no difficulty about fitting these marvelous little crystals to their places; the workman seemed to know by instinct which one to select, gave it a dexterous little pat, and the work went on with wonderful celerity.

"Ha! ha! ha!" again laughed this remarkable apparition.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded Lenny, pinching himself to find out whether he were awake or asleep.

"At you," responded the wee elf, curtly, stepping back and cocking his head on one side, to get a better view of his work.

"I don't see any thing to laugh at,"

Lenny, rather nettled at being ridi-

by a tiny creature like this, whom

ould have crushed with one finger.

uch a ridiculous speech," answered

the sprite. "All dead, indeed! So much for your stupid human eyes, that always think there is nothing to be seen, because they can not see it!"

"Well, I see you," said Lenny, "and that is more than I ever did before. Have you been here all the morning?"

"All the morning and all night," rejoined the elf. "Do you not see all the beautiful things I have done? Talk of your human doings! There is more wisdom and beauty in these overlooked frost-crystals, than all the wisest heads among you can understand or appreciate."

"But who are you?" asked Lenny, "and what are you doing here?"

"I am one of the Frost elves," rejoined the stranger; "and it is my business, and that of my brethren, to bind fast the wandering particles of vapor in what you call snow and ice, that thus they may fulfill their part in the wonders of being. The fire has also its elves, whose aim is always to undo what we have done, and to loose the bonds which we have fastened. Yonder you may see their work."

He pointed to a window near the fire; and, as Lenny turned his head, he saw, with surprise, that all the windows were filled with little beings like his new friend, each working away for dear life at his own pictures; and, in the window to which the elf pointed, a fierce struggle was going on between the little workmen and a crowd of other elves, like them in form, but light and glowing, instead of white and frosty, in their appearance.

Each little drop of vapor, floating in the air, became a bone of contention between the two parties. Now and then the frost elves would succeed in wresting some from the hands of their foes; but, as the blaze streamed more brightly up the chimney, hosts of new allies came to the aid of the fire spirits, until, finally, they succeeded in carrying off almost all the drops, leaving the window-panes quite clear.

"Do you want to see more?" demanded the sprite, recalling Lenny's attention. "If you do, look out at the window."

Lenny did look, and fairly screamed with delight at what he saw. The whole icy covering of nature seemed for him transformed into a magic lens, through which he could clearly see all the wonderful activities at work beneath.

The tree-trunks were transparent to him; he could see the net-work of veins and vessels extending from the roots to the very topmost twigs, through which the nourishing sap flowed; he could see the tender leaflets of the buds, already partly developed, and wrapped closely in their warm, blanket-like coverings, that they might be kept safely from the cold. Below the dead grass, on the surface of the lawn, were millions of rootlets, quiet just now, but intensely alive; and in the wheat fields the grains lay, each snugly tucked away, undergoing within itself the wonderful changes that should fit it to come forth, green and beautiful, in the spring.

Under the ground, in the crevices of the bark, and hanging to twigs and stones,

were thousands of insects in different stages of development; but each with the warm germ of life within it, only biding its time to appear. Through the thick ice, he could see the fish swimming in the water below; and in their holes, at the roots of the trees, were the squirrels and field-mice, snug and warm, living on what they had providentially laid up in the autumn.

"Well," said the elf, "do you see any life?"

"How wonderful it all is!" said Lenny, slowly, drawing a long breath. "And is it really all so, always?"

"Always," said the elf. "If you could but see it, every thing around you is full of incessant life and activity—never hasting, never resting, doing always its Creator's will."

Just then, the kitchen door slammed; the elf hopped quickly from the window-seat, and grandma entered with a bowl of beef tea.

"O grandmamma," said Lenny, "I almost think I have been asleep! but I am certain I did see it all."

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY M. F.

DEAR Father, who art every-where,
Please teach thy little child to pray
For the things which most she needs,
And to be kept from evil deeds.

Give me a heart, for Jesus' sake,
That's free from thoughts that I should hate;
And may my playmates ever find
That I am loving, true, and kind.

Oh, make my life a useful one,
Like that of Christ, thine own sweet Son;
Bless, too, the friends to me so dear,
And keep them to thyself most near.

Now guide me safely through the day,
Lest from thy side thy lamb should stray,
And in the dark, lone hours of night,
Dear Father, keep me in thy sight.

OUR MISCELLANY.

"BE SHORT."—*Cotton Mather.*

KIND WORDS.—This is what some of our friends say of us:

The Presbyterian of Philadelphia:

Our (Presbyterian) Monthly comes out with a new dress in the January number, which has greatly improved its appearance. This magazine is making very decided progress, and as a family magazine commends itself to our own church homes in a way that no other periodical can do. Denominational in its design, it carries out the plan in its execution, although in no spirit of bigotry. It is denominational rather than sectarian in its spirit. The January number augurs well for the coming year, and we commend it heartily to our Presbyterian people.

The Occident of San Francisco:

This number crowns the second year of this periodical as the best yet published. The articles are all well written, the subjects possess the charm of unusual novelty, and the elevated tone of the magazine is admirably sustained. It is warmly recommended to all our readers, while to Presbyterians it presents peculiar and forcible claims. The publishers promise still greater excellence in the new volume commencing in January.

The Interior of Chicago:

Our Monthly for January, published in Cincinnati by the Presbyterian Magazine Company, maintains well the character it has achieved as an able, entertaining, and instructive religious and literary magazine. As a magazine for the Christian household, blending useful and refining knowledge with sterling moral and religious teaching, it has no superior among the magazines of the West, and is entitled, on its merits, to the widening circulation which it is continuing to receive.

THE CHURCHLESS.—As the most of us gather, each Sabbath, in our comfortable and cheerful houses of worship, to pay our vows unto God, we should not be unmindful

of the many who love Jesus as well as we, who have no such blessed surroundings. Far away from us, or, perhaps, not yet so very far from our own doors, a little fold is gathered one Sabbath out of three or four, to hear some one who comes a long distance to preach the gospel. In some private house, or in a barn, with the holy child once more in a manger, or in a narrow school-house, they have been drawn together. Around them are many neighbors who will not come to face these manifold discomforts. The Lord is without a home there, and many will not seek him in a strange place. This people are a poor folk, but they are loyal to their Master, and in melting sunshine, or bleak storm, they come for miles, over hill and stream, to the communion of the saints. Of themselves they are not able to build a house for the Lord, but they can, and will, do their part. They will cut, and hew, and haul; but there are things they can not do. A little encouragement from abroad, a small portion of the expenses of building paid, and they will arise and do the rest themselves. There is no more profitable investment in the Church than this, where every dollar given stimulates three times its own sum, to provide buildings for worship in our destitute fields. From all over the land come appeals, earnest enough, for this little proportion of help for the churchless. Amidst the pressure of other charities, let not this one be left among the things forgot.

NO PURE WATER.—What have we poor, ignorant mortals done, that the philosophers should wish to make us die of thirst? Long ago, when we were children, our uncle, just

out of college, the repository of exhaustless stores of information, frightened us, through the revelations of the wonderful magic lantern, with the sight of whales and crocodiles in vinegar, and huge eels and gigantic tadpoles in common water. We did not, however, dream that no straining, nor efforts of any kind, could keep these unwelcome guests out of our stomachs, unless we should quite cease to drink water, and altogether abandon pickles. But Professor Tyndall (see "Nature," Oct. 20) asserts, and pretends to prove, that there is no such thing as pure water, and that all methods, chemical or mechanical, of distillation, or of filtering (to free it from impurities), are alike fruitless. We know that the animal life existing in water may be destroyed by boiling, but is there much comfort in the thought of swallowing the dead bodies of these Lilliputian monsters? Triturated rocks, decomposed carcasses, whatever substances water has access to, all go to form the purest beverage of which we have any knowledge. Well may we exclaim with the poet, who hardly knew the full applicability of the truth he uttered, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." We feed on starch and coarse fat in our cocoa, on chicory and beans in our coffee, on verdigris in our tea, on chalk in our milk, on sand in our sugar, on lard in our butter, and on various sorts of poisons in our wines, if we are not wise enough to be tee-totalers. And now that we know there is no such thing in the world as pure water, we seem to have come to the end of all comfort in eating and drinking. It is quite a triumph for those of us who have never been finically fastidious about specks in our tea, and streaks in our butter, over those who are always dissecting every morsel with scrutinizing eyes, and leaving a heap of rejected fragments on the margins of their plates. It is as well to give up at once, and eat what is set before us, asking no questions, for comfort's sake, unless we are willing to die of hunger and thirst. It is the price we must pay for knowledge; and knowledge we must have, at any price. Eve decided that for us long ago.

GERTRUDE MASON.

BENNIE'S SURPRISE.

Three Christmas days had show'ed their gifts
On curly-headed Bennie;
But then he was so very wee,
He scarce remembered any.

To-morrow morn the fourth would come,
With Christmas wreaths of holly,
And chiming bells, and Christmas trees,
And Santa Claus so jolly.

His heart was full, his deep blue eyes
With joyous wonder beaming;
When Mother said the time had come
For Bennie to go dreaming.

Before she heard his evening prayer,
She told the "old, old story,"
Of the bright star, the shepherd throng,
The angels, and the glory.

Of how the wise men sought and found
The baby in the manger;
And gave their rich and pretty gifts
Unto the Holy Stranger.

Then Bennie clasped his little hands
In prayer, and said, "Now may-be
Instead of sending Santa Claus,
Dear God would send a baby."

On Christmas morn the little feet
Went pattering off to mother;
And there beside her on the bed
Lay—Bennie's little brother!

MRS. N. M. STEWART.

HILL-TOP LETTER—*Fashions at Church.*

MY DEAR MISCELLANY: We were talking about the hateful fashions in my recent letter, I believe. By the way, I am obliged to you for printing it, and "seeing, may take heart again." Which is an extract—a short fellow—from Longfellow. It has struck me that in my gossip chat I should have paid some attention to the question now agitating the fashionable world: Who shall be queen of fashions now that Eugenie is dethroned? What is the name of the head milliner and mantua-maker? Who may be the coming woman? Shall her hair be short or long, thick or sparse? Will she have a sly bald invasion on one side, so that all the hair must be dressed in that direction, to look like a hen with one wing cut lest she should fly over the

fence? You see that I live in the country! Will she be lame, or scarred, or having any infirmity to conceal, by reason of which the world's style must become lop-sided or angular? Pshaw! I can scarcely preserve my soul in patience when I think of the folly of this servile imitation in the matter of raiment. If Queen Elizabeth had put a court-plaster on the end of her face farthest from her eyes, or a mustard-poultice under her left chin for a toothache, the whole court set would have taken to plastering and poulticing till one might think all noses suddenly sick, and all left molars gone stark mad. But what are we better than they? Look at it. The baby scratches the head milliner on the throat, then she ties a pink or blue ribbon around it for concealment, then the other milliners all tie up their necks, and in a month a million strings are around a million throats, like so many carrier doves or poodle dogs. The head milliner is a little woman, so she runs around to *her* shoemaker (she owns him) before breakfast, and orders very slim, high heels to make her look taller, though she does not look at all better for it. Then the heels go up by inches, and all the feminine world are walking on their toes. It reminds us of the old rhyme which somebody else may possibly have heard beside myself:

"Said Aaron to Moses, let's cut off our noses;
Said Moses to Aaron, it's the fashion to wear 'em."

Was this in the New England Primer?

Now you see I wander a little (*just like a woman!*) no, sir; just like a *man*, for of all the wandering Jews—well! I was going to say, that what strikes me most painfully in this fashion folly, is the fact that these frivolous customs and modes of dress are paraded into the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and flaunt the confession of their worldliness and light-mindedness in the sacred presence. I don't object just to new and cleanly raiment, let me say—but to your feathers and ribbons; your silks, satins, and velvets; your ermine and astrachan; your laces and jewels, and all that. But you do not think! Your finery is not so

fine after all. It consists, principally, in the cast-off raiment of deceased beasts and birds, bugs, and creeping things. What is the pearl? And jewels are only stones dug out of the dirt, and gold is nothing but a cold hard metal. Do you think when you go to church you are in a presence where all this attempted finery is not properly understood and appreciated? And then is this the display of humility and consciousness of sin and ill-desert, the sackcloth and ashes with which we ought to bow in worship before the Throne? Or does this display produce a good and beneficial effect upon the hearts of those who are not able to have such things, and who feel ill at ease in their presence? Shall we drive away the poor and humble from our churches by the glitter and glory of our plumes and forbidding rustle of our skirts? Shall the church become the milliner's window, where the styles may be studied to advantage, and our pride air itself in lofty attitudes, and court admiration and gaping praise?

I tell you, my dear Miscellany, if the burning bush should appear to some of us, it would make us take our bonnets off long before our sandals would be spoken of. I wish some good Christian woman would rise to set the fashions to the world, and give over to the spread of the gospel what Satan now gets for *his* service in this outlay. Such a leader would make us dress sweetly and simply. Woman would lose none of her charms; her mind would be freed for better thoughts; her fingers would be loosed; her time given back in which to do some useful work for God. Among the many reforms now broached for the benefit of woman, no one would reach such great results as this, though no one would have to encounter such opposition from that vast system of American idolatry, the worship of self, which has no mercy on its devotees. Now I have spoken out plainly; but don't you think I am right?

STIFF BREEZE.

ARCHITECTURE OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.—A Cincinnati correspondent of the

New York Jewish Times thus explains the theological symbolism of one of the native churches:

Opposite to the temple rises the dome of the Radical Unitarian Church of the Holy Trinity, designed by the learned, Rev. Thomas Vickers. Built in the style of the Russian-Greek churches. A mighty dome above the middle of the building, surrounded by four smaller cupolas. This strictly Unitarian congregation, which unreservedly rejects the doctrine of a Trinity, did not know the meaning of this architectural emblem. Having resided long enough in Russia, I was enabled to explain it to my friend Mr. Vickers. When I told him that the large dome represented, in Russia, Jesus of Nazareth, and the four minor ones the four Evangelists, he was quite astonished. But to extract for the building had been omitted, and the plans could not be altered.

It is a pity that this "young and learned" divine should be compelled to preach *from house-tops* what he so unreservedly preaches in the house. It seems that if this "young" person will refuse his hosannas, the *stones* will cry out to give Jesus a proper place, and crown him Lord of the Temple.

It is this "young and learned" individual who teaches about the Scriptures, may be seen in an extract from an address delivered by him in response to certain advocates of the authority and inspiration of the Word of God. Hear this Liberal orator:

It would fail me if I were to attempt to allude to all the frightful outrages committed against public morals and propriety by some of God's especial favorites in the Old Testament; nay, done in cases not merely with His permission but by His express command. And some of the morality of the New Testament is open to very serious objection. What knowing what I am saying, and saying it deliberately. Those gentlemen coming from this platform that they had heard the morality of the Book called in question. I call it in question. At any rate, most of my Christian friends, I honor you in saying it, are much better men and women than they would be if governed by the same parts of the morality of the New Testament. And certain it is that many of the most explicit moral teachings—and that is a point worth marking; it is a point on which I shall call the attention of

these loud-mouthed moralists—I say certain it is that many of the most explicit moral teachings of the New Testament, nay, of the Gospels themselves, have fallen entirely out of practical Christian morality. Nobody thinks any longer that they belong there."

EXTREMES SOON MEET.—In "Bennie's Surprise" we have the beginning—here is the second part. Faith brings the only balm.

EARLY CROWNED.

On the golden streets I see him,
Safe inside the pearly gate—
Ever safe—our crowned baby,
Early come to his estate.

Lightly rests the crown of glory
On the infant forehead meek;
Fitting seems the high hosanna
For the cherub lips to speak.

For the brow, so smooth and sunny,
Worldly care did never mar;
In the sweet eyes shone a glory
From the blessed land afar.

And his tender feet had never
Learned to walk life's crooked ways,
Nor his untried voice had ever
Uttered words unfit for praise.

Early claimed, and early taken,
Heaven seems not strange to him,
Nor the cup of life so bitter,
Tasted only at the brim.

Sickness, sorrow, disappointment,
It has been our lot to know,
We have sinned, and we have suffered,
And our walk in life is low.

But we know, beyond all doubting,
God hath honored us on high;
We have nursed a princely infant
For a throne beyond the sky.

L. P. M.

OUT WITH THE BOYS.—This ambiguous phrase does not mean "at odds" with the male youth of the community. Whatever it originally implied, it has come to mean champagne suppers, unlimited billiards, going the rounds of the saloons, or making one resound with bad jokes, worse tales, oaths, and hideous laughter. I protest against it in the name of all boys, as it includes all things *men* should disclaim. Of

its features are late hours, drunkenness, and strange women; its accompaniments, redness of eyes and wounds without cause. It indicates the wrong man in the wrong place.

Day by day, souls who have dallied with the undertow-dissipation are slipping away into troublous, treacherous, destroying depths, within sight of loved and loving ones. Has community no spar to cast to such perishing souls? Will it be content with having warned faithfully, though it put to sea in no life-boats to snatch them from the waves, by main strength, as it were?

I know a man out of employment, out of money, out of a home, in liquor, in despair. He takes refuge at night in depots—indeed, in any available shelter from rain and frost. His family, out of patience with him, have cast him off. They are out of sympathy with him, out of faith in him, so often he has been “out with the boys.”

I know a young bride, scarcely emerged from the honeymoon, out of health, spirits, and heart. Misery is claiming her for his own. Her friends are finding out that her influence over her husband is so soon outlived. With not ingenuity enough to find a new path to destruction, he is going the old, old way—betting, pool-buying, drinking, keeping late hours, or staying out all night—“out with the boys.”

What would I have done? I would have genteel dissipation voted a sin against society, and her doors closed against its votaries. The countenances of all good women should be averted from “fast” young men. Let it be a disgrace to be “out with the boys.” If you encounter such a case as first mentioned, feed him; for want of nourishment he now turns to stimulants, perhaps. He sees many a hungry day, meals are few and far between. Furnish him with some light employment to soothe the pride, which is one of the last things man loses. Substitute friendship and society for revelry; for companionship, don't let him go “out with the boys.”

“Out with the boys” means out of order, out of friends, out of mind—out of heaven, eventually. So pity and pray, in firmest

faith in God's mercy and might, for perishing men who go “out with the boys.”

EUGENE C. DANA.

ENCOURAGEMENT.—Letters like the following help to compensate for our labors and anxieties in working for the Church:

EDS. OUR MONTHLY: I have been taking “Our Monthly” the past year, and am much pleased with it. I obtained a few subscribers for it at the commencement of the first year, in this place, and now I am engaged in making up a club here for it. I have been but a few days engaged at it, and have already obtained eight new subscribers, two of last year's subscribers, and have not seen all of the former ones. I hope to obtain more new ones yet.

I have a large family of children, and those of them who can read are greatly interested in “Our Monthly; and, when one number is read, they express much anxiety for the next to come. Such pieces as “Uncle William's Recollections” and the “House on the Hill” engage their attention much.

And now, hoping you will greatly extend and enlarge the circulation of “Our Monthly,” I subscribe myself,

Yours, respectfully,

J. A. R.

TRUTH.—We would like to hear more from the children. The following from New Orleans shows that little boys are pretty much the same “old heads,” wherever we find them:

Little Harry's mamma, teaching her children a lesson on truth, endeavored to impress upon them the fact that God will not tolerate untruth in any shape—that there are no degrees of great or small in the matter—that white lies are a myth, and that whatever is not true is by him pronounced a lie.

A few days after, the boy, in anger, accused his sister of telling a lie. She, indignant at the severity of the charge, carried the trouble to her mother—the household umpire. Harry, brought before the judge, “did not care if she had only said it for fun. For,” said he, “don't you know, God and me calls 'em lies?”

A. S. B.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

WHAT shall we read? The question is sometimes well nigh distracting! And how shall we read the books we have decided on? is a question scarcely inferior in importance. Economy of time in a wise choice; economy of time in a wise method of reading; these are important considerations to a man shut up to three-score years, surrounded by a world of literature.

Some people despise guide books when they go abroad. But they get lost sometimes, and waste their time among inferior things—among the daubs of the middle ages, when a guide book would send them straight to Michael Angelo.

It is accounted smart, also, to decline all helps to study. Amateurs like to put off alone upon the great sea of letters, trusting their own soundings for the places where the brightest pearls are hidden. Literary independence is a taking phrase. Only children need guides. But in letters, as in religion, humility is the condition of learning—the mind of the child leads on to the widest success.

"*Books and Reading*," by NOAH PORTER, D. D., L. L. D., Professor in Yale College (published by Charles Scribner & Co., and for sale by George E. Stevens, Cincinnati), comes to the rescue of us bewildered ones, driven by contrary winds, and vibrating uneasily between history, science, poetry, and romance. Who, better than the Professor, could tell us what and how to read? His counsel is exhaustive. We thank the pilot. Many a reader, with a broad canvas, but an uncertain compass, will acknowledge a profound debt of gratitude to the man who pointed out so steady a course among the "thousand isles" of the world's best thought.

A History of God's Church from its Origin to the Present Time, by ENOCH POND, D. D.,

Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Theological Seminary at Bangor, is the title of a new volume just announced by Zeigler & McCurdy. The want of a thorough and reliable, and at the same time popular, Church History for the general reader, has long been keenly felt. The standard works on this subject are too large, too minute in detail, and too learned, for the masses. Dr. POND, who, for more than a third of a century, has made this subject his special study, and his special teaching, is eminently fitted to fill this vacuum, and his great reputation for accurate scholarship, and varied learning, will go far in the recommendation of this product of his life's labors.

We have examined the work with care. The subject is treated fully, and in every light, and the history carefully developed, from its first stages in the patriarchal age, down through all times to the present. History, teaching by example, gives us the true philosophy of Christian experience, and is one of the profoundest and most unanswerable weapons with which the Church confronts its foes. In the British and Continental Churches, history, as a source of example and argument, is much more studied and relied on than in this country. We have often been surprised to discover the great ignorance that prevails on this subject of the progress of the Church and its teachings. This volume presents its contents in a clear, pleasant, and attractive style, and in excellent typography. The book can be had only of the publishers or their agents, and we cordially commend it, both to the student and the general reader.

THE APPLETONS, ever fertile in literary productions of the highest order, have given us a republication of a recent English work of great reputation and interest, in a volume entitled, *Other Worlds than Ours*: being a

discussion of the plurality of worlds, studied under the light of recent scientific researches, by RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B. A., F. R. A. S., author of several other volumes of wide fame. The interesting progress of astronomical observation is continually unfolding new light for the dissipation of old theories, and the solution of the great questions which have so long perplexed inquirers. The inhabitability of the sun and the inferior planets; the secrets of the moon and other satellites; the office of meteors and comets in the solar system; the realm of other suns than ours; the distribution of stars in space; the wonderful and mysterious nebulae of the wide heavens; indeed, all the heavenly creations, the works of God's fingers, call for our profound study, that we may catch some distant reflections of the infinite glory. Mr. PROCTOR has given us, in a modest scholarship, a most thorough and readable discussion of these grand texts of the revelation of nature, and upon most topics has thrown a new and important light. We have not, in many a day, been attracted to any popular scientific volume as to this one. The author's information seems exact and comprehensive, and his deductions clear, precise, and satisfactory, while the typographical execution is complete. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH's endorsement of a poet may be held as final. More exquisite volumes in this line have floated from his presses over the country than from any other publishing house. And now we have what we have long wanted, the collected verses of the author of that charming hymn, "Abide with Me," the late HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, M. A.

In these *Miscellaneous Poems* are found some of the sweetest poetic sentiments of modern days, set forth not in that half-mystical dreaminess that befogs to the reader what is not clearly conceived by the writer, but in simple, earnest distinctness, setting forth thoughts and fancies that seem like images of familiar realities both in our life and Christian experience. These

poems are mostly of a fervently religious cast, and in their sweet English dress smile upon the reader with peace in their eyes.

We have received, through George Crosby, 41 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, a beautiful volume from the press of Henry Hoyt, Boston, entitled *Carmina Caeli, or Songs of Heaven*.

The mechanical execution is beyond all praise. The Songs are taken from a wide variety of sources, and are arranged under such headings as "The Glories of Heaven," "The Way to Heaven," "The Meeting of Friends," etc. Many of them are familiar, having long been a part of the Church's hymnology. Others are new. As a rule the oldest are far the best, as a translation of Bernard De Cluguy's well-known Latin poem, and one by Thomas A. Kempis.

The price of the book is \$2.00.

Little Pussy Willow, by Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, is one of the most genial and entertaining books for the boys and girls. It is full of pleasant enforcement of practical instruction, and possesses the additional attraction of beautiful pictures, which go so far to charm the little folk. Fields, Osgood & Co. are the publishers.

Help and Comfort for the Sick Poor, and Consoling Thoughts in Sickness (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), are sufficiently described by their titles. We need only add they are well adapted to the end in view in their preparation.

ALFRED MARTIN, Philadelphia, through Sutton & Scott, send us several excellent books for the Sunday-school and family, published in chaste and superior style.

The Greek Maid at the Court of the Emperor Nero. From the German, by L. C. SHARP. A historical story reflecting the picture of those days of trial and heroism.

Two Ways of Doing It (Philadelphia: Skelly & Co.), by Miss L. BATES, is a contribution to the Woman's Rights' literature of the day. Sold by Sutton & Scott, Cincinnati.

The Destroyer of the Second Republic, being Napoleon the Little. By VICTOR HUGO. New York: Sheldon & Co.; George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.

We never admired the style of Victor Hugo, and find nothing in this volume to change our views respecting it. The book was first published in 1852; and a transient interest gathers anew around it from the events of 1870.

We Girls. A Home Story. By Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY. With illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. For sale by Robert Clarke & Co. Price, \$1.50.

This charming story, republished from "Our Young Folks," is just the book for girls to read, who are at the point of transition from the chrysalis of the boarding-school to the butterfly of the society girl. It will give them good aims and be an inspiring stimulus.

The Bottom of the Sea. By L. SUNREL. Translated and Edited by ELIHU RICH. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. For sale by George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.

The mere statement that this is another of the Illustrated Library of Wonders, will sufficiently commend it. To old or young these books are alike attractive.

With Fate Against Him. By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS. New York: Sheldon & Co.

A strongly marked story. The characters are themselves and not others. The tone is high and noble, and the book, without qualification, a good one.

Captain John, or Loss is sometimes Gain. Boston: Henry Hoyt. For sale by George Crosby, 41 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati. Price \$1.50.

A book equally attractive, externally and internally. The instruction is not sacrificed to the plot. It would be well if it found a place in every Sunday-school library.

Fifteen Years. A picture from the last

century, by TALVI (Mrs. Therese Robinson). New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

This story of German life is very handsomely drawn. A melancholy interest gathers around it as the last literary labor of Mrs. Robinson.

The Poison of Asps. A novellette, by FLORENCE MARYATT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

Aunt Rebecca's Charge, and Other Stories (from Henry Hoyt, Boston, and for sale by Geo. E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati), is a very readable book, handsomely gotten up.

Sophie Krautz, or the Cot and the Castle. By HELEN WALL PIERSON. Price, 90 cents. Philadelphia: A. Martien. Cincinnati: Sutton & Scott.

Mary Austen, or the New Home, by BYRD LYTTLE.

Emma Marble and Her Cousin, by Miss C. M. TROWBRIDGE.

Both valuable and elevating books.

The Shadow of Moloch Mountain. By JANE G. AUSTIN. New York: Sheldon & Co. For sale by George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.

Flossy Lee at the Jute. By FAITH WYNNE. Philadelphia: J. P. Skelly & Co. Sutton and Scott, Cincinnati.

Christie Elwood and Her Friends. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. For sale by Sutton & Scott, Cincinnati.

The Builders. By Miss L. BAKER. Philadelphia: J. P. Skelly & Co. For sale by Sutton & Scott, Cincinnati.

OUR GLEANINGS.

THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION has issued a series of lessons for the Sabbath School, prepared by Rev. H. C. McCook, and which will be furnished at a very low rate. This supplies a sore need in our churches, where all kinds of lessons from all kinds of sources have been pushing their way in, often teaching a very ill-defined and uncertain gospel.

A WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, to co-operate with our Foreign Board, has been organized in Philadelphia. It is proposed to establish auxiliary societies throughout the country. Also mission bands for the young ladies, and mission circles for the children. In this way interest is increased and contributions greatly enlarged.

THE PRINCETON REVIEW, in its January number, lays aside its ancient traditional silence concerning the authorship of its articles, and appears with author's names in full array in the table of contents. The human mind, it has been several times remarked, is inquisitive. "Who wrote it?" is an inevitable question. Why not gratify the desire? If the author be acknowledged great, that fact will lift up many a poor article. If the author be humble and the article good, it will help to lift him, and he deserves the credit. If both author and article be poor, he should bear his own folly and save the reputation of others. If the article be great, it will appear greater under the reputation of a renowned name. As a general rule men will write better under their own signatures, and readers will be better satisfied to know who writes.

THE third and concluding volume of Max Muller's "*Chips from a German Workshop*," relates chiefly to old German and

French literature and British antiquities, and gives additional proof (where surely none was required) of the great range and extent of the author's acquirements, and his perfect mastery of a foreign language.

HISTORICAL literature is represented among recent books by a new and elegant edition of the work of that veteran scholar Mr. Samuel Sharpe. His *History of Egypt* in its fifth impression, now appears in two handsome volumes, abundantly illustrated with cuts, maps, etc. It has received the honor of a German translation, and is the only English book comprising the annals of Egypt from the earliest times to the conquest by the Arabs, A. D. 640.

NILLSON is the musical event of the winter. The Nillson Repertoire, just published by Mr. Robert M. De Witt, is an elegant collection of fourteen songs, as sung by Christine Nillson, printed from clear music type, in the convenient German music size, and embellished with a very good portrait of the Swedish cantatrice.

There is also published a "Life of Christine Nillson. It is a neat photograph of the new "Queen of Song."

Two books, growing out of recent Catholic developments, may be mentioned—"The Vatican Council and its Definitions, a Pastoral Letter to the Clergy," by Dr. Manning, Archbishop of Winchester, and "The Pontificate of Pius the Ninth," by J. F. Maguire, M. P. It is brought down to the latest moment, and comprises chapters on the Council of the Vatican—its Opening and its Proceedings, with an Explanation of the Dogma of Papal Infallibility.

BOSTON has been agitated over the production of four oratorios by the Handel and Haden Society in connection with Nillson and troupe.



OUR MONTHLY,

A

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY MAGAZINE.

MARCH--1871.

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH.

BY GEORGE LEE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CATS AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY.

THOMAS and Charlotte Hemenway were twins. They were a year younger than Elisha and myself, in whose ages there was a difference of a few weeks only. The intimacy which existed between the heads of our respective families had extended to us juniors, and we were friends. They had lately visited us at the parsonage, where they became acquainted with Agnes; and their delighted interest in every thing, together with their gentle manners, had completely won Aunt Cynthia's easily won heart. They were shrinking, sensitive little creatures, as unlike as possible to Mr. Hemenway. They were perfect pictures of their mother, Grandma Prime once told us. We speedily returned their visit, spending a day with them in New Haven, and they showed me their poor mamma's picture. It was Lottie who called the delicate, sad-looking lady, with large, melancholy eyes, "poor mamma," and the child's own dark lashes were moistened with tears as she spoke. She remembered her moth-

er very well, and so did Tommy; but Lottie, in speaking of her, always said "poor mamma." The picture was an old-fashioned daguerreotype, in a great square case. Somehow every thing in and about the house seemed to be as square as itself, which was as square as square could be. Mr. Hemenway did business on the square, lived in a square house in the middle of a square acre lot, situated near a public square. He had a square silver-plate precisely in the middle of his door, on which his respectable name was engraved in unmistakable square letters. The principal rooms were square, and the furniture was squarely arranged, in other words, stiffly. He always wore square-toed boots, whether they were in fashion or not, in order that, to use his own jocular expression, everybody might see that he toed the mark. He appeared to always have an imaginary straight line in view, although I have no idea what it was supposed to represent, which he was continually finding people guilty of not toeing. He never passed a Sunday at the parsonage, at which place he had spent a good many of late, without putting us through a severe catechising; and an indispen-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by the PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE COMPANY, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

sable preliminary to the exercise was that we should toe the mark. The very patterns in his carpets were executed in squares and rectangles. He claimed for himself a mathematical mind, and was forever pestering us with arithmetical problems, which he insisted on our solving. He had a great contempt for those unlucky young people whom he found dull at figures. They never would amount to much, he said. The delicate, sad lady, whose mournful eyes gazed out from the depths of the great square daguerreotype, looked anything but mathematical. Mr. Hemenway was by her side, ostentatiously holding her hand in his which looked unnaturally large. But why speak from memory.

"My dear, will you please get me that box of old pictures you tucked away so safely the other day. I want to refer to one of them."

Here it is, the identical one; a little faded perhaps, but as suggestive as ever. Mr. Hemenway's face is that of a determined young Englishman; round, red, and resolute. His brows even now project heavily, and there is already a perceptible inclination to baldness. There is an expression of complacency and self-approbation on his features, not unnatural to a rising young man who has recently married the only daughter of his late employer, later partner, and, latest of all, father-in-law. Mr. Hemenway evidently thinks that he has, on the whole, made a good thing of it, as probably is the case. But "poor mamma," although she has her best expression on and is trying hard to look cheerful lamentably fails in the attempt. She is more prim than cheerful, and more sad than prim. Her figure is slight, and her hands diminutive. It is evident that she has not a robust constitution and that her mind is not at all masculine. One can not help thinking that the burly, powerful young Englishman by her side is hardly a fit person to have so frail and sensitive a flower in keeping. It is not surprising that the poor thing, constitutionally delicate, suddenly orphaned,

and while the burden of heavy grief was yet upon her, married to a man so uncongenial as Mr. Hemenway must have been, pined away and died prematurely,

I have heard that he mourned her death loudly, so loudly in fact and in so public a manner, that a few uncharitable people hinted doubts of his sincerity, and insinuated that thoughts of the large property, which through her he had become possessed of (the late father-in-law was a very wealthy man), consoled him more than he chose to acknowledge. Such considerations, however, did not console the twins. I never knew Lottie to speak of her otherwise than as "poor mamma," and with tears in her beautiful dark eyes, and Tommy's face, too, would sober instantly at mention of his dead mother. They were shy and silent before strangers; but in the presence of people whom they loved and trusted were full of innocent talk and glee. There was a certain air of childish bashfulness about them, as they entered Grandma Prime's small parlor, hand in hand, which was irresistibly winning. Their coyness soon disappeared under the genial influence of our hostess, of whom they were very fond, and they soon began to chatter and laugh as merrily as that kind old lady could have desired. One could hardly help being happy in the presence of Grandma Prime. How delightfully she presided over that little dinner, pressing upon our by no means backward appetites such relays of roast turkey, mashed potatoes and turnips, gravy, currant jelly, and, finally, pudding and almonds, that it is a wonder our buttons did not all fly off from sheer inability to bear the strain to which they were subjected. There was little conversation, for we had matters of graver importance than table-talk on our minds, but we were very good-natured and decorous, using our knives and forks with great propriety, and wiping our mouths with our napkins every time we thought of it, which was rather often. Jane attended with a gravity

suitable to the magnitude of the occasion. I suspect that her solemnity was artificial, however, for I heard her chuckling with infinite humor after we had adjourned to the parlor.

"Lor'! didn't them young ones eat though!" she remarked to Grandma Prime. "I should a thought they would ha' busted. It was as good as a circus jest to look at 'em. Them e're twins is uncommon well behaved, and master Elisha, he was as grand as a student."

Jane had an admiring eye for that class of individuals.

Elisha's spirits had risen with our rising from the table, and he improved the opportunity afforded by Grandma Prime's absence from the room, to mount a chair and preach an extempore sermon, having previously mounted her gold spectacles on his nose. His discourse was interrupted by her reappearance as he announced "fifthly." The rogue had not listened to his father's homilies entirely in vain.

"Pretty well, sir; pretty well for a beginner," she said, pleasantly, adding in a graver voice, "I expect you will be preaching in earnest one of these days, dear."

"That's what Aunt Cynthia's always saying," he replied, "and pa says so, too, and so does Mr. Hemenway. I don't see what everybody wants to make me a minister for!" And his bright face clouded.

"I'd be a minister if I was a man," said Lottie, decidedly. "I'd convert everybody in the world. I'd marry people when they wanted to get married, and I'd preach sermons for them when they died. I mean to be a minister's wife. Ministers do lots of good."

"So do lawyers," said Elisha; "I mean to go to college, and take the valedictory, and study law, and go to congress and make laws by the bushel; and then I'm going to be president, and make everybody obey 'em."

Grandma Prime laughed.

"What are you going to do, Tommy?" she asked.

Tommy's face flushed, as he answered, earnestly, "Paint pictures."

"He's always making pictures," said Lottie. "He makes them on his slate, at school, instead of working the examples. He got whipped for it once, but he doesn't get whipped now, because I work them for him."

"I should like to see anybody whip me," said Elisha, proudly.

Considering that he had been subjected to the indignity referred to a great many times in the course of his life, this speech was not as formidable as it sounded.

"You haven't asked Johnny what he's going to be," said thoughtful Lottie.

"Sure enough," said Grandma Prime.

"We mustn't forget Johnny."

"Oh—I—" I stammered, for I really had never thought of being any thing in particular, "I guess I'll be a doctor."

And doctor I am at this present moment, as anybody can see by looking at my door-plate. As it has turned out, I alone of the four who spoke of their future calling that afternoon, bear the title thus early chosen. Lottie is not a minister's wife; Elisha has not attained the presidency, nor is there any immediate prospect of his becoming a congressman even; and Tommy's name is on another roll than that of American artists. Oh that future, of which we spoke so childishly! What unthought-of destinies it had in store for some of us! And what unlooked-for secrets are yet to be revealed, as, year by year, Time bears us on, Heaven only knows. Well, if Heaven knows, is not that enough?

"My dears," said Grandma Prime, resuming her knitting, "I have something to say to you. Mr. Hemenway and Miss Trowbridge—your Aunt Cynthia, Elisha—are to be married this afternoon. I daresay it is over with by this time. She will be a kind, good mother to you, my dears," she said, drawing the twins to her and kissing them, "a kind, good mother, and I've no doubt you will love her very much, and be very happy with her. We are

all going to your house to tea, where we shall see her."

This astounding news was received with profound silence.

"Why, what will *we* do?" Elisha said at length. He had suddenly become very sober.

"What would you say to my setting up shop at the parsonage?"

"And live there?"

"To be sure."

"I should like that," he answered, emphatically.

"Why, why, child!" said Grandma Prime.

Lottie's arms were around her neck—the pretty young head on her bosom.

"Dear Grandma Prime," she said, "I'm real glad. It's so lonesome without any mamma!"

Tommy had sat down in a chair, put his feet on the rounds, his elbows on his knees, and, with his chin in his hands, was contemplating vacancy with a woeful countenance.

"O Tommy!" said Lottie, running to him, "what makes you look so! Aren't you glad?"

"I don't know," said Tommy; "do you think she will be always punching me up about arithmetic?"

"Oh, no; I guess not, Tommy dear."

"Because, if she does," said Tommy, "I shall run away. I couldn't stand her and pa too, you know."

"Ho!" said Elisha, "she doesn't know any more about arithmetic than a goose does. She won't say boo about it, Tom."

Tommy's face brightened.

"If she does, I shall run away. I couldn't stand 'em both," he said, solemnly.

And he declined to commit himself on the subject further.

"If she *should* happen to be good at figures," he remarked, an hour afterward, "it would be a pretty bad go."

Grandma Prime talked to us for a while, wisely and kindly. When at length she produced us at Mr. Hemenway's square house, we were in a frame of mind as desirable as it was possible for us to be in under the circumstances.

I must not forget to mention that on the way thither, Elisha's attention was caught by a variety of objects which he thought would make suitable wedding presents for the bride. It was with grief that he forbore, from lack of means, to purchase them.

Aunt Cynthia met us at the door, with an anxious face. Lottie looked at her for a moment earnestly, and then ran and held up her face for a kiss. Tommy went also, and stood by her side, from which it may be inferred that she did not look particularly mathematical. I think that must have been a great moment for Aunt Cynthia when she clasped those sweet children to her yearning breast, and felt their arms about her neck, and heard them say, "Dear mamma!" We saw no more of them until the tea-bell rang. She came in with them then. The anxious look was gone from her face. She was almost handsome. I never saw that great, chilly dining-room more cheerful than it was that evening. Mr. Hemenway was in the best of spirits. He talked incessantly, and so loud, that I feared the passers in the street would hear him. His wife beamed silently from behind the tea-pot, while Dr. Trowbridge ate and drank benevolently, courteous but not talkative. Perhaps it was because Mr. Hemenway talked so much, and the doctor so little, that they were so well pleased with one another. Grandma Prime was kindness itself, and joked with the affable host in a manner which that gentleman evidently relished amazingly.

Elisha found it a harder task than he had anticipated to bid Aunt Cynthia good-by. And as for her, she declared that she felt that she was a traitor to her brother in leaving him and the children. And she pressed upon each of us a little package of seed-cakes to eat on the way home. As we went down the wide, straight path, the sun was yet shining, throwing golden rays full upon Aunt Cynthia and upon the twins who stood by her side, as if in approbation of their new relationship. When we reached

te, I again looked back. Mr. way had joined the group in the y, but the sun had set, and the glow had vanished. you think, Elijah, that Cynthia happy with Mr. Hemenway?" l Grandma Prime say. think so," he answered. "He y excellent man." ll," said she, "I hope it will all the best; but there are some xcellent men who don't make usbands." guess," said Elisha, who had listening to the conversation, Aunt Cynthia will have to toe rk."

CHAPTER IX.

OF CERTAIN PRIVILEGES WHICH HA WAS PERMITTED TO ENJOY.

Mr. Hemenway was the "sharp" shrewd enough to discover propiate our good aunt's many, was he! Thus it appears. what" (I seem to hear some-ay) "could that lady find in Mr. way sufficiently attractive to her to leave the brother to she was devoted and the nephew she loved? And is she to be tulated on the step she has "

y natural questions, my dear mad- t really I must be excused from a direct answer to them. Aunt ia was certainly old enough to in the matter, and if she pre- the chilly rooms of Mr. Hem- s great house to the snug cosif the Hampton parsonage, we perforce, acquiesce in her decis- owever much we may at heart on the wisdom of it. Were I to defend her position, as for- ly I am not, I might suggest er acquaintance with the gentle- as of longer duration than your as been, and that your estimate character may have been col- to his disadvantage) by looking through my spectacles. I might

suggest also that Mr. Hemenway never gave you a chopping-knife and a cream-pitcher, to say nothing of several other sentimental articles of a similar nature, which, as the distinguished orator from Pennsylvania so happily said when his memory failed him, "it is idle to enumerate." Whatever were her reasons for marrying Mr. Hemenway, it is certain that, for some time before the event took place, the flushes on Aunt Cynthia's cheeks came and went fitfully, like summer lightning, whenever his name was mentioned, and that she conceived a truly suspicious fondness for the twins and compassion for their forlorn and motherless condition. It is true, the twins were remarkably gentle and winning, whereas Elisha and myself were daily becoming more boisterous and disagreeable; but the flushes—how can they be understood unless as indicating more than ordinary agitation in the region of the heart? Whether the important item of anatomy referred to, be the seat of the affections, as in common parlance it is supposed to be, or not, I have observed that it appears anything but indifferent to the fact when their depths are stirred. But, aside from general propositions of a scientific nature with which we are not at this moment particularly interested, it is a matter of history that for several weeks prior to her marriage Aunt Cynthia's organ comported itself in a very unusual and, in fact, quite an alarming manner. She complained of flutterings and palpitations, besides other sensations of so peculiar a nature as to be unnamable.

The reader must bear in mind the not altogether unimportant circumstances, that Mr. Hemenway was widely known as a wealthy, prosperous, and thoroughly substantial citizen, that he was a personal friend of Dr. Trowbridge, in whom she believed implicitly, and that certain things relative to Mrs. H. number one, at which we hinted in the preceding chapter, were not whispered in that small circle in which Aunt Cynthia revolved. Sup-

posing, for argument's sake, that she was deceived in her estimate of Mr. Hemenway, she was not the first woman who has married a man on a superficial, however prolonged, acquaintance, and is, consequently, entitled to sympathy rather than deserving of censure. Perhaps, too, she erred, if she erred at all, in taste more than in judgment; and if this be so, then nothing remains to be said. But my duty is that of an historian, not of an apologist; and although I do not deny that I could, if necessary, present one or two ingenious hypotheses, I prefer to confine myself, for the present at least, to a simple statement of fact. The truth is, Elisha and myself were so kept in the dark with reference to Aunt Cynthia's contemplated marriage, that all the light we ever obtained on the subject came afterward and incidentally. In the course of the narrative enough may be said to afford the reader a like satisfaction.

The installment of Grandma Prime as mistress of the parsonage was undeniably for the good of its inmates. There was a tone and flavor about her which caused her very presence to act as a wholesome tonic upon all the household. It must be confessed that for a long time back Aunt Cynthia's authority had been nominal rather than real. It was soon evident that Grandma Prime's was real. She pleased us by her cheerful good humor, her ready sympathy and wit, while her strong common sense, energy, and general knowledge commanded our respect. As Elisha admiringly remarked one day, when she had fairly outwitted him, she was "posted."

Jane came with her old mistress, although she grumbled at the change, and to her dying day protested that it was a severe trial to her to give up New Haven privileges. What she considered that term to include I never could definitely ascertain. Perhaps a laudable desire to enjoy these same privileges had weight in determining Aunt Cynthia's election. However that may be, I say again that it

was a lucky day for the inmates of the parsonage, when, to use her own expression, Grandma Prime "set up her shop" there. And, indeed, this phrase was by no means inappropriate, for the good old lady was so industrious and spry and turned off such a wonderful amount of work for somebody's benefit (seldom for her own profit, except as she daily experienced the truth of that maxim: "It is more blessed to give than to receive") that the little red house might properly enough be said to have been a shop, of which she was the master workman.

The first Sunday after she was fairly settled in her new quarters, she displayed her characteristic promptness and originality of proceeding in so marked a manner, that Elisha was saved from an experience which would have caused his father no little annoyance. But as the affair, to which I have reference, did not come off until after church, I beg the reader to bear with a few observations suggested by that word.

At the time of which I am now writing, the autumn of 1852, Dr. Trowbridge's people worshiped in "the old building." The fine new edifice, of whose lofty steeple and agreeable interior the Hamptonians are so proud, was then talked of only. It had been talked of for several years, and it was talked of for several years more, before the corner-stone was laid. The old house was peculiar, but not alone in its peculiarity. "A few more of the same sort" still remain. The pulpit was high, and situated immediately between the two doors of entrance. As a consequence of this arrangement, the pews fronted the vestibule, obliging those who came late to walk up the aisle before the face and eyes of the whole congregation. It was generally observable that those who had farthest to come were earliest in their places, while some who lived close by were invariably a trifle late.

The Hoskin family, which, individually and collectively, was certainly very plain, insinuated that certain peo-

ple, the King girls, for instance, came late for no other reason in the world than to display their handsome persons and fashionable clothes. There were others who thought so, too, and—did so, too.

Good Deacon Wilder held a similar opinion; and, to show his abhorrence of the practice, would shut his eyes when those vanity fair people came in, refusing to behold their folly, although he was, of necessity, obliged to countenance it. Deacon Wilder's disapproval had little effect, however, for the vanity fair girls cared not a whit whether Deacon Wilder saw them or not, while the boys averred that as the old gentleman had no eye-winkers to speak of, his shutting his eyes was a mere matter of form, which *he* could see through quite as well as themselves.

I have always found it both amusing and instructive to observe people come into church. As pews are commonly arranged, this study can seldom be thoroughly prosecuted except at the sacrifice of good manners. But in the old Hampton house of worship, all I had to do was to keep my two eyes open—a matter of no difficulty—for the first half hour, and they saw of themselves, without any effort of volition, behind them.

Farmer Hoskins and his family were always among the first arrivals. He had a jog in his gait, a slight stoop in his broad shoulders, and in the skirts of his blue coat was broadcloth enough to set up a moderately ambitious dry goods peddler in trade, as fashions go now-a-days. He usually preceded his wife by about a rod, carrying his whip in one hand, his hat in the other, and a good-natured smile on his ruddy, cleanly-shaved face. Mrs. Hoskins was a weazen-faced, dragged-out looking little woman, as pale and attenuated in form and feature as her spouse was burly and rubicund. I never saw her without feeling a vague desire to tell her I was sorry for her. The oldest daughter came next, then the second daughter, who was a couple of inches shorter, then the third daughter, shorter

still, followed by her younger and shorter brother, who looked, and no doubt was, very much ashamed of himself, for no reason in particular. After him came a smaller girl, followed by the youngest brother, who brought up the rear, and was not ashamed at all, but shut the door with a bang when he ought to have left it open, and left it wide open when he ought to have shut it, strutted up the aisle with his hands in his pockets, and wore his hat on his head until he reached the pew, when his small sister pulled it off, effectually rumpling his hair in the process. The little chap evidently felt that in him lay the conclusion of the whole matter (as was the case) so far as the Hoskins family was concerned, and valued himself accordingly. These six children were so evenly graduated with respect to height, that a board, laid on the heads of the two extremes, would have touched the heads of all the means, forming a very pretty inclined plane at an angle of twenty-two degrees. And since this story is for the profit as well as for the amusement of its readers, I will take the trouble to state that the distance from the supposed angle to the crown of Miss Hoskins' head is fourteen feet, in order that any middle-aged young man who is of a mathematical turn, and practically disposed, may compute the inches of the person in question, who, as I am credibly informed, is still unmarried, and anxious for a "situation."

Among the regular attendants at this church, was a portly, dignified old gentleman, who scowled fearfully as he labored to his pew, followed so closely by his wife, that, had he suddenly stopped midway, she would have inevitably bumped against him. Such an accident actually happened once, greatly to her confusion, which was not diminished by the fat gentleman's turning completely around, with an unusually portentous frown on his face, to discover the nature of the craft which had so disrespectfully run into him.

There were people who shot up the aisle at a pace which suggested a doc-

tor's office as their probable destination. And to see them suddenly dart into a pew and instantaneously become unnaturally stiff and rigid, was almost alarming. One could not help thinking of witchcraft, enchantment, or, at least, fits. There were those who stole softly in on tiptoe, as if to escape observation, and there were others who came in noisily, as if to attract it. There were boys who rushed, stamping, to the farthest seats, their boots clattering and squeaking as boys' boots only can. How Elisha envied those boys! And how he hated to come in early with the family, and sit demurely in the ministerial pew, knowing what rare sport was going on back there! There were a few who came in quietly and reverently, and took their seats with well-bred self-forgetfulness; but there were far more who minced or simpered, or appeared flurried, self-conscious, and unnatural to a greater or less degree.

There were others who staid outdoors and talked horses, and weather, and crops, in some convenient corner. And there were others still who staid at home. Strange to say, it was as easy to judge correctly the characters of these latter by the way they did *not* come into church, as to form an opinion of the others by the way they did perform that duty.

There was once a poor but worthy youth, whose misfortune it was to love a young lady of high degree, and to be loved in return by her. The persistent faithfulness of the two so exasperated, and at length alarmed, her father, that he banished the young man from her presence forever. Years elapsed. One night there was a grand entertainment within the castle halls, in honor of the lady's natal day, who all this time had steadfastly refused to wed. In the midst of the festivities, an attendant beckoned the old man into the court.

"Sir," said the menial, "there is a stranger at the gate, who craves permission to speak with you."

"Bring him hither," said the lord

of the castle. "Every one shall have hospitable welcome to-night."

But when he saw that the stranger was no other than the banished youth, who immediately threw himself at his feet, and passionately renewed his supplications for the lady's hand, the old man was perplexed, scarcely knowing what course to pursue. At length, touched by such an exhibition of loyal attachment, and moved, in spite of himself, by the young man's entreaties, he told him he should have his daughter on condition of his selecting her from among the throng of beauties by whom she was, at that moment, surrounded. Then he commanded the attendants to extinguish all the torches, and, enjoining the strictest silence upon all, under penalty of his displeasure on her who should break it, he led the young man into the room. And how did he proceed? He neither spoke, nor touched the wondering maidens with his hands; but after hovering for a moment over each one present, like a humming-bird over a garden of roses, flitting from bush to bush until he finds the variety of which he is in quest, he soon discovered his mistress, and claimed and obtained from her astonished father the fulfillment of his promise.

"By what owl's divination did you recognize her?" the old man asked.

"Sir," replied the happy bridegroom, "I remembered that there was always a rare and exquisite perfume about her person, so delightful, yet so subtle and delicate, that I was sure none other than my own dear Echo could ever display such perfect taste in the use of a compound, which, in any quantity larger than the smallest, is positively offensive."

The above little fiction, I am free to confess, originated in my own brain. It was intended as a graceful preface to a remark which I had in mind to make, relative to a habit that prevailed among certain genteel Hamptonsians, of deluging their pocket-handkerchiefs with various penetrating extracts, and

their heads with equally fragrant preparations in oil, by reason of which they left in their wake as many separate and well-defined odors as the poet credited to the ancient city of Cologne. But, since the introduction has taken up the space of both, the remark must be omitted, and myself contented with observing that, as a student of church-going, lecture-going—in short, of society generally, be it going or coming—I am accustomed to keep my nostrils, as well as my eyes, open, having found by experience that in many cases I can learn as much from a discreet use of the former as of the latter.

Dr. Trowbridge's choir was an institution with which he never presumed to meddle. He read the hymns as suited himself, the choir sang them as suited itself, and the people in the pews got along as well as they could. The gallery was very high up, and as the singers trilled, quavered, and rumbled, hung on and let go, soloed and da capoed with untiring energy, crescendo, diminuendo, con espressione et sine ditto, until, to borrow a phrase from another profession, brave old Watts, Wesley, or Doddridge, were knocked out of time completely, the patient worshipers (creatures of earth) would stand with chins in air, as if to catch in their eyes, as well as in their ears, the strains which floated down to them like autumn leaves, if not from an angelic choir, at least and undeniably from the choir on high. The various members of this formidable body were occasionally as much out of harmony as their voices were, and once the spirit of discord became so rampant that the gallery was empty; and when Dr. Trowbridge finished reading the hymn, and repeated its number, as his habit was, there was an awful silence throughout the house, followed by a general rustle, occasioned by everybody's turning to look at somebody else. The singers were beginning to get very red in the face, and to look generally uncomfortable, when Deacon Wilder, in his quivering old voice, struck up to a familiar tune, and a few

others straggled feebly along in his wake. The professionals were all as dumb as oysters. The minister proceeded with the service as usual, and neither then nor afterward made any allusion to an affair of which the singers were, of their own accord, sufficiently ashamed. On the following Sunday they were in their places, their tongues were loosed, and every thing was done "with decency and in order."

An enterprising author has written a book which he denominates "The Secret History of the Rebellion," and many of the disclosures contained therein are said to be of an interesting nature. It occurs to me—and I say it with all due respect both for the author of the above mentioned work and for the highly respectable and unique institutions under consideration—that were the secret history of certain notable choirs cleverly written out, the narrative would be read with general and absorbing interest, to say nothing of amusement, instruction, and moral profit. The triumphs, the humiliations, the dissensions, jealousies, and heart-burnings which, occasionally and at rare intervals, have been known to exist in those august organizations—who shall recount them? For my own part, I can well be content that nature has denied me both voice and ear for music. How many sharp twinges of wounded vanity, occasioned by seeing other voices preferred to mine, I have escaped, I shall never know, but I am convinced that their name is legion. And if I can not enjoy a concert or an oratorio as intensely as my neighbor can, who is a born musician, and who, on Christmas-eve, listens to "I know that my Redeemer liveth," with streaming eyes, I, at least, can derive genuine pleasure from the performance, and go home satisfied—as Mr. Hemenway would say, that I have received a fair equivalent for my money. But when the music, as unfortunately is the case with a great deal of this world's music, happens to fall a trifle short of perfection, the discords do not fill me with jarring pain, nor cause my brows to

knit with anguish, as do those of the more sensitive being who squirms and wriggles at my side. If my incapacity for the highest acoustic enjoyment makes me the loser on one grand occasion, I am still the gainer, by reason of my insensibility to the faults of ninety-nine inferior entertainments.

It was once my good fortune to occupy pleasant rooms, which were directly underneath the chambers of an inveterate Swiss fiddler. He was far from being a perfect master of the bow, but he wielded it incessantly, sometimes evoking strains so extraordinary that I was excessively amused, and sometimes soothing me to sleep by his monotonous scraping. I have always cherished a friendly interest in that persevering Swiss. Not long after my removal from the rooms, a musical friend made some inquiries relative to desirable lodgings, and I referred him to my own old quarters.

"They were pleasant rooms," he said, as he related his experience afterward, "but, oh, you can't imagine how I suffered from that horrible Swiss fiddler! I stood him a week, when I left the neighborhood. I don't see how you managed to endure it so long? It was fearful!"

This young man paid twice the money for half as good rooms, for the sake of escaping from a noise which disturbed me not in the least. "For verily," quoth he, "what shall it profit me to gain the whole world, if I have to live under a sleepless Swiss fiddler?"

Some people are so unfortunately constituted as to be delighted with the warbling of a canary, but are outraged, yea, almost ready to resent it as a personal insult if an innocent donkey happens to bray under their window. How much more fortunate I, who am able to listen smilingly to both, and to pronounce them equally entertaining. To the canary I say: "Really, my young friend, you sang charmingly;" and to the donkey: "My dear sir, your performance was very good—very good, indeed—of its

kind." And when it happens—it does happen so once in a great while—that the donkey is not down in the street hitched to a cart, but just behind me in church, with a hymn-book in his hand and a broadcloth coat on his back, then I think all must acknowledge that I have the advantage over my friend, the musician, who sits by my side. To be sure, the canary's note does not enrapture me, but, on the other hand, my long-eared gentleman's hee-haw does not fill my soul with abhorrence and disgust.

Dear brethren and sisters, especially those of you whose tongues are tuneless and whose ears are slow, how thankful we should be for the law of compensation, by virtue of which, as our enjoyment is curtailed, our sufferings are diminished in the same ratio! Let us shake hands all round. Ah, I observe that some of you give me the left hand!

The Sunday-school was another institution appertaining to Dr. Trowbridge's church, which can not in justice be passed over in silence. It is worthy of especial notice, both for its own sake and because it had more or less influence upon Elisha. For several years the superintendent was a man of such passing diffidence, that nearly all the school was visibly affected in the same way, and went through the exercises with an air of constraint. His manner was the more impressive, from the fact that in the ordinary duties of life he was loud and confident. The class of which Elisha and myself were members had the honor to be instructed by good Deacon Wilder. The lesson, we will suppose, is the first seven verses in Mark.

"Elisha," says Deacon Wilder—he always began with Elisha, probably on account of his relationship to the pastor, "can you repeat the lesson?"

"Yes, sir," replies Elisha readily, and he starts off with "The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ," and runs through the verse at the same breakneck pace, when he suddenly stops.

"As it is written," suggests Deacon Wilder, when he has found the place.

"O, yes," says Elisha quickly. "As it is written in the prophets, behold!" and so on, with occasional dead halts, through the seven verses. The rest follow suit, with the exception of one who is so painfully bashful that he can not be induced to speak above a whisper. He begins, casting frequent and apprehensive glances toward a class of girls just across the aisle; he is in constant terror lest they will hear him. At length he meets the eye of one of them and loses his place at once, blushing profusely. Deacon Wilder gives him a lift, but the boy has seen the girl whisper to her neighbor, who also looks up, and he is sure they are whispering about himself and making fun of him. This conviction is so disconcerting that he runs off the track again—is again pried on by the deacon, but by this time he has lost command of his locomotive powers, in other words his vocal organs, and gives it up entirely. This boy is by no means a bad boy, but he does not love to go to Sunday-school, and feels that the cross which he has to bear, in attending, is indeed a heavy one.

When all have repeated the verses, with the exception of the bashful boy, Deacon Wilder begins with great deliberation to catechise and comment.

"What do you understand, Elisha, by 'it is written in the prophets?'" he asks, after considerable study.

"Written in the Old Testament," is the prompt answer.

"That is correct, I *believe*," says Deacon Wilder, slowly. Then after another long pause, during which he is evidently wrestling with the text, "Johnny, can you tell me to whom reference is made in the clause, 'Behold I send my messenger?'"

"Yes, sir; John the Baptist."

"He was the messenger, was he?"

"Yes, sir."

He proceeds in this way, asking one or two questions on each verse, until he comes to the sixth. He studies over it so long that we begin to think

he is reading ahead, having forgotten all about his class. Such, however, is not the case.

"Will some one repeat the sixth verse?" he asks. Which being done, he removes his spectacles, assuming in their stead a look of profound wisdom, mingled with perplexity. Holding his glasses in his right hand, he says: "This is an exceedingly obscure passage. Learned commentators differ as to whether John actually ate the locust—an animal closely resembling our grasshopper—or the bean of the locust-tree. I confess that I myself am a little in the dark about it, and with my present limited knowledge on the subject am unwilling to express a decided opinion. There are many difficult passages in the Bible, and we should all pray the Holy Spirit to enlighten us, shouldn't we, boys?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes," says Deacon Wilder, "we certainly should."

Having restored his spectacles to his nose and asked one more question, he gives out the next lesson, turns his back and leaves us to whisper and swap jack-knives until the superintendent rings the hour. This he always does promptly, unless there be somebody present whom he can prevail upon to address the school.

One can not help wondering if he is not glad to terminate an exercise, during the greater part of which he seems to be at a loss to know what he shall do with himself, tiptoeing aimlessly about for the first half hour, and at last sitting down wearily in his chair, with one hand tightly clasping his forehead and the other folded across his stomach.

It was rarely that a stranger could escape from the clutches of this superintendent without first making a few remarks. He seldom made remarks himself, but he had a positive mania for asking other people to make them. If the visitor was backward about responding to the invitation, the superintendent would pump away until something came.

Mr. Hemenway was a visitor to whom the superintendent never applied in vain. He was a man after his own heart.

"Dear boys and girls," says Mr. Hemenway in a loud voice, eyeing them so fiercely that they are immediately as still as mice—he was wont to boast of his power to gain and hold the attention of Sunday-school scholars—"when I was of your age I did not have the privilege of attending Sunday-school. Sunday-schools were not started then, where I lived—a poor boy over in England; and a very wicked boy, too, I was. I am always glad to see a company of smiling boys and girls studying the Bible. Where did the lesson begin to-day, children?"

A chorus of voices answers that it begins with Matthew, eighth chapter, fourteenth verse.

"Can anybody repeat the first two verses?" His eye is on them, and after a little hesitation a small girl timidly repeats the verses.

"That's right," says Mr. Hemenway. "Now then! all together: 'And when Jesus was come into Peter's house, he saw his wife's mother laid, and sick of a fever. And he touched her hand, and the fever left her: and she arose, and ministered unto them.'"

"Very good," says Mr. Hemenway, "very good, indeed."

"Who was it that came into Peter's house?"

"Jesus."

"Yes, Jesus. And now whose house did you say it was?"

"Peter's house."

"Yes, Peter's house. Jesus had no house, children. The Son of man had not where to lay his head. Well, what did Jesus find in Peter's house?"

"Found Peter's wife's mother laid, and sick of a fever."

"Sick of a what—what was Peter's wife's mother sick of?"

"A fever."

"Yes, sick of a fever—a very virulent disease. And what did Jesus do?"

"He touched her."

"What?"

"He touched her!"

"Only touched her. Just think of it, children! A physician would have given her medicine, but Jesus only touched her. And what did the fever do?"

"Left her."

"Yes, children," says Mr. Hemenway impressively, "the fever left her."

Having asked a few more equally wise and pertinent questions, Mr. Hemenway addresses "a few words" to the teachers, tapers off by expressing his gratification at seeing so many present, assures the school of his interest in it and hope for its continued prosperity, and finally winds up with a command to the younger pupils to be thankful for kind and Christian parents, and for the privilege of attending Sunday-school. I fear the bashful boy does not heed this injunction.

By this time it is long past the usual hour of closing, and the superintendent, after thanking "the gentleman for his kindness in addressing the school, and I hope we shall all profit by what he has said to us," remarks that as it is a little late we will omit the singing, and lets us out. We did not know it at the time, but we had been toeing the mark from the moment Mr. Hemenway fixed his eye on us.

Elisha sat for years under Deacon Wilder's teaching; and heard many addresses both from Mr. Hemenway and from other equally-gifted Sunday-school orators. Let us hope that, unlike the bashful boy, he was thankful, for his privileges, and greatly benefited by the same.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PROGRESS OF REASON.

BY REV. D. SWING.

WE propose a few thoughts on the Progress of Reason, both as to the faculty itself and as to its achievements. In the creation of brute life God gave the different species a stationary intelligence by which each individual should always be able to gnaw down a tree, or burrow in the earth, or build a nest. Coming to the creation of man the Almighty assigned to him a progressive faculty, such that if, in the first year, he should burrow in the ground for a home he would be at liberty to try a house of logs afterward, and still later a house of adobe or stone. From cutting down a tree with a sharp stone, he was at liberty to come to the conception and manufacture of an axe of fine steel. Human intelligence was thus not stationary but elastic. The intelligence of a beaver is a finished, closed-up account. That of man, in any age or place, is only the first or second or third step in an infinite series. The reasoning power of mankind is subject to the law of growth, just as is his power of arm or hand, or his power of taste. As the Chinaman is delighted with a music that would render a European insane, so his reasoning power is such as would convulse with laughter a modern Frenchman in an English or French school. It is not a defect of execution that makes the paintings of the Chinese destitute of perspective, it is the incapacity of that mind to perceive or enjoy what is called "distance;" for when an American landscape is placed before them its distance is not realized, and Bierstadt's "Yo Semite" has to them all the beauty of a good Chinese device for a robe or apron. It is only a flat image that can find appreciation

on their peculiar brain. If taste, therefore, as a faculty reveals such strange phenomena, and in one land exults over a music produced by the pounding of metallic pans, and in another place loves only such strains as flow from a Nilsson's voice, or a Beethoven orchestra, then we are warranted in the supposition that the reasoning power will also present changing pictures, and will in its deductions often equal Chinese music, or an Indian war-dance as to absurdity. When one of our English travelers exhibited to some savages a picture of their own camels they could not recognize the creature. They did not seem to possess the power of comparing the little image with the large animal, and no doubt ended their inquiry by putting the picture down as being in some way related to the mouse or insect tribe.

The reasoning faculty enjoys no peculiar advantages, but is subject to the law of gradual development seen in the department of taste, or æsthetics. As the South Sea islanders ornament themselves by thrusting a billet of wood through the upper lip, and indicate greatness by the size of this style of jewel, so reason has worn its own great nose jewels, and has gloried in deductions that were about as rational as the taste of the Bushman.

Not only has reason had a dreary history as to its accuracy, but also as to its power of labor. When Sir John Lubbock asked the simple savages what they thought of God, or of the moon, or sun, they answered one or two questions, and then complained of feeling sleepy. Their whole mental life went into collapse. As one suddenly grows exhausted when doing

some new work, he calls into use muscles that have never been used, so these children of peace almost sunk into slumber over a disturbance of their brains for a few moments. Thus, next to the imperfection of the logical instrument was the imperfection of the power to propel the machine. When one of these sons of nature felt strong enough to attempt a process of argument, he said: "Why should I be poor when my own sister has children large enough to be sold?" and then he relapsed into silence, not only because the argument was complete, but because his mind needed rest. In our day a well-trained lawyer can argue a case before a supreme court for five or six or ten consecutive hours, and at nightfall be full of pleasant chat for his friends. And there are clergymen that can at times preach a purely logical discourse without rendering a rest in Europe an absolute necessity. Between those natives which grow sleepy over a few new thoughts about the sun and the barristers in active practice, what an infinity intervenes as to the laboring power of reason; and what a distance intervenes as to the accuracy of reason between the Wilberforce, who deduced the freedom and sacredness of humanity, and that tattooed chief, whose logic made him so rich in the marketable children of his sister; and yet this immense distance has been passed over by reason casting itself forward.

The centuries, up to the sixteenth, can not be reckoned as attentive to the development of rational power. Brute force had been the chief pursuit of man. Rome cultivated common sense to such an extent that she was able to lay down some valuable maxims of law, but the love of empire turned toward power what thought vice did not destroy. The logical faculty was visible in Greece, but was overwhelmed by the luxuriant growth of imagination and sentiment, finding expression in poetry and art.

Then followed the long ecclesiastical ages in which popes were only the

embodiment of force, and the bishops were either lovers or generals—licentious as to the one, and cowardly as to the other. The church studied crusades, wars, and spectacles. With his customary bitterness, Thomas Paine says that "Europe introduced the study of language into its colleges and convents to keep the rising mind from ever coming to any use of the reasoning power." Busy about words and poetic feet, the scholars did not investigate any questions of daily life. Whether the study of the sentimental classics was accidental or malicious, it is certain that education was rather a loading of memory than a development of the power to think. The policy of the church was evidently adverse to the uprising of a new idea. For, as the state was itself one with the church, any new truth in the church always was a menace to the state. If the United States were Calvinistic, then Bishop Simpson would be a menace, and if it were Arminian, a guard would need be set over the magnates at Princeton. Thus heresy was bad, not so much because of hell or heaven, as because of Italy and the income of the Vatican. For many reasons, known and unknown, the logical faculty of man came down to the sixteenth century in the tattoo condition, ornamented with a stick in its lip, and too sleepy to sustain much exertion.

Just when the age of reason came we know not. There are not many cradles of greatness over which angels sing, or a star stands to designate the spot. In the summer time, there are long hours in which Day is busy sprinkling silver dust in the east, but there is no one moment when the watcher can say—light comes; and in the bosom of the flower there are places where the pink fades into white so tenderly that no eye can mark the spot where Terminus builds his altar, and accepts of worship. So in history there is no vision that can point out the first footprint of the new thing. The kingdom of reason came not by observation. Yet Bacon and Luther are Twin Atlases,

upon whose shoulders this new world of thought rested with immense weight. Mankind no longer believes in any one Atlas. It knows that back of the large figure there are countless bending forms beneath the great ball. We must, however, cast most of the glory-wreaths upon the foreheads of the one so mighty in philosophy and the one so mighty in the church. Bacon polished up reason in the closet, Luther scoured the rusty old thing along the street. Bacon taught the instrument to act in all directions, Luther busied it with the Pope. Bacon worked like a long summer, Luther more like a storm.

Luther exercised the limbs and muscles of his reason no little outside of the church. He was as cruel toward medicine as toward old theology. He says: "Me sick, the physician treated as though I were a great ox. I took none of his stuff, but fasted and exercised, and got well." Thus began that era of questionings, out of which medicine has come clothed in its right mind, and longing for higher truth.

Regarding music, the doubting Luther said: "You may saw on your fiddle-strings as much as you see fit; but as for me, I want little of that form of sound." It was, however, within the domains of the church he girded himself for his greatest task. Here this improved Hercules entered upon the twelve labors in behalf of the human spirit; here began that disintegration of the papal power which has reduced it from a vast empire to a garden-spot, and has taken away kings from the papal retinue, and has left an old man, attended by a few domestics. Having once owned the world, the Father of the Church now contemplates a retreat to the island of Malta. Such are the changes wrought by the growth of reason, that the name of Franklin or Guizot is holier to-day to mankind than all the words of the Vatican. The Roman organization has lived long, indeed, and amid many vicissitudes; but in all its experience, it met no age of reason until after Luther.

The seed of the mulberry and locust will slumber in the ground two thousand years, if no sunlight fall upon them; but the light once warming them, they germinate, and find life or death. The long past of Romanism counts nothing, inasmuch as it was all lived in times of force or sentiment; but now that the sunlight of reason falls upon it, its destiny must undergo radical and sudden changes. When we see Hyacinthe, acting as priest, refuse to rebaptize the American lady joining his church, and in presence of assembled thousands congratulating her upon having had a Puritan training, we see the light of reason pouring itself all through the old temple of darkness.

But it is not more for the achievements of reason in the Roman Church we feel thankful, than for its positive growth and works inside the Protestant body. The gift of a Christ and a Testament to the world has all along been almost half neutralized by the failure of human reason to interpret rightly the gift. Many years ago, our government presented to Japan a locomotive and car, and kindly put down a mile of track for the enlightenment of the strange people. But the Japanese failed to interpret rightly the gift, and, carrying their merchandise on the backs of man and beast, the statesmen gathered once a year, and took a pleasure ride on the interesting road of the Americans.

Thus, it is not the gift that blesses, but the gift and the interpretation thereof. Up to almost the current century, the gift of Jesus and the gospels has been in the hands of theological Japanese; and mankind have burnt Christians, and doomed infants, and hung witches, in the name of a divine religion! It is almost within memory that reason began to deduce logical conclusions from Christ, as its greater premise. As our coast surveyors from a line of infinite precision, measured on some field on the eastern shore, proceed with their great triangulation from Maine to Oregon, so at last Christian logic, with Christ for the given side of

the triangle, passes along, brilliantly mapping out human duty for life, and hope for the tomb.

We confess the evils of an extreme rationalism. Rationalism is a triangulation without any given base. While, however, such a wild method is confessed to exist, it seems certain that the ills which have come to Christianity from reason acting against it from without, are by no means equal to the blessing logic has brought, acting for Christianity from within. And, even could not these good and bad results be compared and measured, we would still be justified in trusting God fully for the final outcome of all mental culture.

God has, furthermore, so constructed the mind that it will always come to principles beyond which reason, in fond pursuit, can never pass; and in the sermon upon the mount are to be seen propositions over which the thought of society can never spring. The maxims of the Saviour are the final result along the path of duty and religion. To such words as, "Blessed

are the pure in heart," time can never add any more truthfulness or simplicity. All the dross of mortality has been poured out of their holy urn. At the words of Christ, reason will cease to disintegrate and abrade—it will dare only to unfold and admire.

An English poet tells us of a gothic cathedral, toward which the ocean had worked for centuries, threatening to engulf the sacred pile. At last the waves came to a wall of adamant, and were compelled to pause forever there; and now, having lost the power to destroy, the wild waters accept a better destiny, and becoming worshipers, join with the organ and the bowing hearts in repeating, *Amen! Amen!*

"And all through winter's storm, and summer's calm,
They rise and fall in everlasting psalm."

Thus reason, done at last with its abrading, dissolving art, will gladly join the loving soul, and, before the impassible words of the Saviour, mingle its voice in the great *Amen, Amen*, beyond this brief encampment.

UNDER THE YOKE.

BY MRS. JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT,

AUTHOR OF "ALMOST A PRIEST," "PRIEST AND NUN," ETC.

CHAPTER SECOND.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

THE storms that had seemed to lower over Brian Waring's marriage passed away, and their portent was forgotten. Sunshine brightened over the new household. Rome's yoke rests lightly on the rich and restive as long as they yield outward acquiescence to her forms. Clare and Brian went to church on Sundays; kept the church feasts with state, and fasted on Good Friday, a royal fast on green turtle, oysters, lobsters, and terrapins, wines, and cream, and all the vegetables

in season; (the fact about Brian being that he did not know when he was fasting or feasting, or when the holy days came), but he ordered whatever Clare requested, and neither Catholic priests nor Catholic servants were scandalized. When the "joyous fast" of Lent came, Clare gave up balls and theaters, did a little more praying and church going, when Brian was at his business, and instead of the balls and opera, had innumerable church shows, concerts, and festivals to pass away the time.

Brian had forgotten his own apprehensions and Allan Rowe's warnings,



and began to think there was nothing annoying in being married to a Catholic. Indeed Brian was seeing the sunny side of Rome just now, and affairs went this way:

"What's in order for to-day, Clare?"

"O, don't you know its Candlemas-day, and we are all going to see the holy candles blessed. You are too busy to go, Brian dear, but you can give me an offering; that will do for your presence."

And to Clare, so enchanting in a morning dress from Paris, and with little yellow wavelets all over her head like glints of sunshine, Brian willingly gave a gold piece to be taken to church.

Then again: "Say we stay home from church to-day, Clare," says Brian.

"O yes, we might, Brian dear, but don't you know it is Palm Sunday, and it will be so splendid in church. There will be the blessing and distribution of palms, and a procession, and mass; and really, Brian, Palm Sunday anthems at the cathedral are as good as an opera."

Of course after that Brian relinquishes the idea of staying at home, and goes to church and gives an "offering" for the privilege.

Very likely when Brian understood that for the ceremony of "blessing the candles" no less than thirty-three articles, as incense-boat, sprinkling-brush, books, tables, altar-veils, ornaments, linen-cloths, etc., have to be prepared, he felt the necessity of making therefor a liberal offering, and on Palm Sunday he *may* have considered the anthems as worth the price of several opera tickets.

The pursuit of the world, the flesh, and the devil in theaters, balls, and card parties, the worship of mother Rome on high days and holy days came to an end, at least for a time, and we are brought to a grand occasion, when Aunt Bently, seated in state in Clare's chamber, held on her knee a soft, red-faced, squealing bundle of humanity, carefully done up in an embroidered blanket. Rose and

Violetta, kneeling before this new comer, admired it as they did their favorite image of the holy mother and child.

"Clare," said Aunt Bently, turning to the young mother who lay under a blue silk quilt, with a ravishing lace cap on her pretty head, "this child could not have been born at a better time; we can now have her christened on Holy Saturday, a most fortunate occasion, none better, except the Easter or Pentecostal Sabbath."

"O, the little love! we'll have her baptized on next Saturday!" cried Violetta.

"And mother and Miss Lucy are to be godmothers, and Mr. Chapin godfather," said Rose.

Here Brian came in. "Brian," says Mrs. Bently, "we must have little Cora baptized next Saturday, it is a most suitable occasion—Holy Saturday."

"But you'll kill her, taking her out so soon," cries Brian. "Who ever heard of such thing. She is not two weeks old!"

"But it is always done. It won't hurt her at all, ask nurse."

Nurse being a Catholic, responded that it was quite in order, and would be sure to do no harm.

"Well," said Brian, laughing, "do as you like, so she isn't hurt; and mind I shall expect splendid presents from the sponsors."

Brian regarded the whole affair of the christening as a joke—no harm for a girl, and all right if the mother wanted to have it so.

"You'll go to church, too, Brian?" said Mrs. Bently.

"Surely. I want to see that the thing is done properly, and that the daughter is not dropped on the floor."

They were ready to start for church on Saturday. Clare, proud of her first-born, lay watching the preparations with glistening eyes.

"Wrap the mite up warmly," ordered Brian.

"There now, she has no space to breathe, and you'll have her smothered!" he cried again.

"She's all right, sir," laughed the nurse; "how fearsome these fathers do be!"

"Brian," said Clare.

Brian obediently hastened to her side.

"You'll give Father Leroy a liberal fee for christening our baby, won't you? It is always expected, dear."

A liberal fee! certainly he would. It is a great thing to be going to church to see *our baby* christened; to claim property in such a lovely bundle, done up in an embroidered cloak lined with quilted satin, and with cambric robes trailing over the bearer's arms and falling to the floor. It is a great thing to have long hope become glad possession; to find secret suspense and trembling fear exchanged for joyful certainty; a great thing to see *our baby* strong and handsome, and our Clare so fresh and smiling.

The benefit of Brian's beatific state was experienced by Father Leroy, and he shook out the baptismal fee before Father Garren, and said cheerfully: "Here's for christening our heretic's first baby; duly received into the Holy Church with reliable sponsors—wisdom and waiting win the day."

The complacency with which Brian Waring regarded his wife's religion, extended to his little daughter. He was proud to have her baby feet patter up the cathedral aisles with his heavier tread; he laughed when the sharp little thing learned the angelus from the nurse, recommended by Father Leroy; he considered it a good joke when she had a rosary, and wore a gold cross in her corals. "Religion was all well enough for a girl; it would not go any farther than her mother's had, and that was never enough to hurt her." Thus said Brian.

Allan Rowe shook his head.

"I have heard of girls who were called 'devout' from infancy, and thus became easy prey to the priests, and were led to be nuns."

"Such a perversion I never would permit," said Brian. "I have no faith in nuns. I do not believe them all

bad—there may be flowers among weeds. But I believe monastic life and vows a perversion of natural and social laws, a flagrant violation of justice and liberty. The tendency of these institutions is to vice and impurity; and, you may rely upon it, that child of mine shall have nothing to do with them."

"I hope you will hold to this opinion, and maintain your position," said Allan; "but I'm afraid, if you do, it will only be through trouble and division."

"Let there be trouble and division," said Brian; "I hold firm to this point."

"A house divided against itself can not stand," quoth Allan Rowe.

"The division would be between me and the priests, not between me and Clare—we are united, and will ever be so; of course, her husband's word and wish is more to her than a priest's."

Before baby Cora had been very long pattering to church, and lisping her *aves*, baby second made its appearance in the home of the Warings. This injudicious infant was guilty of greatly disappointing her parents upon her first arrival. The father and mother had fully set their hearts upon a son; yet, in the face of these earnest wishes, the child had the incredible audacity to be girl No. 2. To look upon the fair, round, smiling innocent, one could hardly believe her capable of such perversity, and, indeed, to hold malice was quite impossible. The stretching out of her little dimpled fist was more potent than the golden scepter of Ahasuerus; he may have won obedience from all but Vashti; the infant Belle conquered every heart.

There now followed more sponsors, and more baptism. Lest any one should consider him too deeply aggravated by the sex of the new comer, Brian resolved not only to attend the ceremony at the church, but to double his fee. Like an exemplary Catholic, Clare had her babies make their appearance in season for a suitable christening-day. Belle was taken to church on the pentecostal Sabbath. What was Brian's

chagrin to find Father Garren on hand to perform the ceremony. He had never forgiven this father's interference on his marriage, and now felt very much like ordering baby and sponsors home again until such time as Father Leroy could officiate. He controlled himself, however, and took secret satisfaction that the Ritual required the priest to wash his hands before proceeding to the rite. When the reverend Celt covered the babe with the extremity of his stole, and remarked, complacently, "*Ingrederet in Templum Dei*," Brian chafed inwardly, and vowed that the child should come no more under the power of Priest Garren, and should not go further in the holy Romish Church than she had at that instant. When the business was over, he made Ben Bently deliver the fee, and horrified Aunt Bently by declaring the baptism a "mummery." In these days of his darkness, Brian would have called any religious service a "mummery," and see no difference between them.

The education of little Belle proceeded like that of Cora. She soon knew her rosary from her corals, and a crucifix from a toy; knelt on a *prie die* when she clambered over other furniture, and caused her nurse to smile with delight when she dipped her wee finger in the holy water, and made the sign of the cross.

Father Leroy's strength was not always to sit still. Hitherto, every thing had gone as he desired in the household of Brian Waring. Clare was permitted to manage her family, choose her servants, regulate her giving, and instruct her children exactly as she pleased. Her nurses were Catholics; she kept the holy days; she chose her books, and pictures, and nicknacks; you could tell that hers was a Romanist home the instant you went in it. The priest came often, and was always made welcome. One would have supposed that this state of things would have highly gratified Father Leroy; but, as is usual in his creed, the much only

made him demand the more. It was time for him to make a move. One obstacle lay in the way of his complete satisfaction: that was—Allan Rowe.

Clare went, as became her, to confession. The usual formulas having been gone over:

"My daughter," says the holy father, "is the intercourse between your husband and Mr. Rowe as close as ever?"

"Yes, father; perhaps they are even more intimate."

"Do you know of any business entanglements, any pecuniary obligations, that may cement their union?"

"No, father."

"Then why this intimacy?"

These questions would appear impertinent and presuming, did we not know that in the confessional the priest sits as God, and has a *right* to supervise all things. He continued:

"You must be aware, daughter, that the constant society of an infidel like Mr. Rowe drives your husband farther and farther from the True Church."

"I know it, father," replied Clare, "and I wish he had made choice of some other friend. But Brian is very faithful to his friendships, and he and Allan Rowe were schoolmates."

"This interloper may do you all much damage."

"That is true, father. I have never liked Mr. Rowe, and I do not think he likes me."

"A man of his stamp could scarcely be expected to appreciate the lofty character or the womanly graces of a carefully-nurtured daughter of the Church," said the flattering priest.

"But what can I do to lessen his influence over Brian," asked Clare, eagerly.

"A woman can work her will, and the will of her Church, in many ways," returned Priest Leroy. "Without descending to any thing unlady-like, you could make it apparent to Mr. Rowe that he was not fully welcome at your house; and, as a gentleman, he would cease to come. I would suggest that these trifles of manner be light as air,

and nothing of which he could complain, or which your husband could condemn."

"Yes, yes, father," said Clare, impatiently, "but Brian?"

"What is this proverb about continual dropping wearing a stone?" asked the priest, smiling. "Mr. Rowe must have failings, and it would be well to call attention to them in a careless way. Little *gaucheries* may now and then be commented upon; and, need I tell you after years in society, that we can most sharply blame when we *seem* to praise; we can *regret* a fault until it becomes odious; and we can keep before other's eyes the error we would appear to hide. Further, my daughter, you are fully aware that whatever serves, even remotely, our Church, is right."

"You may rely on me to do what I can," said Clare. "I have no doubt that Mr. Rowe does use his influence with my husband against our Church. But then, Brian likes him better than anybody."

"Surely not better than his wife," suggested the wily priest.

"You know I meant better than any other acquaintance," replied Clare, testily.

"Just so, my dear daughter. Surely the best friend, counselor, and confidant any man can have, is a pious, well-instructed wife."

Yes, surely, the first friend of the heretic husband must be the Romish wife; but that wife's chief "friend, confidant, and counselor" should be, not her husband, but—her priest.

Having received from the holy Leroy so much valuable spiritual instruction, Madam Clare went home, and proceeded to put his suggestions into action. It did seem hard and strange that, at the dictation of this stranger, she should try to rob her husband of his best loved friend; to deprive him of the satisfaction of his favorite society. Clare never stopped to think whether it were hard or not, the priest had commanded, it was hers to obey. She initiated her maneuvers against

Allan Rowe, and—Allan Rowe saw them.

He also traced them to their source—and next, he knew why they were commanded. Knowing this, he resolved not to be wounded, not to be angered by any thing that might occur. He would be more truly Brian's friend than before. When his visits at the house seemed more and more unwelcome to Clare, Brian went less often to the house, and more frequently to the office. All Clare's little flings could not shake Brian's faith in his brother-like friend, for he knew Allan to be far nobler than many whom Clare approved.

Urged on by her priest to work against Allan, Clare sometimes spoke overhastily. Brian's eyes were opened, and he was pained. "I am sorry, Clare, that you do not like Allan," he said. "Or rather that you are not allowed to like him. Allan is courteous, true, and wise; the very man you would like, and trust in as a brother, if you were not stirred up against him. My dear Clare, be as religious as you choose, but do not allow any interference in our domestic affairs, or any meddling by a third party in my business."

"I don't know what you mean, Brian," pouted Clare.

Then she told all this to the priest. It is so encouraging and convenient to have a stranger to whom you can unfold all family differences and confidences. How glad Brian would have felt had he known all his Clare confessed to her priest! But then Brian did not know; in fact, the priest said that he must not.

While affairs were in this state, and Brian little guessed what toils were being wound about his family by the priests; nor how great was the hostility to his cherished friend, he and Allan bought a small island, covered with cedar trees. The trees were to be felled, and great would be the value of the lumber. The joint owners concluded that they must go and visit their possession, and give orders

about the wood-cutting on the spot. Brian thought best not to delay the trip; but when he was gone he was uneasy, and in a hurry to get home—they settled their business as quickly as possible and came back.

Returning thus at the edge of evening, and forcing Allan to come to the house with him, as Brian opened the door with his latch-key, he was met by Aunt Bently, with the face that had ever been the harbinger of good news. She shook hands, and said a few words in a low tone, no less indeed than that Brian had a son, twelve hours old. After this astounding news, Brian dashed up stairs, three steps at a time, moderated his pace a little in the hall, calmed down ostensibly at the bedroom door, and was admitted by the doctor, the nurse, and the aunt. When, at last, the nurse resolutely extinguished the small son under a blanket; when the aunt said serenely, "that will do, Brian;" when the doctor remarked, despotically, that his patient must be kept quiet, Brian remembered that he had left that forlorn old bachelor, Allan Rowe, standing by the hall register, and hurried to find him.

"Congratulate me, my good fellow! here is your namesake at last; and he promises to be a beauty, if his small countenance is at present snarled up, and as red as scarlet. Come into the library, Allan."

They entered the library, and Brian rattled on of the long-desired son; but Allan was uneasy. He paced about, took down and put up books, was miserable, and, as tea came in for the travelers, blurted out: "Brian, you're kind. I'm fond of the boy, proud of him for your sake already; but as for the name, that must not be, if he is to be baptized into the Romish church. I can't be responsible for a — Jesuit."

Brian looked thunder-struck. "Why, Rowe, I shall not have this boy baptized there. I will have my son enter his life fettered by no vows, under no men's dominion but mine. Let him reach his man's estate, and choose as

pleases him. I have no hearty choosing of these 'religions' for myself, and I hand over my heir to no sponsor whatever."

"Your wife will not assent to this," said Allan.

"Clare will surely not object to my views for this boy, when she has done as she chose with two girls. I tell you boys and girls need different training, and my boy is not going over to the priest."

Of course we do not subscribe all of Brian Waring's views. These were his days of great soul-darkness, and according to the ignorance of his heart he spoke.

Upon the subject of the baptism of his son, Brian's mind was fully made up, and not wishing to disturb his wife, he unfolded his views to Mrs. Bently.

"Clare will never consent to have her child unbaptized," said Aunt Bently, stiffly.

"And I shall never consent to have him baptized," retorted Brian. "I have yielded my preference about my daughters, feeling that their mother knew best for girls; but I know best for my boy."

"But, Brian, it is so heathenish," said Aunt Bently, condescending to argue where she could not command.

"Not any more heathenish than I was myself," said Brian; "and it is not so much the rite I object to, as to *Romish* baptism. Your Church claims so much authority. She so dominates over soul and body. She demands sponsors to take what must naturally be the parent's place, the spiritual nurture of the child."

"So do other churches have sponsors," said Mrs. Bently.

"Not sponsors who will work against the parent, and teach disobedience as a virtue. There's enough said, aunt, that baby shall not be christened like the others."

Brian's ideas were not very definite; his arguments were not very logical, but he had unalterably made his decision. As early as possible, he resolved to talk with Clare. So entering

her room, one morning, when she was feeling quite well, he dismissed the nurse, and sat down by his wife's side.

"How is young Allan to-day!" he questioned.

"There! is *that* what you're going to name him?" cried Clare, with a good deal of vexation in her tones, "it is such an ugly name."

"I think not, and after the best of friends. You recollect I always said I wanted my first son named for Allan. Don't be selfish, my dear Clare, you know you named the other two."

Clare meditated, she could yield about the name, but not about the christening. "Well, then, Allan, he shall be baptized," she said quickly.

"Not *baptized*," said Brian. "I mentioned that to Aunt Bently. Did she tell you? I don't object to a form, but in your Church it means too much. It hands the child soul and body to the priests. They teach that child to despise and disobey the heretic parent; they interfere with its education and the books it reads; they call the child to the confessional, a spot where my boy must never kneel. If our son is baptized your Jesuits will claim him, Clare, and deny him the rights and privileges of a free man."

"But, Brian," said Clare, "do you want your son to grow up a *heathen*?"

Brian's face softened suddenly; he stroked the short silken hair on the head of the sleeping baby, tenderly, as he answered, "No, Clare. If there is any high good in religion I want him to reach it. I would claim for him the best of all things. We will not have him a heathen, Clare. I have an old Bible up stairs which they tell me my mother used to read before I was born. I have never studied it much, but it is marked by her hand, and she believed in it. We will teach this little man to read, and give him this. That will suit us both; I believe in my mother's book, your Church accepts the Bible —."

"But not for the laity. That plan would never do, Brian, it would only work mischief. The priests are the

natural custodians and expounders of the Bible."

"There now, that is just it; and proves what I say of their arrogant and impertinent domination. The Bible is not free to me, a layman; it is free to Priest Leroy, or that confounded Garren. Clare, you know I have better brains than either of them. The Bible must be kept from this boy, his mind and soul must be fettered and trained by a priest, while our boy heirs a good brain, and the culture of generations, and the priest may have come up from the very dregs of society. For this child I hope much; with the advantages we can afford him he may aspire to the highest honors. I mean to give him the most liberal and extensive education that money or teachers can render possible, and I will *not* bind him in his infancy to the feet of any meddling priest. So hear me, heaven!"

"For shame to get so excited," said Clare, turning away her face.

"It is a shame—excuse it—and let us be as united in the training of this little Allan as we have been in everything." Brian bent over and kissed his wife. Clare gave no sign. Her husband could not see the clear, cold deliberation which shone under the dropped lids of those blue eyes. He could not know how firmly for any contest with him that fair-faced wife planted herself on the mandates and commendations of her priest. Clare said no more, and Brian supposed he had gained his cause. Straight forward himself, he did not know the meaning of Romish silence.

Not many mornings after this Brian was in the case of Job, when he called his servant and he "gave him no answer." It was a gray dawn, long before Mr. Waring's usual hour for rising, but restless and troubled Brian could not sleep. He concluded to go to the library and while away the time before breakfast with a book. As he reached the foot of the stairs, he was astounded by meeting several people coming in at the front door. These

were the missing servant, the nurse-maid with the infant boy, and Rose and Violetta Bently. One glance told Brian the whole story of the early excursion, and his wrath rose. He opened the library door and motioned them all in before him.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"Sure, there's no harm in giving a healthy babe a sup of morning air," said the nurse.

"No prevarication!" shouted Brian. "Violetta, you have been at the cathedral, having *my son* baptized!"

"What if we have?" said Violetta defiantly; "his mother has as much right as you to dictate about him. You wanted to deny him Christian privileges."

Brian felt as if stabbed to the heart. His wife had then arranged this underhand, deceitful deed. Then another suspicion crossed his mind: "And by what name was he baptized?"

"Sure then, by a good holy Catholic name," said the nurse insolently, relying on the favor of the priest and her mistress.

Brian turned quickly, took the babe from her arms, and as he was by this time not unskilled in handling an infant, deposited it safely among the cushions of an arm-chair. "Thomas and Margaret," he said, "consider yourselves dismissed from my service, and leave my house instantly. I will order the house-maid to pack all your possessions that are here, and send them after you. You can come to my office at eleven o'clock for your wages. Go! this moment!"

"And sure, will ye not give us a character," said Margaret angrily.

"You can get your recommendations where you have got them many other times, from your priest," said Brian, and he dismissed them from the dwelling, not even allowing them to take time to go out at the area door. Then he turned to Violetta. "Tell me, by what name was this child christened?"

"Joseph"—faltered Violetta, her

pert anger frightened away. "Joseph, after the Saint, the husband of our blessed Lady."

"Saints and Ladies!" shouted Brian, quite beside himself with rage. "And am I thus deceived in my own house, by my servants, my cousins, my wife even—abused, and disobeyed, and deceived!"

"Indeed, Cousin Brian," said Rose Bently, bursting into tears and taking his hand; "the name is not Clare's fault. She could not let the babe be unbaptized, for fear it should die and so be lost. She said she had rather die than have her son denied the privileges of his little sisters. We all felt so, Brian. As Christians we *must* feel so. But the name, Clare said was surely to be Allan, and nothing else—Allan Rowe Waring, and we gave it so; did we not, Violetta?"

"Yes, it was not our fault," sobbed Violetta.

"Whose fault was it, then?" demanded Brian.

"I will tell you just how it was," said Violetta. "We expected Father Leroy at the church, but the hour was too early for his health, and there was Father Garren. We gave him the name you had chosen, and he said he would not christen a Catholic Christian by the name of a heretical infidel. We said we had no other name to offer, and by all means to christen him according to his parents' wish. We thought he meant to do so, and then, to our surprise, he called him Joseph ——— instead." Violetta caught her breath, as if there was another name she dared not speak.

"What beside Joseph—tell me what other name?" cried Brian, now thoroughly aroused, and in the fiercest passion of his life.

"Garren—Joseph Garren," faltered Rose.

Garren! it was a gratuitous insult. The wicked priest knew how that hated name would gall the father's soul. Garren! Brian, at that moment, felt carried out of himself in an ecstasy of fury. Fortunately he was one of those

men whom intense passions binds as with chains of adamant. He stood voiceless, motionless, white as a corpse. He knew after that moment in what state of mind—in what furious insanity—men do deeds of horror; murder women and babes, and send themselves unbidden before God's bar. In that terrible instant Brian felt as if he could have killed those two foolish, weeping girls, and even that beloved babe lying among the chair cushions. The very fierceness of his rage kept him quiet; the tide of passion presently ebbed away and left him weak and broken.

"That is *not* his name," he said. "I had rather kill him with my own hand than curse him with the name of Garren. Whoever calls my boy any thing else than Allan Rowe, is forever forbidden my house. That baptism is null and void; never let that foul name be uttered in my hearing."

The child began to wail. Brian lifted him up, trembling. "Rose, take the boy, and hand him to Clare's nurse without a word. Violetta, I wish you would go home and send your mother here. I must see her."

Brian left alone, dropped into the chair where his child had lain, and entered thus upon the bitterest hour of his life. He realized the toils by which he was surrounded, and the vast advantage of his unscrupulous adversary. As if in a panorama, the future spread out before him, scene after scene of contest, and yet he dreamed not of half the woeful burden of the coming years. His foes were those of his own household. Snarers beset his children's way; his wife was not free to be loving and loyal, her conscience was in the keeping of her husband's enemy. Heavy, cruelly heavy, upon Brian's neck was the yoke of Rome!

Aunt Beutly, informed by Violetta of the recent trouble, and the unfortunate conclusion of the secret baptism, came to Brian with fear and trembling.

"I can not talk to Clare," said Brian, "it would excite us both too

greatly. I remember what is due to her health. But I wish to be explicit with you, and you can tell her my resolution, my unalterable purpose."

"Brian, when we believe that baptism is absolutely necessary to your boy's salvation, you can not blame us for obtaining that security at any risk. I feel grieved and angry about the name; it was a presumption, an unwarrantable interference, of which Father Leroy would not be guilty. But, after all, what is in a name?"

"There's a deal in it to me," said Brian. "My son's name is Allan Rowe, and that only shall he be called, baptism or not. If a servant calls him Joseph Garren, or either of those names, that servant shall be discharged; if a relative so calls him, that relative will be forbidden my house; if my little girls are taught so to name him, I will take them away to a school where they will learn to obey their father; if my wife calls the child by the name chosen of that infamous priest, then my child must be put out to nurse until he can have his right name and no other. Next, that baby is to have a Protestant nurse, hired by myself; again, he shall never be taken inside a Romish church. His mother is at liberty to teach him what she can, and I shall give him *my* mother's Bible. Lastly, I myself will never again enter a Romish church. I shall see Father Leroy very soon, and let him know what to expect."

Brian gained the day about the name, the boy was called Allan. He *thought* he gained, too, in the matter of a nurse. A girl came with excellent recommendations, and asserted that she was a Methodist, "and did not want her religion interfered with."

"It shall not be interfered with," said Brian; "I had as lief you were a Hindoo, so you are not a Romanist."

"La, I *couldn't* be a papist, sir," said the girl, warmly.

"I can never make any more offerings to your church, Clare," said Brian; "but I will give you such an allowance as we both shall consider

fair, and your giving shall be out of that."

This did not suit very well, but was the best that could be done. Father Leroy saw that he had missed his mark, and hereafter it must be hand-to-hand conflict in the household of the Warings. Brian went no more to church; people talked; the boy-baby's training and church going had to be secret.

"Our Cora is seven years old, Clare, the children need more regular teaching," said Brian.

"The sisters' school is near by, we can send them there."

"I prefer a governess in the house," said Brian.

"Oh, well, I'll try and secure one," replied Clare, coldly.

"I have heard of one—a lady, highly educated, kind, every way unexceptionable—a cousin of Allan's."

"But she's a heretic," cried Clare.

"So am I," said Brian, grimly.

"I don't believe I'll like her; is she pretty?" pouted Clare.

Brian smiled; this little assumption of jealousy was so evidently a pretence on the part of lovely Clare.

"Her beauty has been done away by small-pox," he replied; "but she is accomplished, and no fright. As nothing but her creed can be urged against her, I prefer to try her, and I'm sure you will be pleased. You can bid her say nothing about religion to the little girls, if you choose; but young Allan can not even learn his letters from a nun."

Clare smiled a sarcastic smile, as she looked into the fire. She thought how useless were Brian's efforts to keep his boy away from papists, and she knew there were so many ways to free herself of the governess after she came, and one of Clare's stamp was found. "Hire her, if you choose," said Clare. With Father Leroy's help she could outwit her husband; let him bring the Protestant governess, she would not stay long.

Brian relied a good deal on the pleasant *Methodist* nurse, who loved the baby, and was so fond of giving him the fresh air. Brian went out to walk with his little girls one day, when they passed the cathedral, and Cora begged leave to run in for her prayer-book, which she had left there. Brian went to the door, and let Cora and Belle go to their pew. It was Saturday, and the priests were busy in the confessionals, which are ranged along the sides of the church. A young woman, who was kneeling in one, rose and turned away. Father Garren issued from the door at the same moment. Brian felt a pity and disgust for the person who must pour out her secret heart to that man. She came near the pillar behind which he stood. It was the worthy *Methodist* nurse-maid. Another of Priest Leroy's machinations; and this was why Clare tolerated her! She was a *methodist* with a vengeance—a *methodist* in whom there was no guile.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



DE FIDE.

BY REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.

THE robes of the Dawn rustle nearer,
The end of the Night is at hand;
Through the babble of Mammon, still clearer
Sounds the solemn and kingly command,
Be ready! ye know not the day nor the hour
When the Master shall come, clothed in terror and power,
Taking vengeance on those who reject Him,

And exalting the lowly, the pure and the just,
From their grief and contempt, and their place in the dust,
And crowning the hosts who expect Him.

With a world that is lost I must mingle,
I must walk with the vile and unjust,
My ear must at blasphemy tingle,
And the song of the children of lust;
Take courage, weak heart! for the Day draweth nigh,
When the breath of the Lord like a fire shall go by,
And they, in their tinsel and scorning,
Shall be carried away and go wild with affright,
And be racked in the whirlwind and lost in the night,
The night that hath never a morning.

There's a whisper of fraud and collusion
In the centuries long, long gone,
Saying, "All is but pious delusion,
Rolling out from an old Jewish dawn,
When some Roman veterans trembled in awe
By a sepulchre door, at the things they saw;
All dreams of an age of dreaming,
An age when there walked and talked with man,
Faun, Dryad and Angel, and Jove and Pan,
And Apollo, in silver gleaming."

And a steel-cold philosophy preaches
That the Future holds little to dread
For a being whose pedigree reaches
To a zoophyte back, as its head;
Even Milton must down to a madrepose look
As the spring whence his wonderful being he took,
To dazzle an age with his splendor,
Then go out like a lamp in a wind-shaken room,
And his great, regal brain, through the damps of the tomb
To the blankness of nothingness render.

I know that the slow-pacing Ages
Pass on o'er the gardens and graves,
They trample the rules of the sages
No less than the necks of the slaves;
And the cloud in the heavens revealeth no sign
Of the presence of Him whom I hold as Divine;
Unshriveled the lordly river
Slides out of the hills, and the black waves pour
Their floods on the rocky and desolate shore,
And the winds roll on forever.

They may follow a dream or a story,
But the voice of the Oracle, I;
They may worship a fast-fading glory,
There is better somewhere in the sky;
They may revel in palaces, sleep upon down,
And traffic in kingdoms, and war for a crown;

But a voice in my ear is saying
That the ear can not hear and the eye can not see
The riches of peace that are hoarded for me
Where the Beautiful River is straying.

They tremble at thought of the Reaper,
I am glad I was born to die;
There is waking for every sleeper,
A dawn for each dust-covered eye;
I can not unravel life's marvelous plot,
Why the righteous must bleed and the wicked weep not,
Or wherefore a cold, vague feeling
Of thirst and satiety darkens each prize,
The richest and sweetest, that dazzles our eyes—
I wait for the great Revealing.

Through earth's manifold laughter and crying
A music is rolling to me,
Through the rooms where her children are dying
Sweet odors are blowing to me,
From the gardens whose roses the years never dim,
Where the lilies spring up by the sandals of Him
Whose hands and whose feet went gory,
That the ocean of Trouble might grow serene,
And the fountain might sparkle where none was seen,
And the gray of the desert be turned to green
In the blaze of the coming glory.

FLORAL METAMORPHOSIS.

IS THE FLOWER A DEVELOPMENT OF THE LEAF?

BY CLAUDE IRIS.

THE arguments in the affirmative loom up like some vast dome, supported by massive and time-defiant pillars. The great Linnæus originated this theory of floral metamorphosis; Wolff, De Candolle, and Brown maintained it; Goethe, "the many-minded man," wrote an elaborate treatise defending it; most of our modern botanists accept it. Yet does it necessarily follow that it is the true theory? We hear a great deal about the "march of intellect." In the progress of this march comes the frequent explosion of popular fallacies and favorite doctrines, and sometimes startling confirmation of disputed facts.

The ancient astronomers believed that the earth was flat, and that above it the fiery coursers of the sun daily took their way.

"The earth round and moving! Impossible. We should all tumble off."

"*Sed terra movit*," mutters Galileo, even while signing his recantation. Not brave enough for a martyr, but too noble for an apostate; he lingers out his few remaining days in a misery of remorse.

It was a long time before the theologic world could be convinced that the facts of geology were not contrary to the Mosaic records. But the stonemason of Cromarty, and other exam-

iners, have put such doubts forever at rest, and brought in geological science as a witness for the Bible. Newton, the genius who studied soap-bubbles, and made so many wonderful discoveries in them, inculcated the material nature of light. Since then, however, the corpuscular theory has been fully refuted.

In this long-received doctrine of floral development, more than one distinguished naturalist of our country has already ventured to express a disbelief. And many years may not pass before it will be abandoned. Still, it is a beautiful creed—the transition from the simplest form of vegetable life into the lovely and perfected state of an organized flower. So was the belief of Pythagoras in the music of the spheres beautiful, and the ideal theory of Kant and his fellow-metaphysicians as to the Pure Reason. So also are the myths of the classics and the "Arabian Nights" beautiful. It is very agreeable to believe in such celestial harmony; in the existence of only imaginary misery; in the Immortal Fountain, the Magic Lamp, the Valley of Diamonds, and such pleasant fictions. Thus, beautiful as is this theory of floral metamorphosis, it may soon be left, like those other charming things, among the fables and fallacies of the past.

There are, indeed, evident analogies and resemblances between the stems, leaves, and flowers. The same tissues, though in modified forms, pervade all; and if we could trace the development by its connecting links, and with no discrepancies or anomalies, we would grant everything the most ardent advocates of the doctrine could ask.

Correctly speaking, the stamens and pistils are all that are requisite to a perfect flower, the perianth serving only as a dainty robe to wrap and defend them from dangers without. The calyx, or leaf-cup, might easily pass for a modified leaf; but between this and the delicate rainbow-tinted corolla, permeated with sunlight, there is a wide distance.

In the cornus and painted-cup the distinction of hue seems obliterated. But in the first, a white involucre surrounds the real flower, and the painted-cup is a collection of bracts tipped with scarlet and inclosing a straw-colored corolla. Both involucre and bracts are showy in coloring, but coarse in texture.

In order to make out that "flowers are leaves," and "leaves branches," and, therefore, that flowers are branches, Gray finds it necessary to assert that, with a few rare exceptions, all flowers are unequally developed. To correspond with his type of perfection, and answer to the leaf, there should be an alternate arrangement of an equal number of sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils. Consequently, since one out of a hundred is thus constructed, he accounts for the irregularity of the ninety-nine by suppressions, multiplications, and non-developments. It would seem more natural to regard each flower as complete in itself, and developed regularly according to its kind, instead of making it a series of disorders in order that it may correspond to a far-fetched type. Then, if the blossom is not *sui generis*, how can we account for the centrifugal inflorescence when the leaves always develop *centripetally*? According to the views of these botanists the same laws should hold for both.

The opposing theorists may build largely on the change from stamens to petals in the water-lily. We find all stages, from the slender filament scarcely supporting its yellow anther, to the snowsatin-petal just tipped with a drop of gold. But a stamen is a stamen only so long as it bears anthers containing pollen; after that it becomes a petal. And since, through all the vegetable world, we see a never-ending variety in the harmony, why should we be surprised at this beautiful gradation as one of the *forms* of variety? Even on the supposition that we are unable to account for it, have we not as much right to unexplained phenomena as those who hold the opposite belief.

They do not pretend to understand the spurious dissepiments which are always found in the flax. And we, surely, can not be expected to explain every thing in our somewhat recent creed.

We would ask from what part of the leaf the anther is developed, and by what strange law the minute yellow cells of the pollen, filled with fluid containing a peculiar form of molecules, are produced, as they say, from the cellular tissue of the leaf. Then it strikes us as singular that the dehiscence of some kinds of fruit should be loculicidal, rather than, as would seem natural, septicidal.

Coming to the ovary, we find ovules, correlative to buds, growing from the placentæ or edges of the capillary leaf. And sometimes, in many-celled ovaries, they grow down to the partition walls on each side. Therefore the leaf-buds which are found on the margins of the bryophyllum leaves, are no anomalies. For it is the general rule that leaf-buds are developed from the margins of leaves, and not from the margins only, but are sometimes found on the surface half-way down to the midvein. And why should there be a dorsal suture developed from the midvein when the central one seems all-sufficient?

From amid the satin ribbons of the tulip, rises a carved ruby goblet, waving slowly in the air, and brimming with the wines of sunlight.

Swinging in their tiny emerald tower, are rows of small waxen bells, dainty as ever called fairies to a revel in those good old times before the wee people deserted our earth.

And on rich, leafy beds of green, you find pansies, gorgeous in purple and gold, with their sweet faces upturned to the summer sky—resolute little darlings, that always take the world with a smile.

Do all these radiant flowers—"the souls of the vegetable world," as Mr. Beecher calls them—spring from the graceful but inexpressive leaf? It is easier, however, to believe even in

these changes, than to apply the doctrine of transformation to the calla, or our common arum, of the same order. The spathe, it is true, resembles the leaf, but it is not easy to regard the minute and almost numberless stamens of the spadix as mere modifications of the immense leaf and spathe.

The grand laws of nature are alike. The matter of the universe is held together by the invisible yet potent principle of gravitation. All luminous bodies, in the same manner, furnish light and warmth to their satellites. The laws of motion and of reproduction are analogous for all living things. Yet, in spite of this general uniformity, nature never wearies us by repetition. Each unorganized rock and mineral, each snowy or sunset-tinged cloud, each bay and billow of the ocean, each tree and flower, has a distinct character. So each can never be, or become, any thing but itself.

It is true that we find forms of existence difficult to classify, and this fact seems to intimate a gradual change from one type of life to another one higher and more complete. Some of the fungi and lichens, mere expansions of thallus, bear, except to microscopic vision, hardly the shadow of a resemblance to organized bodies; yet we learn that they belong to the vegetable kingdom.

Many land-plants are endowed with what has every appearance of sensation. The barberry shrinks at the slightest touch. The *dioneamuscupula*, after setting its cruel snare, devours the silly little insects tempted into it by the sweet liquid. Many of the lower algæ of the marine flora approach nearly to some of the lowest animal forms, and it is impossible to draw the line of demarcation. The sea-anemone, with a more substantial appetite than its delicate air-fed relatives, subsists on flesh. Confined in an aquarium, unless supplied with proper food, it ravenously makes away with the other occupants. And those insect formations, those mineral deposits, coral reefs, rising slowly from out the blue waves, the

foundations of lovely islands, green with palms, and gorgeous and fragrant with tropical blossoms, where shall these be classed?

In the same way do the forms of animal life seem almost to merge into one another; yet it is only seeming. The old fables of mermaids and centaurs are now received simply as entertainment for children. Fouque's fair but soulless Undine, humanized by the magic of love, though very beautiful, is but a symbol.

We might recall the story of the educated monkey which returned, on a visit, to his native woods. After he made himself known, his forest companions stole his dainty garments, ridiculed his delicate skin and fashionable manners, and otherwise maltreated him. The subject is further illustrated by still another story of a cultivated monkey, which was received into society and presented at court; which flirted with young ladies, and was universally admired and imitated, till his unfortunate descent was discovered, when he was at once hooted out. The moral of both anecdotes we understand to be that monkeys can not rise above their own sphere.

There may seem, at first glance, some analogy between the theory of floral metamorphosis and the beautiful and popular nebular hypothesis. Stars are the blossoms of the meadowy sky. At any rate Longfellow, who ought to be authority, calls them the "forget-me-nots of the angels." According to the theory, they all originate from one vast nebulous body. Condensation takes place, and the revolving body throws off rings and particles of light misty matter. Whirling off into space, trailing their shining tresses behind them, always condensing, some more rapidly, some less, they slowly revolve round some luminous central sun.

But there is very little ground for analogy between the two theories. One represents the flower as gradually developed from the leaf by its own internal forces, with outward favoring circumstances. In the other, the parts

thrown off from the primal mass are, by the effects of continuous revolution, condensed, and finally, at a certain point, endowed with a power of giving light.

It is readily admitted that nature often passes, by insensible gradations, within certain limits, from one stage to another. And by education many palpable distinctions are both made and obliterated. Flowers and fruits are so modified by cultivation that they grow larger, richer, and more beautiful. Domestic animals manifest but few of the traits of their wild and untutored cousins. And with man education has brought out latent elements of strength and beauty, repressed his baser passions, toned down his ferocity, and elevated him from a savage to an intellectual and ideal being. Still, the radical principle must be there enveloped, or cultivation could never effect so much. And there are boundary lines which nature never crossed. If, then, it can not change a sea-anemone into a fish, or an ape into a man, can it any more transform a leaf into a flower? Resemblance is not identity, and there is an undefinable created something that is the peculiar characteristic of each genus and species, and also of the leaf and the flower.

It is argued that the plan of the leaf and flower are the same, and therefore that the flower is formed from the leaf. The premise is correct, but is the inference certain?

The distinguished naturalist, Chadbourne, in one of his unpublished works, remarks:

"The organs of the flower are made on the same plan as the leaf, yet are not mere modifications of it. We find this principle running through all nature—uniformity of plan; a wise and kind provision, as it makes our progress in the study of nature a thousand times more rapid than it would be if we were constantly introduced to new plans in every new object or organ. The lower limbs and feet are made on the same plan as the arms and hands. The bones correspond, but I do not think

the arm and hand are mere modifications of the leg and foot. A man and a monkey are made on the same plan; a man is not, therefore, a mere modification of a monkey. Yet some believe this, and it is what the doctrine naturally and logically leads to."

There are certain laws of change prevalent in the natural kingdom. In examining the fossils of the different strata of rocks, geology reads that the lower forms of vegetable life at first predominated. The carboniferous period is characterized by an acrogenous flora, containing a large proportion of ferns and their allied forms. Gymnosperms are found principally from the coal-formation to the tertiary period. From the commencement of this latter period, angiosperms began to as-

sume their present position. We have also the successive reigns of fishes, reptiles, mammals, and man.

Suns and stars are slowly changing their motion and their place. Our pole-star is not the same that guided the ancients; and, before long, Polaris will be displaced by Alpha Lyrae. The solar system revolves not around exactly the same center as formerly, and not always in the same orbits. The world has grown older and wiser, and we laugh at some of the old-fashioned notions of long ago.

Yet there is limit to this progression. It moves only in certain directions, and at certain rates, whose course we can not determine. It is not development, but progression, and progression of classes rather than of individuals.

AT SET OF SUN.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

THE sun is almost down;
It burns on the top of the hill,
Like a fire when the wood is bare
And all the air is still.

Like the fire of a camping host
It smolders away in the night,
And the tents of the clouds around
Are reddened with the light.

And throngs of my evil thoughts,
The sins of the striving day,
Are gathered there in the West
Before they shall flee away.

Fainter and still more faint,
Their bivouac glows on the sky—
First, the silence of darkness,
And then the morning is nigh.

First, the day of the battle,
And then the day of the crown;
And the Sun of Righteousness rises
As the sun of our life goes down.



LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A VILLAGE DOCTOR.

THE CONTRAST.

No. II.

I REACHED my home, wearied and worn out from my visit to Harry's cabin; but rejoicing that I had spent an evening so pleasantly and profitably myself, and believing that others also had participated in both the pleasure and the profit.

The first deep sleep of the night was scarcely over, when I was aroused by the loud knock and peculiar voice of one who had often aroused me before. I went to the door, and found there an old friend, a Mr. Turbeville, a stock farmer upon a large scale, and whose residence was about a mile distant from that of Harry, but upon the opposite side of the river. He told me that his son William had reached home that day from his regiment in Mexico, with health much impaired, that he had become worse since his return, and that it was desirable he should be seen by me without delay. Fatigued and drowsy as I was, these feelings vanished in the importance of my friend's statements.

I found, upon arriving at his father's house, that William's aggravated symptoms were then of a nervous character, consequent upon the circumstances attending his return to his home. Without attempting any special conversation that night, with himself or the family, after the administration of an efficient opiate, I remained only long enough to observe the commencement of its sedative effects, when I took my leave, promising to see him in a short time again.

Yes, truly, I would see him again, and again, and yet again, and all would be of no permanent benefit;

for though, at this first visit, I made no special examination of his condition, the brilliant eye, and tinted cheek, and hurried respiration, together with my prior knowledge of his hereditary predisposition, told me that the destroyer was at work.

Thus, in one day, I undertook the cases of two persons, both of whom had employed me with some confidence in my ability to restore them to health, and yet, in both cases, any thing that could be done would be utterly powerless to relax at all the grasp that disease had laid upon their vitals.

As I rode homeward, I could not but reflect how peculiarly, and above most others, the physician's life is one of sunshine and shade. When he is the favored agent in restoring to the embraces of an affectionate family circle a beloved member who has trodden the borders of the grave, and long been an object of solicitude and care, nothing can equal his enjoyment, except it be the happiness experienced by the spiritual physician, when the patient for whom he has long been working, and of whose recovery he has commenced to despond, is rescued from the death of sin and raised to the life of God. But when, notwithstanding his persistent and best-directed efforts, one and another sink into the grave, and he becomes the subject of hard thought and rude remark, nothing can sustain him, except it be the consciousness of duty conscientiously and intelligently done.

I had known William from boyhood, and been his physician from that period to opening manhood. I

felt an almost paternal interest in his welfare; and, as the Saviour loved the young ruler in the Gospel narrative, and for the same reason, too, his amiability and freedom from gross viciousness, so I loved young Turbeville. His disposition was full of sunshine, and, if clouds sometimes showed themselves there, they were but diversifiers of the scene, and served to show, by contrast, the warmth and pleasantness of the sunshine. As his mental and moral characteristics showed themselves, I watched his course in life with increasing interest, viewing with delight the full development of that pleasantness and vivacity which made him the soul of the social circle, but seeing with sadness an absence of principle grounded upon regard for the law of God and the honor of his name. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Poor boy! he had been taught the principles of the "code of honor," but was never instructed in those of the "law of love," and the tree bore fruit after its kind. The spirit of the teachings which he received led him to regard faithfulness to his government paramount to his obligations of fealty to his God. Indeed, *His* law and authority were totally ignored in his course of study. His country became the idol of his adoration, and he was an ardent worshiper at its shrine.

Say what we will—cite what characters we may from the records of history—paint in what colors we please the magnates of the heathen world to sustain the reverse of what I say—still I contend that honor, principle, built upon any other foundation than the regard spoken of above, is unstable and worthless, a superstructure which the wind will overthrow and the stream bear away when the storm rages and the rain descends. This position will be derided and its truth denied, even by some of the Christian name. But its correctness is always demonstrated when the trial is made. Then it is found that the Christian hero alone maintains integrity to the end, "resist-

ing unto blood striving against sin;" while worldly principle is shown to be but a reed, piercing the hand of him who leans upon it for support.

As intimated above, I had long been acquainted with William's constitutional habitudes and tendencies. I knew of his hereditary predisposition to pulmonary disease, and had imagined that I saw some symptoms of its incipient stage prior to his departure for Mexico. This led me to expect the full development of the fatal affection should he be submitted to the hardships and exposures of a soldier's life, and I had protested against his engagement in a course so peculiarly hazardous to himself. But my protest was without avail. He went, and witnessed at Monterey the first blow ever struck by American soldiers upon a foreign soil, as an invading force for purposes of conquest. Afterward, at Buena Vista, he was one of that army which maintained itself for two entire days upon an open field against four-fold its own numbers; and then, when the haughty and confident foe was unexpectedly borne back, he joined in that gladdest and most exultant shout ever poured forth by those unexpectedly made victors in an hour when nothing was looked for but overthrow and defeat.

But beyond this point William's patriotic enthusiasm could not carry him. The lassitude and languor, the slight cough, the transient but obstinate chills, the scarcely perceptible hectic, all so characteristic of the early stage of phthisis, became too firmly established to be shaken off, and, with gloomy forebodings, he accepted an indefinite leave of absence, and turned his face homeward.

Upon my next visit, as I drew near to the house, I saw that a large company was there, and I overheard the voice of William in tones of glad excitement. Upon entering the door I found him sitting up, the center of a brilliant circle, himself the most cheerful person there. As soon as he saw me he extended his hand, and shook

mine with all the vigor which his impaired strength permitted him to exert.

"Ah!" said he, "here is my old friend, the doctor. He has more than once helped me over some rough places; and it will not be long before he will send me out again as hearty and as strong as ever."

I held his hand within my own while he was speaking. Its attenuation and nervous tremor contradicted the hope he so confidently expressed; but I spoke in answer, as nearly as truth permitted me to do, in the same manner of cheerful lightness as he had done to me; for I could not then, in the first moment of his home enjoyment and re-excited hope, crush it out at once, nor did I think this at that time either right or judicious.

The brothers and sisters, a numerous family connection, had met to give their soldier brother a welcome home again. It was, in truth, a brilliant assemblage. They had enjoyed all the advantages which wealth and culture could give to make them interesting and elegant. Most of the sons, both those who had left the paternal home to form associations of their own, and those who still tarried beneath its roof, had followed the avocation of their father. They could say, as was said by the sons of Jacob, "thy servant's business has been to feed cattle." Like William, they had been educated in the principles of the "code of honor," and they cared for no other law. All the chivalric bearing, and candor, and scorn of meanness, the legitimate effects of the teaching of that code, were theirs; but, like all who submitted to the requirements of that rule alone, they were destitute of principles and springs of action conferred by that "higher law," whose dominion is the heart and whose seat of empire is the will of God.

The sisters were worthy of their brothers. Polite, elegant, and affable, alike from mawkish sentimentalism and hoyden rudeness, they had the bloom of address, and modesty of manner, and self-possession and in-

dependence of those raised in the country, but enjoying all the advantages of an extensive city association.

There was one present there beside these whom I was both pleased and sorrowful to see. I suspected that something stronger than common friendship had drawn her to William's bedside then, and that such an understanding existed as caused the sisters to make her one of themselves, in this their family gathering, to welcome their brother home again. I was pleased to see her there; for I understood well how pleasant and persuasive her influence was, and I knew that that influence would be exerted for good; and I believed that if there was one who could lead that family, or any of its members, to the paths of wisdom, it was she. But I was fearful and sorrowful too, for I felt that if her influence should fail to lead them there, then the whole of her own after life, in that association, for want of that sympathy which her soul craved, would be like the dove of Noah when sent from its shelter in the ark, no rest for wing or foot, only a boundless waste of waters every-where around and the closed ark alone upon its surface, while those she loved so much were not housed in safety there.

The name of this young person was Louisa Browder, and she had been a child of affliction. A father and mother, brother and sister, constituted a happy family in the village where I was located. The tie of natural affection and the tie of spiritual relationship bound them together. Intelligent and refined, but only with a sufficiency of this world's wealth, by industry and management, to keep them in comfort, they were contented, for they believed that there was more than euphony in the promise, "I will never leave you nor forsake you." They were all possessed of that happy gift—a rare musical talent—and it was the wont of every member of the family to pour forth in song the glad or the sorrowful feelings of their hearts. Their affection for each other was pe-

cularly strong and tender, and their hours of separation were solaced with song, and their times of meeting again were celebrated with melody. Their emotions were expressed more than any family circle I ever saw by music. To one constituted like myself, with an intense admiration of the concord of sweet sounds, but with no ability to produce them, the power to do so which had been conferred upon this family seemed a happy one indeed.

I have said that they were bound together by the tie of spiritual relationship, and it was in their family devotions, morning and evening, that, pouring forth their united voices in thanksgiving to Him who, loving them with an everlasting love, with loving-kindness had drawn them all, it seemed as though the worship and the melody of heaven had come down to earth.

And young Turbeville had won the affections of the daughter of this family. Handsome, pleasant, and plausible, was it a wonder that a loving girl mistook the tinsel-work of worldly honor and morality for the pure gold of the sanctuary, or that she thought his amiability of disposition to be the work of the Spirit, and that she had confidence in her own ability to teach him the way of the Lord more perfectly?

He went to Mexico, leaving behind him one who never asked for a blessing upon herself, but associated his name in her petitions, praying that his head might be shielded in the day of battle, and he be returned in safety and honor to those he had left behind, and who loved him so much.

Soon after he had gone a case or two of cholera appeared in our village, and that dreaded scourge spread with fearful rapidity throughout the entire community. It was an epidemic of peculiarly virulent type. My medical friend and competitor was prostrated with the disease, and the whole work of the neighborhood was thrown upon myself. I was overwhelmed with the magnitude of my duties. My own

family was invaded, and I lost my first-born boy. Friends and acquaintances fell around me like soldiers on a battle-field. I was incompetent to attend to all the calls made upon me. No assistance could be obtained from abroad, for a panic had spread over the whole country around. At this juncture a few noble spirits rallied to my help, and among these the most efficient and the most willing was the father of Louisa. He girded himself to the work. Late and early, day and night, he was ready to go where he was sent, and to do what he was asked. Just at the time when he was busiest and his help was most valued, he was himself stricken down by the disease. I saw him as soon as I could be hurried to his dwelling-house. He was even then sinking into collapse. I knew and he knew that his work was done—how well will be known when the great revelation day shall come. He died with a Christian dignity equal to that of the patriarch Jacob, when, after "commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people."

He was not yet buried when his wife sickened. Her frail body withered at once beneath the virulence of the disease, and her pure spirit accompanied that of her husband in its upward flight, and their bodies fill but one grave in our village burial-place.

The son and daughter seemed to be left the support and solace of one another; and nobly did both perform their parts. But the discipline was not yet done; and that noble youth, who had become to his sister both parent and brother, yielded to the influence of the epidemic, and was taken from her side. The strokes fell upon her so heavily, and in such quick succession, that her sensibilities were blunted, and she felt less than if the discipline had not been so severe. Busily engaged as I was, I yet determined to see her, and, if possible, console her amid her heavy sorrows. As I had been stricken myself, I was a

proper one to comfort the afflicted. I found her as if she had been shocked past feeling—tearless, and cold, and calm. She moved mechanically about, seemingly indifferent to the present or the future. Her condition startled me. I saw that she must be made to feel before she could be recovered from this alarming state; and I could think of no better mode of doing this than by awakening her religious sensibilities. She had often expressed almost boundless admiration of a poem of Mrs. Dana's, and I had heard her quote some of its more exquisite passages. Very tenderly and respectfully I took her hand in mine, and kissed it, and repeated the line,

"I love thee—I love thee—pass under the rod!"

A ray of feeling shot like a sunbeam over her countenance; her eye moistened; a tear rolled down her cheek, and then they came as copious as a summer shower. As soon as she could speak, she clasped her hands together, and, looking upward, exclaimed, "Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me; for my soul trusteth in thee; yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast."

"You are safe, my child," said I, "come home with me."

With a grateful look, which more than paid me for all I had done for her, she accepted my invitation. She remained with us for several weeks, not only comforted herself, but the comforter of her comforters. Her gentle spirit had been shaken by the rude blasts which swept over it; but the restoring influences of the Blessed One had repaired the injury which the storm had done; and, safely sheltered beneath the shadow of His wings, whose protection she had invoked in her hour of sad extremity, her life became one of pleasant cheerfulness, though not of joyous gayety. She had been purified, not broken in spirit. Her life's work was before her, and she aroused herself to its faithful per-

formance. A class for instruction in music was obtained for her. Her peculiar capacity for this employment was soon demonstrated. She became popular as an accomplished instructor, and commanded patronage as far as she was known. Wherever she was she busied herself for the Master. Like that of His own, her pathway was a retired and gentle one; but in her "foot-steps sprang herbage and flowers." Her influence was felt for good wherever her lot was cast. She was one of the "hidden ones;" and when the jewels are at last made up she will be a brilliant gem in her Master's coronet.

And this was the affianced bride of young Turbeville. His family loved her as one of their own, because of her relationship to their beloved brother. As one so sorely afflicted they gave her their tenderest sympathies, and when they learned to know her well they loved her for herself alone. And the orphan gave back the affection they bestowed upon one so lonely and desolate, with all the ardor of her sincere and loving heart.

To return to William. After the family had separated once more, leaving at home only those who constantly abided there, and William's factitious energy, caused by the excitement of the meeting had subsided, and he had sunk to a point as far below his usual level as he had been raised above it, the effect which disease had wrought upon him was plainly seen. The eye of affection is quick to detect such changes; and I saw by the look which Louisa cast upon him, and then upon myself, that she was not blind to the truth. In that moment she felt that the hand of discipline would visit her again. Already she could understand, in its full significance, the language of Young,

"Insatiate archer, could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace
was slain!"

But, ere long, this language would be inadequate to express the full measure of that affliction which had been

on her; for soon the light of
would be removed from her.
s time I formed the resolution
not only as the physician of
am's body, but of his spirit too;
in this I knew I would have an
cient helper; for to Louisa this

would be a labor of love. But in his
then depressed condition nothing could
be done; and, leaving him to recruit
his prostrate energies by rest and the
proper medical appliances, I took my
leave.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

BY REV. B. P. AYDELOTTE, D. D.

SOME years since a forsaken ob-
ject moving along the street at-
tracted the attention of a city pastor,
as he was engaged in conversation with
a wealthy, respectable friend and a
professor of religion. The wanderer
appeared to be of middle age. He
was naturally a goodly person and well
featured; but in melancholy contrast
with these was his present appearance.
From head to foot his habiliments
were dirty and shabby in the extreme.
He walked very slowly, seemingly
scarcely able to drag one limb after
the other. His countenance was sallow
and flabby, or, as the doctors express
it, "*cachectic*," indicating an utterly
broken-down state of the system.

He looked downcast and exceedingly
depressed in spirits. When he came to
the corner he stood still, gazing stolidly
up and down the street upon the pass-
ers by, the stores, and the dwellings,
evidently having no end in view, and
undecided which way to turn. As his
eyes wandered over surrounding ob-
jects, he seemed asking himself some
such questions: "Why are so many
people hurrying along? What are all
these houses for? How could they be
built? Wonderful! I don't know
how all this can be; it's strange!"
His countenance soon again became
listless; he looked downward, turned
the corner and went out of sight.

The minister observed to his friend,
"I have at times before seen that mis-
erable being—who is he? What could
have brought him to such a pass?"

"O," replied the old citizen, "that

man's history is extraordinary and
most sad. He once worked in my
factory, and was one of the most in-
dustrious and skillful mechanics I ever
knew. I gave him high wages, and
would have given almost any thing
rather than part with him. His char-
acter and conduct, with a single excep-
tion, were all I could wish. But that
exception was a terrible one."

He went on to state that "the man,
though of a good mind and intelligent,
was an infidel, and so bitterly set
against religion that he took every
opportunity to revile it. His fellow-
workmen, though not all Christians,
feeling disturbed by such exhibitions
of spirit and language, used frequently
to remonstrate with him. But no ar-
guments, no entreaty could convince
him, or close his lips.

One day, in a violent exacerbation
of feeling, he CURSED THE HOLY
GHOST! This awful climax of wick-
edness, as we may well suppose, horri-
fied his fellow-workmen, and they com-
plained to me of it. I kindly and
calmly, but solemnly, urged him to
reform from such offensive conduct,
as it was not only a dreadful sin against
God, but extremely painful to all
around him, and made him personally
disagreeable to those who otherwise
highly regarded him.

He listened quietly and respectfully
but said not a word. I hoped it would
produce a salutary impression upon
him, and might, with God's blessing,
do him lasting good.

After going on quite well in work

proper one to comfort the afflicted. I found her as if she had been shocked past feeling—tearless, and cold, and calm. She moved mechanically about, seemingly indifferent to the present or the future. Her condition startled me. I saw that she must be made to feel before she could be recovered from this alarming state; and I could think of no better mode of doing this than by awakening her religious sensibilities. She had often expressed almost boundless admiration of a poem of Mrs. Dana's, and I had heard her quote some of its more exquisite passages. Very tenderly and respectfully I took her hand in mine, and kissed it, and repeated the line,

"I love thee—I love thee—pass under the rod!"

A ray of feeling shot like a sun-beam over her countenance; her eye moistened; a tear rolled down her cheek, and then they came as copious as a summer shower. As soon as she could speak, she clasped her hands together, and, looking upward, exclaimed, "Be merciful unto me, O, God, be merciful unto me; for my soul trusteth in thee; yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast."

"You are safe, my child," said I, "come home with me."

With a grateful look, which more than paid me for all I had done for her, she accepted my invitation. She remained with us for several weeks, not only comforted herself, but the comforter of her comforters. Her gentle spirit had been shaken by the rude blasts which swept over it; but the restoring influences of the Blessed One had repaired the injury which the storm had done; and, safely sheltered beneath the shadow of His wings, whose protection she had invoked in her hour of sad extremity, her life became one of pleasant cheerfulness, though not of joyous gayety. She had been purified, not broken in spirit. Her life's work was before her, and she aroused herself to its faithful per-

formance. A class for instruction in music was obtained for her. Her peculiar capacity for this employment was soon demonstrated. She became popular as an accomplished instructor, and commanded patronage as far as she was known. Wherever she was she busied herself for the Master. Like that of His own, her pathway was a retired and gentle one; but in her "foot-steps sprang herbage and flowers." Her influence was felt for good wherever her lot was cast. She was one of the "hidden ones;" and when the jewels are at last made up she will be a brilliant gem in her Master's coronet.

And this was the affianced bride of young Turbeville. His family loved her as one of their own, because of her relationship to their beloved brother. As one so sorely afflicted they gave her their tenderest sympathies, and when they learned to know her well they loved her for herself alone. And the orphan gave back the affection they bestowed upon one so lonely and desolate, with all the ardor of her sincere and loving heart.

To return to William. After the family had separated, more, leaving at home only the father, who abided there, and William, whose energy, caused by the death of the meeting had subsided, had sunk to a point as far below the level as he had been raised by the effect which disease had produced upon him was plainly seen. The power of affection is quick to detect changes; and I saw by the look of Louisa cast upon him, and by myself, that she was not content to the truth. In that moment that the hand of discipline was laid upon her again. Already she stood, in its full significance, the language of Young,

"Insatiate archer, could not cease,
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice
He was slain!"

But, ere long, this language would be inadequate to express the nature of that affliction which

AMONG THE TREES

BY HARRIET A. FARRAUD.

SINCE the time when, in Eden, Eve plucked and ate, and gave to Adam, and he ate of that fruit which has been so sweet to the taste of all their descendants, but so bitter in its results, the trees have interwoven themselves so closely into the events which concern mankind, that their history, fully written out, would almost be the history of the race itself. And some time, doubtless, before the Cadmean age has passed away, and the mathematical point which limits the making of books has been reached, it will have fallen to the lot of some genial man or woman to write "The History of Mankind Arboretically Considered."

Trees, more than any other created objects, are the embodiment of grandeur, strength, and grace. More than any thing else, too, do they minister to the needs and pleasures of man; so that it is no wonder that, from the earliest times, they should have been invested with a peculiar sacredness, or that the grateful imagination should ascribe to them a living intelligence.

Each one was supposed to have its own proper spirit, who ascended in the spring with the ascending sap and burst the tiny buds, and in the summer flaunted out in the fresh leaves and gay flowers. They swayed upon the swaying boughs, caught and imprisoned the wandering zephyrs, the dallying sunbeams, and the cool night dews. When autumn came they robed themselves in flame-color and crimson, and held high carnival until the Winter King came down upon them with his legions, when they retreated into the damp earth, and, in silence and darkness, they worked away among

the soft rootlets and delicate fibers while awaiting their resurrection.

Now, sensible people may believe this, or they may not. At any rate, it gave to the trees, and to the mystery of their growth, a meaning and a beauty, which we of the present time have well nigh lost.

But, if anybody is disposed to question the fact that trees have souls, it can not, at least, be denied that they are oftentimes possessed by spirits, foreign and alien they may be, but spirits, nevertheless. Do we not know how that dainty spirit, Ariel, was imprisoned in the rift of a pine for a dozen years, where "he did vent his groans as fast as mill-wheels strike," until Prospero came along, "made gap the pine," and let him out?

Have we not heard of the enterprising California grocer who dispensed spirits from the depths of his sycamore for a consideration? Have not the papers told us of the Oregon emigrants who set up their housekeeping in the shell of a cypress? They paid nothing for house rent, nor carpets, nor furnaces; nor were their souls vexed with all the modern improvements, while concerts and operas were thrown in for nothing. With such an example before their eyes, and a hollow tree in their vicinity, young men may surely venture upon the expense of marrying now.

"The groves were God's first temples," and in the recreated earth they will doubtless be his last. Meanwhile, we find their simple and solemn grandeur, their quietude and repose, more powerful accessories to worship than the architectural magnificence of pillar, and colonnade, and vaulted roof.

proper one to comfort the afflicted. I found her as if she had been shocked past feeling—tearless, and cold, and calm. She moved mechanically about, seemingly indifferent to the present or the future. Her condition startled me. I saw that she must be made to feel before she could be recovered from this alarming state; and I could think of no better mode of doing this than by awakening her religious sensibilities. She had often expressed almost boundless admiration of a poem of Mrs. Dana's, and I had heard her quote some of its more exquisite passages. Very tenderly and respectfully I took her hand in mine, and kissed it, and repeated the line,

"I love thee—I love thee—pass under the rod!"

A ray of feeling shot like a sunbeam over her countenance; her eye moistened; a tear rolled down her cheek, and then they came as copious as a summer shower. As soon as she could speak, she clasped her hands together, and, looking upward, exclaimed, "Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me; for my soul trusteth in thee; yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast."

"You are safe, my child," said I, "come home with me."

With a grateful look, which more than paid me for all I had done for her, she accepted my invitation. She remained with us for several weeks, not only comforted herself, but the comforter of her comforters. Her gentle spirit had been shaken by the rude blasts which swept over it; but the restoring influences of the Blessed One had repaired the injury which the storm had done; and, safely sheltered beneath the shadow of His wings, whose protection she had invoked in her hour of sad extremity, her life became one of pleasant cheerfulness, though not of joyous gayety. She had been purified, not broken in spirit. Her life's work was before her, and she aroused herself to its faithful per-

formance. A class for instruction in music was obtained for her. Her peculiar capacity for this employment was soon demonstrated. She became popular as an accomplished instructor, and commanded patronage as far as she was known. Wherever she was she busied herself for the Master. Like that of His own, her pathway was a retired and gentle one; but in her "foot-steps sprang herbage and flowers." Her influence was felt for good wherever her lot was cast. She was one of the "hidden ones;" and when the jewels are at last made up she will be a brilliant gem in her Master's coronet.

And this was the affianced bride of young Turbeville. His family loved her as one of their own, because of her relationship to their beloved brother. As one so sorely afflicted they gave her their tenderest sympathies, and when they learned to know her well they loved her for herself alone. And the orphan gave back the affection they bestowed upon one so lonely and desolate, with all the ardor of her sincere and loving heart.

To return to William. After the family had separated once more, leaving at home only those who constantly abided there, and William's factitious energy, caused by the excitement of the meeting had subsided, and he had sunk to a point as far below his usual level as he had been raised above it, the effect which disease had wrought upon him was plainly seen. The eye of affection is quick to detect such changes; and I saw by the look which Louisa cast upon him, and then upon myself, that she was not blind to the truth. In that moment she felt that the hand of discipline would visit her again. Already she could understand, in its full significance, the language of Young,

"Insatiate archer, could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace
was slain!"

But, ere long, this language would be inadequate to express the full measure of that affliction which had been

laid upon her; for soon the light of her eyes would be removed from her.

At this time I formed the resolution to act not only as the physician of William's body, but of his spirit too; and in this I knew I would have an efficient helper; for to Louisa this

would be a labor of love. But in his then depressed condition nothing could be done; and, leaving him to recruit his prostrate energies by rest and the proper medical appliances, I took my leave.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

BY REV. B. P. AYDELOTTE, D. D.

SOME years since a forsaken object moving along the street attracted the attention of a city pastor, as he was engaged in conversation with a wealthy, respectable friend and a professor of religion. The wanderer appeared to be of middle age. He was naturally a goodly person and well featured; but in melancholy contrast with these was his present appearance. From head to foot his habiliments were dirty and shabby in the extreme. He walked very slowly, seemingly scarcely able to drag one limb after the other. His countenance was sallow and flabby, or, as the doctors express it, "*cachectic*," indicating an utterly broken-down state of the system.

He looked downcast and exceedingly depressed in spirits. When he came to the corner he stood still, gazing stolidly up and down the street upon the passers by, the stores, and the dwellings, evidently having no end in view, and undecided which way to turn. As his eyes wandered over surrounding objects, he seemed asking himself some such questions: "Why are so many people hurrying along? What are all these houses for? How could they be built? Wonderful! I don't know how all this can be; it's strange!" His countenance soon again became listless; he looked downward, turned the corner and went out of sight.

The minister observed to his friend, "I have at times before seen that miserable being—who is he? What could have brought him to such a pass?"

"O," replied the old citizen, "that

man's history is extraordinary and most sad. He once worked in my factory, and was one of the most industrious and skillful mechanics I ever knew. I gave him high wages, and would have given almost any thing rather than part with him. His character and conduct, with a single exception, were all I could wish. But that exception was a terrible one."

He went on to state that "the man, though of a good mind and intelligent, was an infidel, and so bitterly set against religion that he took every opportunity to revile it. His fellow-workmen, though not all Christians, feeling disturbed by such exhibitions of spirit and language, used frequently to remonstrate with him. But no arguments, no entreaty could convince him, or close his lips.

One day, in a violent exacerbation of feeling, he CURSED THE HOLY GHOST! This awful climax of wickedness, as we may well suppose, horrified his fellow-workmen, and they complained to me of it. I kindly and calmly, but solemnly, urged him to reform from such offensive conduct, as it was not only a dreadful sin against God, but extremely painful to all around him, and made him personally disagreeable to those who otherwise highly regarded him.

He listened quietly and respectfully but said not a word. I hoped it would produce a salutary impression upon him, and might, with God's blessing, do him lasting good.

After going on quite well in work

that they have been taken under governmental protection, and so are to be preserved to all coming time. They are reserved to adorn some Tyre or Babylon of the Pacific Slope, which, in the years to come, after the splendor of the Atlantic cities has paled and gone out in darkness, shall sit a queen, and gather to her feet all the tribes of the earth.

Near Detroit stands a large white-wood tree, which marks one of the bloodiest episodes of the Indian war upon the frontier. In the fight between Capt. Dalzell and the Indians, this tree stood between the assailants and the assailed, and received the bullets of both parties, the scars of which remain to this day.

Some wise people have propounded a theory of trees, which some other people, who think themselves as wise, are slow to accept, namely: that the trunk of a tree loses just so much in size as it expends in branches, and no more; and that the same principle is carried out to the remotest little twiglet that dances in the breeze. Going a little farther, we deduce the fact that if we could conceive of a branchless tree, or could compress a tree into a solid body, it would be a perfect cylinder. How thankful we ought to be to mother Nature for giving us these obelisks, and pyramids, and hemispheres of fluttering greenery, instead of a forest of gray trunks, standing up bare and square against the sky!

Our people are so impatient of trees. They can scarcely see one without an itching to lay the axe to its root. Time was when there might have been a necessity for doing this; but that has long gone by, and there ought to be a sweeping reform in this direction. Our forests, although large, are by no means inexhaustible, and when they are gone, where are we to get more? Plant them, and wait half a century for them to grow, as they are doing now in France? We could never wait so long. Besides, it will be no pleasant sight for an American eye to see his fair land lying drought-smitten and desolate, or

his great lakes drying up into fishponds, or his mighty rivers dwindling into insignificant brooks, as they are even now beginning to do. Let us save them by saving our trees.

It takes but a day to undo the work of centuries. We can destroy, but we can not replace. Let us remember how many changing years have added their concentric rings to its growth; how much of the sunshine and the showers it has assimilated into its substance; how untiringly its rootlets and fibers have worked away in nature's great laboratory, bringing it treasures from thence, while its leaves have gathered treasures from the air. Let us remember the myriads of happy families that have found shelter and home among its branches, and then, if there is better work in the world for it to do than to "cast its shade where it is not needed," let it be cut down and fulfill its destiny.

The differences in the form and color and general aspect of trees, must strike even the most careless observer. But to those who love them their study is a perpetual delight. To such they will reveal habits and characteristics, likes and dislikes, as peculiar and strongly marked as those which belong to the human species.

The oak, rugged and sturdy and majestic, king of the forest by divine right, allied to all the poetry and romance of the world; the elm, sacred to the New Englander, sheltering him under its drooping branches through all his long walk from the cradle to the grave; the homely, irregular, yet picturesque hickory, dear to the hearts of squirrels and little boys; the wide-spreading chestnut, so tenacious of life that when it is cut down there straightway springs up from its roots a circle of fair and stately daughters, who join hands around their mother's tomb; the black walnut, with its hemisphere of feathery foliage, specked with balls of lighter green; the graceful ash, the beech, with its fluted stem, the maple, resplendent in its autumnal colors, fast stepping from the sugar-bush to the

pleasure-grounds, and ministering as sweetly to man's soul as to his palate, the birch, with its white skin-wrapper, which it so meekly gave up at Hiawatha's call, the sorrowful willow, the broad sycamore, the obeliskal poplars, and pyramidal hemlocks and pines, the towering cypress, and spreading cedar—these, and the myriad other forms of arborescent growth, with which the beneficent Creator has filled our forests, for his own glory and our good, will amply repay the most careful and earnest and loving study.

Said a little boy one day to his father, who was an enthusiastic lover of trees and had taught his children the same enthusiasm, "Father, what is an idiot?" "Why, don't you know?" spoke up his younger but wiser brother. "An idiot is somebody that can't tell an *arbor vitæ* from a cedar. He don't know any thing." Tried by this standard, how many people there be who are fit candidates for an asylum!

But there are some people, who in shunning Scylla, fall into Charybdis in this matter, and who, knowing that trees are beautiful and much to be desired, conclude therefore that they can not have too many of them, and they so surround their houses with them, that for cheerlessness and gloom they might as well be situated in the depths of a Druidical forest. I have seen houses so shrouded in pines, and spruces, and evergreens generally, that I venture to say not a sunbeam had visited them for years; where the day was shortened a full hour at each end; where the rooms were damp and moldy, and the occupants wondered why it should fall to their lot in life to be so afflicted with neuralgia, dys-

pepsia, and depression of spirits. But amid all these ills they had their lovely trees for consolation.

Now, some wise person has said that too much of a good thing is too much, and I believe it. "Cottages embowered in trees," reads very prettily in books, but I should not like to live in one. Give me trees about a house, but give me a sunny side too. I want the sun for a daily visitor, coming in through the open door or window, and lying aslant upon the floor in a broad parallelogram of flickering shine, to glorify my room and to give me health, and heart, and cheer. And I want an outlook for my own eyes, as well as an inlook for the sun. I want to see the splendor of the evening and the morning; the procession of the clouds, the gathering of the storm, and the solemn beauty of the night. And I want to see the people who go by—how they look, and what they wear, and to wonder where they are going, and what for. I want the sunshine and the shadow mingled in beautiful and comfortable proportions.

Meanwhile let us go often among the trees, and yield ourselves up to their sweet influences, and listen to what those eloquent tongues of theirs have to say. They will not discourse to us of the fashions, nor the markets, nor the price of gold. They will not talk of cabinet, nor of congress, nor of wars, nor rumors of wars; but they have many a choice bit of wisdom, many a word of counsel and loving sympathy, many a sweet lesson of faith, and hope, and patience for those who will hear and heed. Their companionship will do us good and not evil all the days of our lives.

THE MONUMENTAL HISTORY OF EGYPT.

BY REV. ROBT. PATTERSON, D. D.

THE occupation of Egypt, by Napoleon and his soldiers and savans, opened up a new field of research to the students of history. Their curiosity was stimulated and baffled by the hieroglyphic inscriptions on the most remarkable monuments of the human race. The discovery of the mode of reading such inscriptions, by Champollion, excited the utmost enthusiasm in ardent minds filled with Greek traditions of the glory of ancient Egypt as the mother of art, science, and religion; and it was confidently believed that now, at last, the veritable temple of history had been opened, and that the traditions of the origin of mankind, and of the early and long forgotten history of our race, would be brought to light.

With such expectations a number of scholars devoted themselves to the study of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and became so absorbed in this pursuit as to despise all other avenues to knowledge. The majestic ruins, the massive pyramids, the colossal statues, seemed to impart a solidity and grandeur to the inscriptions they exhibit, before which the human mind must bow with reverential faith. There is no form of scientific superstition so profound as that of the worshipers of the ruins of Egyptian idolatry.

One of the first results of this new discovery was the identification of a number of the names of Egyptian kings on the monuments, with some of those recorded in the lists of the ancient historians, Manetho and Eratosthenes. A partial verification was thus given to those lists, which purported to give the successions of the kings of Egypt for thirty-one dynas-

ties, running back many thousand years before the period assigned by Moses for the creation of Adam. A fresh interest was thus given to these mysterious hieroglyphics, as records of the remote antiquity of the human race. It was believed, and alleged, that the whole of Manetho's lists were capable of similar verification; and that, as a necessary consequence, the faith of mankind in the historical character of the Bible could no longer be maintained. The claims of this new-born science to such undoubting acceptance as shall necessitate our repudiation of the Bible, are thus modestly stated by one of its devotees:

"To Egyptology, beyond all question, belongs the honor of dissipating those chronological fables of past generations, continued belief in which, since the publication of Chevalier Lepsius' researches, implies simply the credulity of ignorance. One of his letters from the Pyramid of Memphis, in 1843, contained the following almost prophetic passage: 'We are still busy with structures, sculptures, and inscriptions, which are to be classed by means of the now more accurately determined groups of kings, in an epoch of highly flourishing civilization as far back as the fourth millennium before Christ.'"^{*}

This is the demand of one of the more moderate Egyptologists. Baron Bunsen, however, can not erect his system on a basis of less than twenty thousand years from the present time; or sixty-seven centuries of civilization in Egypt previous to her earliest monuments. He is perfectly assured that

^{*} Types of Mankind, p. 60 and 209.

he has found monuments built long previous to the biblical era of the Deluge, and that the revelations of their inscriptions are unquestionable truth, and he writes "*Egypt's place in history*" and his *Bibel work* on that assumption.

This work of Bunsen is, it seems, to be the great arsenal of succeeding bookmakers on Egyptology. "Embodying as it does, quite an apparatus of necessary documents, instrumental treatises, and materials, it has been invaluable to one who, from living an unsettled life, has often had access to no other Egyptian library than a bundle of his own manuscript notes, and such few books as he could carry with him in his portmanteau."* Indeed, with even a smaller outfit one may write volumes on Egypt. Champollion, at the mature age of eighteen, wrote his treatise on the Ancient Geography of Egypt; and the author above cited tells us, that the beginning of his hieroglyphic studies was made, seven years before, from "a thin quarto published by an American named Gliddon," containing a page of the hieroglyphic alphabet. Leyffurth completed the restoration of the fragments of the Turin Papyrus without knowing a single letter of it. This is not, however, so marvellous in the present age. We have seen geologists give learned lectures about processes they had never seen, and which, they now acknowledge, never existed.

A sublime confidence in one's own omniscience is the faith which not only removes mountains, but scales the heavens, and fathoms the abyss. Nowhere is it more indispensable, both in tutor and pupils, than in the explorations of Egyptology. But with common people such a confidence is impossible without some little acquaintance with the prophet.

We are, therefore, compelled to satisfy our minds that Bunsen, and the records he proposes to expound, are worthy of our confidence. The ques-

tion of primary importance regards the records upon which he exercises his learning and talent: Are the Egyptian records a reliable basis of correct chronology, and of authentic history? Next in importance is the inquiry, whether Bunsen, and the class he represents, are competent to reveal their mysteries. Are they sober, careful, industrious, learned, and competent critics, on whose concurrent testimony we must believe the Egyptian inscriptions instead of the half ideal, half traditional notions of Genesis?

Let us then first examine the claims of the original monuments upon our reverence and faith. It is plainly of primary importance to examine the original records; and before entering in detail on any examination of the temple of ante-biblical history, erected on this basis, to examine the foundation itself; for if that should plainly appear to be fabulous, we might, perhaps, hold ourselves excused from any further attention to the very learned theories which the Egyptologists have erected upon it. How then do the Egyptian monuments and records answer the conditions of accurate and authentic history? We class together the inscriptions on stone, and those on paper, since they were made by the same parties. The monuments can claim no superiority from their material over the papyri. It is as easy to lie like a tombstone as to compose a fictitious history on paper, and the man who would do the one might be trusted to do the other.

The authorities upon whose records the Bunsen school reconstruct Egyptian history and the world's chronology, are the priests of Egypt; who have, it is alleged, inscribed such full and accurate records of current events on the monuments, and in the papyrus rolls found in the tombs and temples, and copied by Manetho, Eratosthenes, Herodotus, and others, that we need not be at a loss, either for the succession of events, or for an accurate chronology. We can not transcribe the eulogies of Champollion, Lepsius, Bun-

* Palmer's Egyptian Chronicles.

sen, Gliddon, and others of this school, upon these records; which, in their opinion, "furnish the only reliable basis not only for Egyptian, but for universal history."

The accuracy, however, of public records is not self-evident. The probability of a correct account of ancient Egypt being gleaned from the monuments made in former ages by public authority, may be inferred from the sort of public records now inscribed there. The census of 1859 gives a total of five millions one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Most competent writers are confident that this is a gross exaggeration; that it is not over half that amount; and Sir G. Wilkinson computes it at only one million eight hundred thousand.* There is no reason to believe the ancient Pharaohs less alive to the reputation of ruling a populous and mighty kingdom than their modern successors. We would need to know a good deal about the authors and design of these records before we could accept them as genuine history.

To render the Egyptian monuments a basis of true history, the following requirements will be acknowledged, on all hands, to be necessary:

1. That the persons erecting and inscribing them should have designed to record a true history. If they, from the first, designed a mythological romance, it would be vain to attempt to translate it into history.

2. That they should have begun the erection and inscription of their monuments contemporaneously with the events commemorated; should have kept up a regular succession of them corresponding to the order of events; and that this series should have been preserved unaltered, and unbroken. Monuments erected a thousand, or fifty thousand years, after the events commemorated, can not be received as historical evidence.

3. That the inscriptions should be now legible and intelligible; and that

consistent translations of them by several competent scholars should be accessible to the public. Should the language become unintelligible, or the writing illegible, and in consequence, the rendering of the several translators so discordant that no agreement among them can be arrived at, no one would say that such a puzzle was history.

4. And, above all, it is necessary that we should be assured of the integrity and truthfulness, both of the original writers, and of their copyists and commentators. If they convict themselves of being liars, we are not warranted in accepting their statements as history.

Now the monuments of Egypt are not in a condition to comply with either of these three imperative requirements. The doctors differ in their readings of the hieroglyphics. The monuments do not extend within thousands of years of the alleged beginning of the kingdom. They were never a complete series. Multitudes of those which did exist have been destroyed by fanaticism; and of those remaining, the inscriptions have been repeatedly erased and altered. And, worst of all, it is evident from those which remain perfect, that any idea of recording a correct or moderately truthful history was most remote from the thoughts of the priests who inscribed this mythology of their god-kings on their temples and tombs. We shall prove each of these assertions.

1. The original historical value of these mysterious hieroglyphics and monuments, seems to have been assumed by all the leading Egyptologists; and but slightly investigated by subsequent critics. Yet a careful inquiry into the original design of their builders and writers will convince us that they were never designed to record history; that, on the contrary, they were mythological liturgies and genealogies. The one grand design of every Pharaoh was to be regarded as a god by his people while he lived, and after his death. The business of his life was to build his tomb and monu-

* American Cyclopaedia, vii, 34.

ments for this purpose; and if he built, besides, temples to the gods, his ancestors, they were plentifully inscribed with his titles, as "the beloved of the Sun," "the absorbed of Amun," etc., etc.

The priests were the chief agents in this glorification of the kings, living and dead, who were their chief gods. Their interest, and their education, alike prompted them to glorify and exalt Egypt, and to detest and villify everything outside of it. In this noble occupation they engrossed their lives, and employed all the materials on which they could lay their hands within the narrow valley of the Nile. This restricted range was still further divided into three hostile kingdoms, each holding to one of the numerous conflicting idolatrous sects, which compensated the narrowness of its boundaries by the intensity of its bigotry; nicknaming, cursing, and reviling the heretics, and covering the temple walls with poetic praises of the orthodox idol, and terrific, gigantic hieroglyphs of the orthodox Pharaoh, grasping the heretics by the hair of the head, dragging them into the temple of Ra, or Phtha, or Amun wielding his club and dashing out the brains of the unclean race before the god. Then follow columns upon columns of pæans of praise to this pious prince, and wonderful recitals of his prodigious slaughter of the enemies of the god in all the countries the priests had ever heard of, and countries whose names were never heard of save on those monuments. As to any friendly relations of Egypt with the people of other nations, they are slaves, bound with cords, or bearing tribute to the great king, and begging to be allowed to serve him.

Here, for instance, is an inscription, copied by Osburne, commemorating a victory of Sethos, with a long line of captives, and spaces for many more left blank, to be filled up afterwards: "He took Shepherds and Moabites prisoners, in the countries beyond the north-eastern border—Upper Arvad and Lower Arvad also." Both these

last powers were the confederates of Sethos during the war, yet are they represented here as prisoners and enemies. Such is the boastful and lying spirit which dictated these records. The names which follow will show very clearly that both these peoples must have been dwellers in Egypt.*

"The names of the captives led by Amun afforded another, and now perfectly needless illustration of the lying spirit in which these records are written. The first captive is named, 'the lands and cities of the south;' the second is, 'the evil race of Cush;' the third, fourth, and fifth, read, (3) 'the cities of that land,' (4) 'the suburbs likewise of their cities,' (5) 'and their kings.' It is scarcely necessary to point out that this is a mere explanatory sentence, which by an ingenious device, is transmuted into five captive cities."† When the exploits of war failed to furnish captives, Pharaoh did not disdain, as unlucky sportsmen sometimes buy a string of trout from some school-boy to display in triumph along the street, to buy a few thousand captives in the slave market.

After an examination of the monuments in other parts of Egypt, Osburne tells us that: "It was in the slave marts of the Delta that the black and white captives were purchased, whom Tothmosis offered to Amun for the completion of his temple at Karnak. These were evidently the transactions which the mendacious arrogance of the Egyptian priesthood transmuted into victories over foreign enemies, and triumphal marches with captives and spoil. Such was the genius of the idolatry of Egypt."‡

It can not be necessary to remind the reader of the vast credulity necessary to accept such myths as historical. It may, however, be supposed that the actual facts hidden in all this verbose glorification were of literal occurrence,

* Osburne's *Monumental History of Egypt*, Vol. ii, 394.

† *Monumental History*, ii, 392.

‡ *Monumental History*, ii, 227.

so that when we have waded the swamp, we shall reach at least, as Osburne says, "a thin stream of history" flowing through these vast platitudes of bombast. But, unhappily, we are not left to indulge in any such dream. The evidence in every page of Egyptian history is conclusive that the priests, who made these records, were systematic and intentional falsifiers of history, in whose statements we can place no confidence unless confirmed from some other source.

As an illustration, they all, and always, maintained every king of Egypt to be a lineal descendant of the gods. When Cambyses, the Persian, conquered Egypt, they immediately recorded him as the natural son of Amasis the Second, whom he had expelled from Egypt. Alexander the Great, on the like occasion, they have certified as the fruit of an illicit intercourse between Nectanebo, the last of the Pharaohs, and Olympia, the wife of Philip of Macedon.* They were equally prompt in gratifying the hero himself, however, by declaring him the son of Jupiter Ammon; a compliment which gratified him so much that he bestowed on Egypt great privileges, and gave his name to Alexandria.

Several of the greatest of the historical facts narrated by the priests have been recently investigated, and have been proved to be either gross exaggerations, or utter falsehoods. By way of illustration, we select from a multitude of lesser fictions the two principal events of the monumental history of Egypt: The Invasion of the Shepherds, and the Conquests of Sesostris the Great. These fables have been copied and adorned by a multitude of writers, ancient and modern; but are demonstrably legendary exaggerations of a very common-place insurrection, and a very small African raid.

The story of the invasion of Egypt, and its conquest by hordes of Mongols, called the Shepherd Kings, which has

been reported on the strength of Manetho's stories, and which, according to them, desolated Egypt, has been examined by recent investigators; who declare that the records of the King Amuntimacus, under whom Egypt experienced this calamity, "are spread over a wider range of country, and are inscribed upon statelier monuments than those of any of his predecessors. If the indications of the monuments are to be relied on, his reign was pre-eminently prosperous." So far from being a foreigner, or a shepherd, he was the descendant of Menes in the right line, and king of Lower Egypt. "We have at length found the key to the whole mystery of the Shepherd Invasion. It is a gross fabrication. It is the narrative of an adverse event by the defeated faction, wherein the conquerors are made as hateful as possible to the reader. It is a precious piece of partisan writing, like the history of our commonwealth by a cavalier, or the account of the tory administration of the last century from the pen of a whig."* Yet out of this gross fabrication, aided still more by gross mistranslation, Bunsen builds a chronology of fifty-one kings, and adds about nine centuries for them, to the Egyptian chronology!

The manner in which the priests were accustomed to translate the inscriptions on the monuments of Sesostris, which they alleged demonstrated his conquest of a great part of the world, is a very good specimen of their fertile mendacity. These inscriptions, themselves, are tolerably advanced specimens of adulatory exaggeration. The great king, the Son of Ammon, deserted by his army, alone, and surrounded by the two thousand five hundred chariots of the enemy, offers up a long psalm and prayer to the god his father, who appears and answers, promising him victory; whereupon he, single-handed, charges through the two thousand five hundred chariots six times, and slaughters them into submission.

* Monumental History, ii, 2.

* Monumental History, ii. 39.

But Sesostris was no conqueror; he had hard fighting to hold his empire unbroken; nevertheless, these priests expounded the inscriptions on his monuments as veracious records of his conquest of the whole world; and they varied the story to suit the gullibility of various auditors.

To Herodotus they gave such an account as his experience could not contradict; starting their hero on the Red Sea, sending him to conquer all along its shores, then overrunning all that part of Eastern Asia, which Herodotus had not traversed, and bringing him home through Scythia and Thracia, anywhere erecting tablets commemorating his victories. These, Herodotus infers, must have perished, all save one which he had seen on the Lycus. Had Herodotus been able to read it, he would have seen that tablet, which Sesostris had paid his Tyrian allies for allowing him to erect, told no such story of universal conquest. The central tablet of the rocks in the Lycus commemorates his raid on the negroes in the fifth year of his reign; and the two smaller ones, his conquest of the Arvadites or Arab dwellers in Lower Egypt. The other tablets in India and Europe, it is needless to say, never existed, else they would have been preserved as well as the Lycus monument. However as Herodotus had never been in India, he could not contradict the priests from his own knowledge, which in his days was his only reliable source of geography and history.

The next historian whom the priests edified with the monuments of Sesostris, was Diodorus. They gave him full particulars of the army—six hundred thousand footmen, two hundred and forty thousand horsemen, and twenty-seven thousand war chariots. They began his conquests this time with all Ethiopia, embarked his whole army in four hundred long galleys on the Red Sea, sent him over all further India beyond the Ganges, overran all Scythia up to the river Tanais, which separates Europe and

Asia, conquering the Cyclades, going thence into Europe through Thrace, where he nearly perished from famine. This, it will be seen, is a new edition, in which the hero is made to exceed the conquests of Alexander, and a good deal more. But, as the world by this time had been explored as far as India, without discovering any traces of Sesostris, the priests wisely sent him to conquer worlds beyond the Ganges, and in Scythia, which were then *terra incognita*, and to erect tablets there. It does not appear that these accounts were implicitly believed even then. Indeed, the reputation of the priests of Egypt as inventors of history was always notorious among historians.

Diodorus indeed tells us plainly, that the accounts of Sesostris, written by the Greeks differed materially; and also those given by the priests of Egypt; and he seems to think the temple versions also differed among themselves. He makes the same complaint of the poets, or sacred psalmists, or perhaps, as Osburne thinks, the dragomans, or interpreters. Thus we learn that, at the beginning of our era, while the temples were still standing, and crowded with worshipers, the priests were well-known fabulists, repeating discordant myths and legends to their visitors and devotees.

When, a good while later, Germanicus visited Egypt, the priests read to him, from the wall of a temple, the edifying example of one of the Pharaohs who had endowed that temple with revenues greater than those of the Roman Empire, exacted from the nations of Europe, Asia, and Africa, which he had conquered with an army of seven hundred thousand men. They read to him the weight of the gold and silver, the number of the arms and horses, the slaves, black, white, and brown, the quantity of ivory, incense, and corn, exacted from each nation,* a full, true, and particular account. It is doubtful whether they imposed on the Roman soldier as easily as they have

* Monumental History, ii, 451.

done on our German scholars. Germanicus had traveled a good deal, and it was safer to enlarge on the liberality of unknown kings than on pretended conquests and monuments in countries where he had himself commanded. However they gave him also a version of Sesostris, skillfully framed to suit their customer. They now send Sesostris to subjugate Libya and Ethiopia, Persia, Bœtria, and Scythia, Armenia, Cappadocia, and Bithynia; all countries out of the line of Germanicus' travels. Not a word is now said about Thrace, Dacia, or the Cyclades, or the march home from along the coast of Syria—Germanicus had commanded in those countries—not a word about the tablet of the Lycus, and the other stelæ all over the world, since Germanicus was not a man to be imposed on by that solitary inscription.*

Thus we have these priests of Egypt convicted, out of their own mouths, of giving three conflicting reports of the conquests of Sesostris, each different from the preceding; and all contradicted by the very monuments which they professed to read. These differences were well known to the Greeks; who, having no very strict regard for truth themselves, nevertheless despised the priests of Egypt as the most monstrous liars in the world. Indeed this was their common reputation among the ancients.

To read the reverential references of the Broad Churchmen to the Egyptian records, one would suppose that every priest of Egypt was a man of the most undoubted integrity, and divinely inspired to write a narrative, before which Moses' and the Prophets' must bow, and by which we must correct their inaccuracies and superstitious legends. Instead, however, of the priests of Egypt ever having any such reputation, priests as a class, in ancient times, were commonly reputed deceivers, and the priests of Egypt in particular, had earned a world-wide

reputation for the most magnificent mendacity and systematic fraud. It is a special providence of God that, in addition to the recorded specimens of their lying, some specimens of their rascality, preserved by their own hands, have been discovered, and publicly exhibited both in Europe and America, of which an instance is narrated by Lesly, in a book full of sneers against the Bible:

"Mummification became afterward one of the fine arts, and combined sculpture and painting, with all the most shameful tricks, both of priestcraft and of trade. It would be a perfect farce to tell you of all the shrewd devices of the Egyptian undertakers of a later age, to say nothing of the grim mistakes which have been made in the lecture rooms of this country. I remember when a mummy case, purporting to be that of a Pharaoh's daughter, was solemnly opened and unwrapped before a crowded audience. I think M. Agassiz was present, and took part in the proceedings. The case contained the body of a *boy*—and nobody has ever been able to explain the misadventure, except on general principles, that the Egyptian undertakers were great rascals."*

Yet it is from such mummy-case inscriptions, all made by this same priestly caste of sacred scoundrels who substituted the body of a boy for that of a princess, that a great deal of the proposed Egyptian history is constructed. Indeed all the inscriptions, both in tombs and temples, were written by the same class. Such cases convince us of the justice of the Greek opinion of the high capacity of these ancient gypsies for all kinds of fraud and imposture.

Such, then, is the character of the Egyptian inscriptions. Their authors were the priests, notorious for falsehood and rascality. Their design was to glorify the kings of Egypt at the expense of all the world besides. And they stand to-day, exhibiting on their

* Monumental History, ii, 451; Herodotus, ii, 106; Diodorus i, 53, 58; Tacitus An., ii, 60.

* Man's Origin and Destiny, 109.

foreheads the most monstrous exaggerations, and down-right lies, absurdities, and impossibilities. In the days of their glory and perfection they were monuments of falsehood to be admired only by one who loves and makes a lie. How degraded must be the intel-

lect and conscience of the scholar who, knowing these facts, devotes his life to the worship and elucidation of their broken fragmentary fables! How willingly deceived must that man be who prefers the tales of convicted liars to the word of the God of truth!

TONGUES OF FLAME.

BY C. L. T.

WEAARY with the empty life, that frothing surges on the street;
Weary with a restless, fevered brain, and aimless tramping feet:

Close pursued by shadows, reaching arms across the busy town,
Drawing veils along the world and setting in the sky a crown;

Shutting out the little *Now*, to chafe along the darkened sea,
Merest pebble tossed by waves that murmur through eternity—

I, alone, with dreams that arch-like, span the cold expanse of years,
Springing lightly from the present, like a bridge that has no piers:

I, alone, am musing while the shadows of the darkening room,
Touched by firelight, range around me like gilt volumes of the gloom.

Moody is my fancy, sweeping backward through the world's long age:
Fame is but a book of shadows, with a gilding to the page.

Ah! my lady, when your poet's tinted leaf you deftly turn,
Think—God only sees the shadow underneath the thoughts that burn!

Then I touched the dying embers, and the flashes mounting higher
For an instant lit the bust of Tasso with a tongue of fire,

Fell on him who stood beside him—in his marble trance between
Heaven and hell—the broken-hearted, stately, dream-eyed Florentine!

Oh, my Tasso! pouring us the wine of Zion's royal dream,
And thy cold lips vainly begging for a draught from Lethe's stream!

Oh, my exiled Dante! reaping where no Beatrice may glean—
Treading marl of lonely death and holding sheaves of golden sheen!

Gathering bravely for the garnerers of the world's remotest age;
Dying hungry, trampled by thy Italy's insensate rage!

Slant the shadows back—and forward falls a flickering wave of light
On the lettered books, where names shine out like stars along the night;

And as billows crowned with sunrise fall on rock and yielding strand,
Giving brightness to the granite, spurning back the drifted sand ;

So those royal names look down upon me with their deep-drawn lines,
Cut by waves of Ages, on whose crests a dawn eternal shines !

Mighty artists ! pausing tremulous with prophecies sublime,
And with hand unerring, carving pedestals as broad as Time.

And my heavy thoughts that drifting hid my Plato from my ken,
Beaten back, have left me in the kingly fellowship again.

Smooth and firm the shore of life, along which treading years have paved
Pathways to the silent shrines in everlasting sunlight laved.

Jostled by the narrow foreheads in the iron ways of men,
Crowded from the line of march whose shining goal is empty gain,

Glad for refuge from the glitter which is only splendid gloom,
Through the doors of lifted Ages slides my soul—and here is room.

Faintly to my reverent spirit comes the ringing pavement tread
Of the throng who in the market barter brains and heart for bread !

But I stand among the Centuries, that with priestly gems impearled,
Noiseless light the altar candles for the homage of the world ;

And from out the dome above me—like the setting of a crown—
Thought's Apostles, mute, immortal, look with radiant faces down !

MORRISTOWN AND WASHINGTON.

BY PRESIDENT J. F. TUTTLE, D. D.

THE county of Morris, in the State of New Jersey, contains the most varied and beautiful scenery. On its eastern borders are the Short Hills, a range of highlands commanding a magnificent prospect of the country as far north as the Orange county line in New York, and south the country that skirts the Raritan river and bay as far as New Brunswick. The outlook from these hills in a clear afternoon, blending into one charming landscape woodlands and meadows, hills and mountains, farms, villages, towns, and cities, ponds, rivers, bays, and the Narrows, through which the Hudson makes its way into the Atlantic, is one that once enjoyed can never be forgotten. In the midst of this county is its shiretown, Morristown, situated at the base of a range of mountains, and surrounded by very beautiful regions. West, south, and north of the town are fine mountain ranges, the general direction of which is from the north-east to the south-west. In these are invaluable deposits of the richest magnetic ore, in such quantities that they could furnish iron to span the continent with railway bars. The valleys are rich and adapted to agriculture.

One thing is to be observed that these Morris county hills and mountains are so disposed as to afford ad-

nirable facilities for the communication of intelligence by means of beacon fires, a use to which they were actually put during the Revolutionary War.

Until within a few years, among the mountains of Morris county, were living many aged people who had witnessed the trying scenes of the Revolution, which had made so deep an impression on their minds, that very naturally it became the delight of their life to relate to willing listeners the story of the sufferings and triumphs which terminated in the achieving of American Independence. In 1845, there were in the Presbyterian congregation of Rockaway in that county, no less than eighteen persons who were then over eighty years of age, and between 1847 and 1862, no less than eleven persons died in that parish who were over ninety years of age, and a large number who were over eighty. One was one hundred and fifteen, two were in their ninety-fourth year, and one couple had lived their whole married life of seventy years in that one place.

Besides these living in one locality, were scores of aged people dwelling in other parts of the county. Other actors in the Revolution had passed away, but their descendants preserved the story of their deeds, and related it to such as had ears to hear.

For many years it was a favorite occupation with me to visit these venerable witnesses, and hear from their own lips what they knew of that period. These conversations were at once committed to paper, and in the form of fugitive newspaper articles, some of them were given to the public several years ago.

Morristown has become a famous name in history by reason of its association with the Revolutionary army and its great leader, General Washington. He spent two winters there, 1776-'77 and 1779-'80, and both the houses he occupied are still standing, although the first is greatly changed both in its interior and exterior. This last was the "Arnold Tavern," on the west side of the Morris Green, and

modified greatly is now occupied as a boarding-house,

On the south side of the Green was the Old Magazine, a famous building in its day. On the Whippany river, below town, was the little powder mill, built by Colonel Jacob Ford, Jr., whose widow (the daughter of Dr. Johnes, pastor of Presbyterian church), in the winter of 1779-'80, was Washington's hostess in the famous "Ford Mansion," as it is still called.

The old soldiers were wont to tell me about the dreadful retreat of the American army through New Jersey, a retreat usually called by them the "Mud Rounds," on account of the deep mud, which at night was frozen greatly to the discomfort of the soldiers, who had no shoes. A greatly superior enemy pushed the disheartened Americans across the Delaware. On Christmas night of 1776, General Washington succeeded in getting a strong detachment of his army across the Delaware, a few miles above Trenton. "The night was sleety and cold, and the roads very slippery."

Trenton was occupied by a strong force of the Hessian mercenaries under Colonel Rahl; and Doctor McChesney, a prominent citizen of Trenton, once told me that he had the best reasons for believing that Washington's well-arranged plans were saved from discomfiture by a very little circumstance.

The Hessian commander, Rahl, was enjoying his Christmas very much indeed. The rebels were safely beyond the river, so that there was no danger to be apprehended from them. All Germans love Christmas, and many of them make it a day of revelry. That particular Christmas night Rahl, with several boon companions, was in a building, which is still to be seen at Trenton—or was to be seen not long ago—gambling, and no doubt drinking. They were having a good time of it, and they were bound to have a good time all night.

A tory, on the Jersey side of the Delaware, discovered signs of a movement across the river on the part of

the American troops, and sent a note to that effect to the Hessian colonel, by the hands of a negro, directing him to give it to no one but Rahl himself. The man faithfully performed his duty, and when refused admittance by the sentinel into the room where the Germans were carousing, urged his plea so persistently as finally to overcome opposition. As he entered, Rahl was dealing out the cards and thrust the tory's note into his pocket, and—*forgot* it. Had he read it, his troops would not have been surprised, and it is not likely that Washington would have won the victory at Trenton!

It is well known the Americans, after the battle of Trenton, crossed the Delaware, but on the 2d of January, 1777, again returned to Trenton. This time they were met by a man who was not in the habit of losing battles by carousing—Lord Cornwallis. The Americans were drawn up on the south bank of the Assunpink, and repelled the vigorous assaults of the British with considerable loss. Cornwallis, at last, ordered his soldiers to encamp for the night, being sure that in the morning he would “bag the fox.” Washington had his camp-fires kindled, and during the night, having wound straw about the fellows of their wagons, our soldiers quietly withdrew by a circuitous route toward Princeton. Their escape was first announced to the British commander by the heavy firing at Princeton. Before he could get there, Washington had finished that fight, and was several miles on his way toward his selected winter-quarters at Morristown. It is said that, between the afternoon of the 2d of January and the evening of the 3rd, Washington's army had fought the two battles of Assunpink and Princeton, and marched nearly forty miles! Washington reached Morristown on the 7th of January, 1777, and was quartered at the Arnold Tavern, as already stated.

The situation at this point was not deemed the best by the American commander, and he hoped to remove to a better one very soon; but in due time

he became convinced that it was a good position by the fact that, in spite of repeated attempts to penetrate it, the enemy never succeeded.

It is not my design to enter into all the details of this sad winter at Morristown, but only enough to show what a crisis it was in our national destiny. Large numbers of the soldiers were quartered in huts in the Loevantica valley near Madison, and in other places in the vicinity of Morristown. Many were billeted in private houses throughout the region. There was not a house in Hanover which did not have some military boarders. Parson Green, the pastor of the Presbyterian church in Hanover, entertained fourteen officers and soldiers at the old parsonage.

During the latter part of the winter the small-pox began its ravages in the army, and it was an opinion—probably without foundation—that the disease was introduced by the enemy. But whatever the means of its introduction, one thing is certain, that as the Morristown bill of mortality shows, “on the 11th of January, Martha, widow of Joshua Ball, died of small-pox.” On the 5th of February, Washington wrote: “The small-pox has made such head in every quarter that I find it impossible to keep it from spreading through the whole army in the natural way; I have, therefore, determined to inoculate not only the troops now here that have not had it, but shall order Dr. Sheppen to inoculate all the troops as fast as they come to Philadelphia. They will lose no time, because they go through the disease while their clothing, arms, and accouterments are getting ready.”

In order to do this, Washington consulted with leading men in the county, and prominent among them the pastors of the Presbyterian churches in Morris county. Parson Green, of Hanover, was very averse to the plan, but yielded his objections after an interview with Washington. Small-pox hospitals were at once established throughout the region, and the very localities of some of these are still

known and described in the History of the Madison church, by the Rev. Samuel L. Tuttle.

It was a dismal time for the whole region, as may be inferred from a note by Dr. Ashbel Green to the autobiography of his father, the Rev. Jacob Green, of Hanover. It was a singular fact that the persons who were *inoculated* for small-pox, that winter, had the disease in its mildest form, and that there was not a fatal case; but the ravages of the disease among those who took it in the natural way were horrible. The Old Presbyterian church at Hanover was used as a hospital for those who had the disease in the natural way. It is of these that Dr. Green writes, in the note referred to, and which is too graphic to be omitted in this sketch.

"After the memorable maneuvers and battles of Trenton and Princeton," writes Dr. Green, "General Washington cantoned his whole army—not a large one—in Morris county. The small-pox had broken out among the troops and proved exceedingly fatal. The church in which the Rev. Jacob Green stately preached, was used as a hospital for those who had taken the disease in the natural way; and the present writer can never forget the appalling scenes which he then witnessed, produced by the ravages of that frightful malady, now so happily disarmed of its terrors by the fortunate discovery of vaccination. The troops were distributed in the dwellings of the inhabitants, and the surgeons of the army inoculated both soldiers and citizens—the citizens without charge. The family of the writer's father consisted of nine individuals, and, as well as can be recollected, fourteen officers and soldiers were quartered in the same dwelling. All were inoculated together, and all had the disease in a very favorable manner. Indeed, the disease by inoculation was so slight that there was probably not a day in which the army could not have marched against the enemy, if it had been necessary; but it providentially was not necessary."

In another connection, Dr. Green alludes to the same scenes and says, "for a short time my father's church was made a hospital for the reception of those on whom the natural small-pox had appeared before they could be inoculated; and more frightful and pitiable human beings I have never seen. The heads of some of them were swelled to nearly double their natural size, their eyes were closed, and their faces were black as a coal."

The records left by Dr. Johnes, the pastor of the Presbyterian church in Morristown, in the Bill of Mortality, show how frightful the ravages of the disease among the people. No age, sex, or condition was exempt. The infant, the youth, the maiden, the mother, and the man, alike fell before its power. Two men, nearly ninety years old, died of small-pox. That spring and summer Dr. Johnes attended no less than sixty-eight funerals, caused by that disease, in his own parish. It was probably the saddest year the parish of Morristown ever saw, before or since, during which the old bell that, in the steeple of the First church still tolls off the hours, tolled the knell for two hundred and five persons, who, of various diseases, died that year in that single country parish.

It was in the midst of such scenes that Washington and his army passed the earlier months of the year 1777. And here I may add a tradition received from two independent sources, and which, I suspect, has no foundation in fact. Still, I have met some aged people who believed it, and therefore I will repeat it and let it go for what it is worth. The tradition is, that Lord Howe, the British commander at New York, well knowing what a sorrowful time Washington was having, sent him a copy of Watts' version of the one hundred and twentieth Psalm, containing these three stanzas:

"Thou God of Love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suffering state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit?"

Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life!

O might I change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!"

The same tradition asserts that Washington returned the compliment, by sending to his antagonist, Watts' version of the one hundred and first Psalm, entitled the "Magistrate's Psalm," in which occur the following significant stanzas:

"In vain shall sinners strive to rise,
By flattering and malicious lies;
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender sha'nt be spared.

The impious crew, that factious band,
Shall hide their heads or quit the land;
And all who break the public rest,
Where I have power shall be suppressed."

Some years ago, this anecdote was incorporated in a manuscript by the author of this article; but while the unpublished article as a whole, was complimented as much as it deserved by the historian Bancroft, who had solicited it for perusal, that distinguished gentleman wrote in pencil at the end of this anecdote these words, "*altogether improbable and not worth repeating!*"

As this is not designed as a connected history but simply a sketch of the associations of Washington and his army with Morristown, I pass over the period intervening between the spring of 1777 and the winter of 1779-'80, when Washington the second time went into winter-quarters at Morristown.

On the 1st of December, 1779, Washington became in a sense the guest of Mrs. Ford, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Timothy Jones, and the widow of the lamented Colonel Jacob Ford, Jr., who died soon after Washington first came to Morristown, in January, 1777. The house in which she was residing was built in 1774, in the most substantial manner, and on a scale of elegance and comfort which indicate ample means in the builder. It is a pleasing fact that

the house which sheltered Washington has been changed but little since he occupied it. The same weatherboards which resisted the storms of that tremendous winter are just where they were then. You enter a spacious hall which runs the depth of the house, and not a plank in the floor has been removed since Washington first crossed the threshold of that mansion. The same oaken double-door that opened to him opens to you now. When he came there the widow Elizabeth Lindsley, the honored mother of Colonel Jacob Ford, Sr., had been dead nearly eight years. She lived to see the Ford mansion begun, but not to live in it. Her son and grandson had been dead three years nearly. The widow of the latter closed her life there. Her son, the late Hon. Gabriel H. Ford, succeeded his mother in the mansion, and died at the advanced age of 85 years. At the present time his son is residing there and is surrounded with his children and grandchildren. So that if we reckon Mrs. Lindsley, who lived to see the house begun, it may be said that the old mansion has seen seven generations of the same family. Six generations have actually resided there, of which the first three are now gone. And yet so finely is it built that a century hence, if modern vandalism can be kept from making it impossible, the stranger may open the same portal, press the same floor, wander through the same halls and rooms, and look out at the same windows as did Washington that memorable winter. May it stand as long as the house in which Shakspeare was born! Excepting in the matters of paint and paper, the addition of a partition or two, and the filling up the spacious parlor fire-place to accommodate a coal grate, no changes have been made. Your eye rests on the same walls, the same cornices, the same window-casements, the same doors, the same mantel-pieces, the same windows, the same hearthstones as did *his* in the winter of 1779-'80.

The great outlines of the landscape, once seen never to be forgotten, which

his eye rested on them, are the same, but the right hand of enterprise has greatly changed the details. The eye now rests on thousands of cleared acres which then were covered with dense forests, and the old town itself has changed more than other things. We are naturally inclined to venerate places where great men have accomplished heroic deeds. Very finely did Daniel Webster remark at Valley Forge, "there is a mighty power in local association. We all acknowledge and all feel it. Those places naturally inspire us with emotion, which, in the course of human history, have been connected with great and interesting events; and this power over ingenuous minds never ceases, until frequent visits familiarize the mind to the scenes. * * * The mention of Washington, the standing on the ground of his encampment, the act of looking around on the scenes which he and his officers and soldiers then beheld, can not but carry us back also to the Revolution, and to one of its most distressing periods."

What is true of Valley Forge, is true of Morristown, and especially of the venerable mansion in which Washington resided. It is no ordinary place, and every object which has survived the ravages of time has a sort of sacredness which one can feel better than describe. Take this old arm-chair standing in the hall and draw it up to the old secretary, also standing in the hall. Washington was often seated in that chair, and often wrote at that secretary. Or take this plain little table, said to have been a favorite one with him on which to write, because he could more easily move it; look at the very ink spots, which are said to have been made that winter, spots which in the eye of the antiquary are more beautiful than settings of precious stones; open now to the immortal letters which Washington wrote that winter, many of them at that very secretary or little table; read those letters attentively, and let the imagination evoke the form of their great author, on whose brow

are the deep tracings of anxious thought, and one must be either very stupid or, very stern, if he do not feel a peculiar thrill, a warm glow pervading his whole nature, as thus he beholds not only Washington but his dignified lady, the admirable Martha Washington, the courtly and brilliant Alexander Hamilton, the apostate Quaker but splendid soldier Nathaniel Greene, the incomparable commandant of the artillery Henry Knox, the giant-sized and stern Baron Steuben, the polished Kosciuszko, the elegant and accomplished Sterling, and, perhaps, an occasional member of the group—Satan in Paradise—the traitor Arnold!

It is interesting to ascertain the arrangements of the house and the large family occupying it that winter.

On the 22d of January, 1780, Washington wrote to the Quartermaster-General Greene, whose duty it was to provide for the comfort of the commander-in-chief: "I have been at my present quarters since the 1st day of December, and have not a kitchen to cook a dinner in. * * * Nor is there a place at this moment in which a servant can lodge with the smallest degree of comfort. Eighteen belonging to my family and all Mrs. Ford's are crowded together in her kitchen, and scarce one of them able to speak for the colds they have." This was in reference to the cooking department, and soon a log kitchen was built at the east end of the house for the use of Washington's family. He himself occupied the two south-east rooms of the main house, on the first and second floors. The room on the first floor he used for a dining, reception, and sitting-room, and the one immediately above it as a bed-room. At the west end of the house, and but a little distance from it, another log cabin was built for a general office, which Washington occupied particularly in the day-time, with Colonel Alexander Hamilton and Major Teuch Tighlman. This cluster of buildings was guarded night and day by sentinels. In the field south-east of the house, huts were built for Wash-

ington's Life Guards, of whom there are said to have been two hundred and fifty, under command of General Colfax, the grandfather of our Vice-President.

We have already noted the principal localities of interest in Morristown, but may here allude to two, with each of which is associated an anecdote of Washington.

The first winter he spent there, as has already been stated, it was found necessary to use the Presbyterian meeting-house as a temporary hospital. During the cold weather Dr. Johnes probably preached principally in private houses, in different parts of the congregation, but when the warm weather came on, it is reported by tradition that public meetings on the Sabbath were held a few rods back of the Doctor's house, which is still standing.

The tradition comes directly from Dr. Johnes, that previous to holding a communion on that spot, Washington called on him, as is stated in Hock's Life of Clinton, and after the usual preliminaries thus accosted him:

"Doctor, I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated next Sunday. I would learn if it accords with the canons of your church to admit communicants of another denomination."

The Doctor rejoined: "Most certainly; ours is not the Presbyterian's table, General, but the Lord's, and hence we give the Lord's invitation to all His followers, of whatsoever name."

The General replied: "I am glad of it; that is as it ought to be; but as I was not quite sure of the fact I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England I have no exclusive partialities."

The Doctor assured him of a cordial welcome, and the General was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath.

This tradition is well authenticated, and is in perfect keeping with his opin-

ions elsewhere expressed. I do not now recall any occasion in which he ostentatiously calls himself "a churchman," being a man of correct taste; but he was an Episcopalian by an honest preference, but he had too just views of God as a Spirit, and of his worship as spiritual, to narrow down his devotion to any locality, whether Mount Gerizim or Jerusalem. Once he used these words: "Being no bigot myself, I am disposed to indulge the professors of Christianity in the church with that road to heaven which to them shall seem the most direct, the plainest and easiest, and least liable to objection." And to the bishops, clergy, and laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church he wrote on the 19th of August 1789, in reply to their address:

"On this occasion, it would ill become me to conceal the joy I have felt in perceiving the fraternal affection which appears to increase among the friends of genuine religion. It affords most edifying prospects, indeed, to see Christians of every denomination dwell together in more charity, and conduct themselves in respect to each other with a more Christian-like spirit than ever they have done in any former age, or in any other nation."

In March, 1797, Washington in his reply to the address of "the clergy of different denominations, residing in and near the city of Philadelphia," utters the following sentiment:

"Believing, as I do, that religion and *morality* are the essential pillars of society, I view with unspeakable pleasure that harmony and brotherly love which characterize the clergy of different denominations, as well in this as in other parts of the United States, exhibiting to the world a new and interesting spectacle, at once the pride of our country and the surest basis of universal harmony."

Dr. Johnes has handed down another anecdote connected with the place already alluded to, which illustrates Washington's genuine politeness. One Sabbath he was in attendance on the Doctor's service, held in the open air,

and a chair had been brought in for his use. Just before the service began, a woman with a child in her arms came in, and, as the seats were all occupied, Washington immediately rose from his and placing her in it, remained standing until his attendant procured another.

The other anecdote I received from P. G. McCullough, Esq., who received it from the late General Doughty of Morristown, who saw the incident which he related. The scene of the anecdote is fixed as having occurred a few rods south of the ruins of the New Jersey Hotel, and where a carpenter's shop now stands. Washington had purchased a young horse of great spirit, activity, and power, but not broken to the saddle. A man in the army, noted for his braggadocio glorification of his own horsemanship, solicited the privilege of the General to break his horse to ride. Permission was given, and the General with some of his friends went out to the place already mentioned to see the horse take his first lesson. After considerable preparation the man leaped on the back of his mettlesome pupil, who unaccustomed to that sort of incumbrance began a series of frantic efforts to unhorse him, and in a very few seconds, by a judicious planting of his forefeet and a skillful uplifting of his hindfeet, he succeeded in sending his rider clean over his head. As the discomfited brag was landed so uncerimoniously, but unhurt, Washington threw back his head and laughed boisterously, until the tears fairly ran down his face. General Doughty was wont to say that he never met a person who had ever heard Washington laugh loud during the two winters he spent in Morris county, except on this single

occasion! As such, the incident is worthy of memory.

As a picture of the times, and a fact with which to compare the present and the past, let me state that during the spring of 1780, whilst Washington was in Morristown, Jacob Johnson, father of the late venerable Mahlon Johnson, died on Morris Plains, three miles north of Morristown. He was a fine horseman, and belonged to Arnold's troop of Light Horse, in which service he caught the cold of which he finally died. His son, Mahlon, remembers distinctly that a large concourse of people attended his father's funeral, and that there was only one conveyance on wheels among them all, this being used to carry the corpse to the Morristown grave-yard. But there was a great cavalcade on horseback, Dr Johnes the minister, and the physicians, each with a linen scarf on, and on horseback led the procession, and many a horse that day carried a man in the saddle, and behind him was seated on a "riding cloth" his wife, or mother, or sister, or daughter. This was the funeral procession which attended to the grave the remains of a man of property and position in the parish of Morristown in 1780. Certainly manners and customs have undergone very considerable changes since that time; but whether the change has been for the better, each one must decide for himself; but, probably, that plain, unostentatious procession contained as many warm, sympathizing, and unselfish hearts as the more courtly and better-bred processions, which now visit the same "God's acre," in coaches and according to the rules of good society.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE LEGEND OF THE CANNON MOUNTAIN.

A STORY OF THE FAR-AWAY TIME.

BY N. M. COLLES.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

THE VICTORY AND PEACE.

The rain, which came on so suddenly, continued all night, and so the atmosphere, that it was several days before Mr. Loring's rheumatic could permit him to go out. The weather came back, at last, however, and one afternoon they were all gathered in the little open spot by the lake, so familiar now to all visitors at Profile House. Mr. Loring carried in his hand a mysterious looking object, which some of the children were ready to believe was the old parchment-bound by the hunter. Without going to it, however, grandfather told the story of the far-away time, when the storm had interrupted it.

The upheaval of the mountains divided the country of the Little People into two parts. To pass from one division to the other, they must always go through this Notch, directly under the Cannon Face. They soon became accustomed to it, and were not afraid of the giants, who would do them any harm. But they remained under the bondage, of which was the symbol. This slavery had become intolerable; and they longed to break the yoke of the oppression and to destroy the hated emperor Prince Coronillus, always hope-

ful, became more active now than ever. He stirred up his people to continued and more powerful rebellions.

"The Giants, too, happily for the Prince, began now to quarrel among themselves. Like all wicked men, banded together to do wrong, they soon came to hate each other. Their feuds became so bitter, after a time, that only Daucus and Lupine remained faithful to their two-faced King Zigadene. In the course of years, the other chieftains, with their followers, destroyed one another. Only a handful were left with the monster king. Meanwhile Coronillus strengthened himself in the remoter parts of his kingdom; disciplined his armies; and soon was able to renew the war for the expulsion or destruction of the invaders. Zigadene was gradually forced back to his castle. And soon the strong place itself was invested by the armies of the Little People."

"And where was the Princess Tiarella, grandfather," asked little Mary.

"I was just about to tell you," said Mr. Loring. "She had been taken, you remember, on the shore of the lake, by the giants, who had followed the Prince in his flight. They brought her, and Uniola, and the old servant Ixia, to Zigadene in the castle. By his command, all three were kept in close confinement for several years.

"By some means, not stated in the

parchment, the young Prince Idoneas, discovered that they were imprisoned in the dungeons of the castle. From his past knowledge of the place, he believed access could be had to them, by means of the underground passages, in one of which he had met the dwarf Cameline. He believed, too, that, somewhere in the mountains, he could find an entrance to these hidden chambers, opened by the great earthquake. After many days searching, he verified his conjecture. Underneath the Stone Face he discovered such an entrance, not unlike the cave's mouth, where grandfather found the cedar chest. Groping his way through the long corridor, he came at last to the door, through which he had followed the dwarf. It was but a moment's work to swing it back upon its heavy hinges; and, to the great joy of the weary captives, he stood before his beloved mother, and sister, and the scarcely less delighted Ixia. No time was to be lost; and he arranged for their immediate escape from their prison.

"While all this was going on underground, the investment of the castle became so close that Zigadene sent word to Prince Coronillus, that, if he did not raise the siege within two days, the lives of the captives should pay the forfeit. Of course, after the discovery of the young Prince, Coronillus only laughed at the threat. The next morning, the three giants were overlooking the castle walls, when they were surprised by great shouts, and songs, and martial music, coming from the besiegers' camps. Two long processions seemed to be meeting each other. It was not long, before the giants discovered that it was the Prince's hosts rejoicing in the safe return of Tiarella.

"Before they could recover from their surprise and chagrin at the escape of the captives, an assault was made upon the walls. First the great engines began to hurl huge stones against the palace fort. Breaches were soon made in the walls,

which swarmed with the brave little warriors. The result of the battle was the death of Daucus and Lupine. Zigadene himself, after fighting ferociously for many hours, fled from the castle, by an underground passage, and hid himself among the mountains.

"Great was the joy of the Peaceful People over their wonderful victory. They destroyed the Giant's castle, and soon rebuilt their capital city. The lake was gone, or rather was broken up into many smaller ones, such as the Echo and Profile. And, for a long time, the Peaceful People were very sad, because of their desolate country. But Prince Coronillus was as wise in peace, as he had been energetic in war. Under his direction, they began to beautify their land, scattering everywhere the seeds of flowers."

"O, I know something!" cried Nettie, all unconscious of the interruption.

"What is it, little'girl?" said Mr. Loring.

"O, grandpa, don't you remember along the road, last week, how the flowers grew over every cleared place in the forest? Didn't the Peaceful People plant those seeds too?"

A hearty laugh greeted Nettie's suggestion. Grandfather only smiled, and, saying, "Perhaps so," took up the roll of manuscript; and said, that for the remainder of the story, he would read the words of the parchment, as his father had copied them, while the learned stranger read the scroll.

"Following the leading of their Prince, the Peaceful People, with incredible labor, filled up the great valleys with earth, and planted them with trees, and shrubs, and flowers. They broke down the roughest, rockiest parts of the mountains also, and made the trees to grow upon their sides; and altogether succeeded, after a few years, in making the whole country more beautiful than it was before the great earthquake. It was while beautifying

the mountain slopes that the people discovered, what the young Prince Idoneas knew before, that the Stone Face was only a huge pile of rocks. They were not able to break it down. And yet it was very hateful to them, as a reminder of their bitter bondage.

"To comfort them, Coronillus directed them to set up another pile of rocks, on the very summit of the mountain, in the form of their destructive engines, to overlook the 'Old Man,' and in token of their victory over the Warlike Giants.

"I suppose that is it still," said Mr. Loring, lifting his eyes from the paper to the rocky pile, resembling a cannon, on the summit, and which gives its name to the Cannon Mountain. The children were astonished by this new confirmation of the story, and thought the old parchment scroll must have been full of wonders.

"While the Prince and his warriors," continued Mr. Loring, still reading, "were thus engaged on the top of the Cannon Mountain, another scene was to be witnessed on the opposite side of the valley. The young Prince Idoneas, with his affianced bride Galia, sought some method of commemorating the virtues of her sisters Mimosa and Cupressa, with their companion, the maid of honor, Gillenia. The King of the West, who had come to weep over his lost daughters, and to rejoice in the victory of his friend Coronillus, refused to allow any monument of material things, as it was contrary to his religion.

"It was a happy thought of Uniola's, which carried them through the difficulty. And the multitude, by direction of her brother, were executing the plan of the Princess. They cut down the side of old Eagle Cliff, and hollowed it out, and so arranged it with reference to the surface of the water, that, when any persons should row across the lake, whether laughing, crying, or talking, there should be a reflection of the sound—a permanent memorial of the laugh-

ter-loving, mourning, and mimicking maidens."

"O," shouted a number of little voices, "it is the Echo Lake!"

The old grandfather couldn't keep the fun out of his twinkling eyes. But he went on with the reading.

"It was while they were digging away at the cliff, that they struck another cave; and, to the astonishment of all, who should be found in it but old Zigadene, the King of the Warlike Giants! Idoneas recognized him first; and, brave athletic little fellow, he sprang upon him immediately. But there was no need for any great amount of strength. The old giant was nearly dead with fatigue and hunger. He had become utterly blind also, having lost all four of his eyes.

"Of course he was easily captured, and taken to the City of Flowers. The Prince Coronillus called a council of state, to consider what they should do to their great enemy. All thought he deserved to die, and advised his execution. But here the true nobility of Coronillus' character appeared. He admitted the justice of the doom which his counsellors had voted; but he advised a different course. So great was his influence, too, that he gained them over to his views. They determined to spare the giant's life, and to overcome him with deeds of kindness.

"Some years passed away, and Zigadene continued to be well cared for. His every want was instantly supplied; and troops of children went daily to his dwelling, bearing wreaths and festoons of flowers, with which they adorned his home, singing always songs of forgiveness. Old Zigadene did not understand such conduct, at first, and was very suspicious of it. But at length, he was thoroughly subdued. Every day, after that, while he lived, he was heard saying, LOVE IS STRONGER THAN HATRED; AND PEACE—"

Suddenly Mr. Loring stopped read-

ing, and the children looked up wondering.

"This," said he, "is the end of the parchment. The other part, you know, had decayed, and when brought to the light dropped off. There could not have been much more, however. I suppose the remainder of the sentence was this: **IS BETTER THAN WAR.**"

The little group sat a moment in silence. Then Mr. Loring rose to return

to the house. As he did so, he was assailed with numberless questions. "Are there any of the Peaceful People living now, grandfather?" "The story isn't true, is it, grandpa?" Harry said nothing for a time; but, as they drew near the hotel, he raised his thoughtful head from a brown study, and said "Anyhow, old Zigadene was right, at last." "Aye! that he was, my boy," said Mr. Loring, as he disappeared within the doorway.

THE GOAT MOTH.

BY REV. SAMUEL FINDLEY.

THERE are a great many moths that receive their family name from their custom of spinning a shroud, or silken covering for themselves, when they are about to change from their caterpillar state into that of the chrysalis. This covering is called a *cocoon*, and is oblong, like the chrysalis which it contains. The Peacock Moth, which I have already described, and the Goat Moth, whose photograph is presented to you in this paper, belong to this family. But neither of these moths are of any value to commerce, because the silk they spin are of no use to any body but themselves. They belong to the selfish race of insects, which, like very many men, live only for themselves.

The learned name which naturalists have given to this family is *Bombycidae*. And why this name? Turn to your Greek dictionary, and you will find that the name the ancients gave to the silk-worm was *Βομβυξ*. From this word *Bombycidae* was formed, which means the *Silk-worm Family*. Now every caterpillar which spins silk for any purpose belongs to this numerous family. The great silk-worm, which spins the silk that is manufactured into material for dresses, is called *Bombyx Mori*. The latter word is the name of the species, and

is the Latin word for Mulberry. Its name, then, in English, is *The Mulberry Silk-worm*, so called because the caterpillar lives on the leaves of the Mulberry tree. In the latter part of the sixth century, the raising of this silk-worm was introduced into the southern part of Greece, which occasioned the planting of such extensive mulberry groves, that the ancient name *Peloponnesus*, which signifies the island of Pelops, was then changed to *Morea*—the Mulberry Land—and by this name it is described in your geographies.

This family numbers among its members some of the largest and most beautiful of moths. They are distinguished by their thick heavy bodies, their small heads, their mouth parts almost wanting, their large and feather-like horns or antennæ. The caterpillar of silk-worms contains a reservoir of the silky matter, which is never full until the worm has come to its growth. When the worm is ready to manufacture its silken thread into a cocoon, it mixes with the silky matter contained in the reservoir a kind of varnish, which gives it the brilliancy of silk and the property of resisting the action of water. Each thread of silk is composed of two strands, which are united together near the

mouth of the worm, and which passes out at its under lip, and is directed by it to the points the animal has selected.

Let us now stop and look at this wonderful silk-producing machine, which a kind Creator has given to our worm. How well adapted is every part of it to the purpose for which it was designed. It is important for the worm to be economical in the use of the material out of which it is to produce its threads. So the reservoir does not open immediately at the mouth, but is connected with it by two thread-like fine tubes, in which it receives the varnish which adapts it to use. The worm by this arrangement is enabled to spin very fine strands, and by a kind of weaving makes for itself a warm and soft covering, while it awaits, in its pupa state, its final great change.

It is also necessary that the threads thus spun should be strong; and, to effect this on mechanical principles, each thread is composed of two strands united together. You will also notice that the outside threads of the cocoon are the coarser, while close to the chrysalis the silk is very fine and soft, to add to the comfort and safety of the pupa. This change in the quality of the silk results from the fact that, as the reservoir becomes exhausted of its silky matter, the material becomes finer, or the fine hair-like tubes leading from it to the under lip contract, so that a smaller quantity of the material passes through. How wonderful are the marks of Divine wisdom which are seen in the construction of this silk-producing apparatus! Can you help but adore Him who is so mindful of the interests and even the comforts of crawling worms? And can you not confidently trust your highest interests—your soul's salvation to Him?

The moth which our engraver has so magnificently represented, is found in many parts of Europe. It is called *Goat Moth*, because the caterpillar gives out a peculiar odor which resembles that of a

goat. How or why this smell is produced is not fully understood. Some have supposed that it proceeds from a fluid, which it emits from its mouth, to soften the wood in which it burrows. But the fact that it ever disgorges such a liquid is disputed by Duncan. He thinks that an insect provided with such powerful wood-boring jaws does not need the aid of any such solvent, and that it is inconsistent with the wisdom of the great Creator to supply any of His creatures with unnecessary apparatus. And, furthermore, if the caterpillar were thus provided with a softening fluid, the discharge of it would be governed by the necessities of the insect, and the unpleasant odor would not always be noticed. It may be that this odor is specially repulsive to the enemies of the caterpillar of this moth, and that thus the great and good God has provided for its protection and safety.

The name by which it is known in books of science is *Cossus Ligniperda*. This name is interesting, because it suggests an important fact in the history of this moth in the times of the ancient Romans. Both the words are Latin. The first, *cossus*, is the name of a worm found under the bark of oaks, and fed by the Romans with meal. Pliny tells us that they were kind to this worm, because they regarded it a delicious article of food. Now, we have no right to dispute their enjoyment of table luxuries; but I do not think that any of my young readers would relish a dish of such hideous looking creatures as this worm is. The second, or specific name, means *wood-destroyer*. The meaning, then, of its scientific name is *wood-destroying worm*. You see how it carries its reputation with it all through life, although, after it is plumed and fitted for a higher and more honorable station in the world, it abandons altogether the bad practices of early life. And this is often the case with men and women, when they begin life wrong, and when young make for

**THE GOAT MOTH.**

1, 2. Perfect Insect. 3. Pupa. 4. Larva.

themselves a bad reputation. It is very hard to get clear of nicknames given in youth, or to outlive the stain of bad conduct for which we have been noted in early life. How careful ought you to be, dear reader, to begin your life as you wish to end it.

The cut represents the only species known to inhabit Europe. The wings expand from three to three and a half inches. The color of the front wings is ashy-white, clouded with brown, and marked with numerous narrow black streaks, waved and sometimes crossing each other. The hinder wings are brown, with faint black streaks. The head and back are brown, and the abdomen is brown, having each segment bordered behind with grayish-white. The caterpillar is reddish, slightly tinged with dull yellow. The head is entirely black, and there are two black triangular spots just behind it.

This caterpillar does not seek the leaves of trees for its food, as do most other caterpillars, but it derives its nourishment from the solid wood, into which it bores by means of the strong jaws with which it is furnished. It chooses for its food the trunk of the most healthy tree, and by its powerful mining organs it makes its way far into the body of the tree: and by forming a great many passages leading in all directions, so as to admit air and moisture, it often causes a rapid decay. And as this caterpillar lives about three years before it becomes a chrysalis, it is capable of doing a great amount of injury to the tree it inhabits, destroying not only its life, but also unfitting it for mechanical uses when dead. It prefers to feed on the wood of the oak, ash, willow, and poplar, and is found in many parts of England.

When it has reached its maturity as a caterpillar, and has eaten its last meal, it scoops out a hollow place in the tree in which it designs to pass into its pupa state. It has use now for its silk-spinning apparatus, that it may line the

home it has prepared and fit it for the quiet rest it is about to take. By a skill which it never acquired, but always possessed, it takes up the raspings of the wood, and weaving them together with layers of strong silk, it makes for itself a soft and secure retreat, in which the great changes, which are to make up the future of its history, are to take place. In this well-protected sleeping-place the chrysalis reposes for a longer or shorter time, according to circumstances. And when the wings, and legs, and other necessary apparatus of the perfect insect are fully matured, and the moth is ready to unfold its wings in the dim shadows of the evening twilight, it finds its narrow home too contracted to develop its wings, nor does the passages leading to it afford sufficient space for withdrawing safely from its chrysalis case.

As we look on and see the difficulties in the way of our insect's rising to the true dignity of its mothhood, our sympathy is awakened on its behalf. After spending three years as a hated worm, and many months in the solitary home of its pupa state, must all its aspirations after a higher life avail it nothing? Then why these preparations for a state of greater activity? Why has nature formed wings for it, if they are never to bear aloft the clumsy yet adorned body to which they are affixed? Has the wise Architect failed in adjusting the surroundings to the wonderful energies that are at work within this dark pupa-case? Look again, for the hitherto quiet chrysalis is becoming restless and is actually moving. Do you see those small spinous projections, by which the rings of the chrysalis are armed? They are shown in the picture (3). Now, one side of the rings is moved forward by a wriggling motion, and prevented from sliding back by these spines. Then the opposite side is moved forward by a similar motion. And, thus, by the alternate motion of the sides of the rings, aided by the

spines, the chrysalis has at length reached the mouth of the passage leading to the outside of the tree, where, untrammelled by the close walls of its pupa home, the perfect insect breaks through the hard shell which confines it, and expands its wings in the shadows of the closing day. Now it can sing the song of freedom. It has baffled the great difficulties which seemed almost to seal its doom, and by means of a wise arrangement, the gift of a kind Creator, it has delivered itself from its dark prison, and goes forth to fulfill the great end of its existence.

What a convincing proof does our insect present of the wisdom and goodness

of God! Here the theory of chance finds no support. We look at the wise adaptation of the structure of this insect to its instincts, and habits, and surroundings, and see distinct marks of Creative intelligence guided by wisdom and goodness. All Thy works, O Lord, praise Thee. Thou hast written Thy name and impressed Thy character on every thing Thou hast made. Reader, study God's works that you may with greater reverence adore Him. Despise not the least of His creatures, for in them He has displayed His great power and goodness. And while all things praise Him let it not be said that you have forgotten Him.

"NOTHING THAT I WANT."

BY OLIVE THORNE.

"OH, dear!" exclaimed a fretful little voice, "there's nothing that I want on the table."

I looked up and saw a rosy, nice-looking little girl, about eight years old, all dressed and brushed for breakfast. I could not believe the remark came from her, but while I looked she turned to go.

"Won't you come to breakfast, dear?" her mother said gently.

"I don't want any; I don't like anything you've got," she replied fretfully, and left the room.

A little later in the day, when I had finished my breakfast and was sewing by the window, I asked Dora, for that was her name, if she would like to hear a story.

"Oh, yes!" she cried eagerly, for she was as fond of stories as any of you little folks.

"Well," I began, "one cold morning, some years ago, I went out for an early walk. It was before breakfast, and the air was so cold that I only walked a block or two before I turned to go home."

"Where was it?" asked Dora.

"In London."

"Oh! have you been to London?" cried Dora eagerly, "and will you tell me all about it?"

"I can't promise to tell all about it, for that would be more than I know myself; but I'll tell you about a little flower-girl I saw that morning."

"Oh, yes," said Dora.

"As I said, that morning was very cold for London, and I was hurrying home, when I heard the faintest little voice, away down near the ground."

"Please ma'm, buy some flowers."

"I looked down at the little merchant. She was about as tall as you—"

"Did she look as I did when I went to Dell Butler's party, and dressed like a flower-girl?" Dora interrupted. "I had wreaths on my head and around my waist, my dress was looped with flowers, and I had a big basket filled with them."

"Not exactly, Dora; she had a thin, old face, so blue and pinched with cold, and her clothes, what few she had, were

so ragged and miserable, and worse than all she was barefooted."

"Poor thing," sighed Dora.

"You may well say that, Dora. Why, I stopped short. 'Poor child,' I said, 'ain't you frozen?' Her lip quivered, but she said bravely, 'Not very cold, ma'm.'"

"Well, come home with me, it's not far from here, and I'll buy your flowers," so I hurried her home with me, and I wish you could have seen her eyes when she entered my comfortable room. Why Dora, I don't suppose she ever saw a good fire before; and the way she nestled up to it, sticking her bare toes into the ashes, as if she meant to get warmth enough to last a week, was very sad to see."

"I hope she got real warm," said Dora.

"She did, you may be sure, and then her eyes began to roam about the room. I couldn't talk to her yet, I wanted to see her warm for once; suddenly her eyes fell on the breakfast, which had been brought in while I was out, and I hope I may never see such a hungry look in a child's eyes again."

"Didn't you give her some?" Dora asked breathlessly.

"Of course. I drew the table up to the fire, and I just stuffed her. I made her eat till I knew she would not be hungry all day, and she devoured the food almost like a wild beast; and yet," I added quietly, "it was very plain, Dora, nothing but toast, and eggs, and coffee."

Dora blushed a little and I went on.

"When she had finished, I asked her if she had enough."

"'Oh, yes'm,'" she said, "'I never had so much in my life.'"

"Then I asked her about herself. She told me she had a mother unable to leave her bed, and what she could earn selling flowers was all they had to live on. I asked her how much she made, and she told me a penny or two a day."

"And supported her mother?" cried Dora.

"I could hardly believe it myself; so after I had breakfasted, I went to my landlady, a kind, motherly woman with several children, and she easily found a half-worn pair of shoes and stockings and an old cloak. I wish you could have seen the poor child when I dressed her in them. I don't think she was ever so comfortably clothed in her life."

"Did you go to see her mother?"

"Certainly; as soon as I had dressed Bessie and arranged her flowers in a vase in my room, I put on my things and went home with her. Oh, Dora, I hope you may never see such a place, through such dirty alleys, up such rickety stairs; and when we came to the room, there were no less than four families living in it. Bessie's mother lay on an old bedstead in one corner; but I will not describe such misery to you, and I hope you'll be thankful to God, every day of your life, Dora, that in our country there is work enough for every one who honestly seeks it."

"What did Bessie's mother say to her new clothes?" asked Dora.

"She was very grateful. She told me a long story of her life, and how she came to be dependent on Bessie's earnings. I told you Bessie earned a penny or two a day. An English penny is two cents of our money; of this paltry sum they had to put aside one cent, or one half-penny every day, for rent for the corner in which they lived. With the other three half-pennies, or half-pence, they had to buy their food."

"Why they couldn't buy hardly any thing," said Dora.

"Not here; but in London there are shops for the very poor, where they sell a half-penny's worth of tea or milk, or a tiny loaf of bread. Meat and butter were unheard-of luxuries to poor Bessie."

"I did not know any one could be so poor," said Dora reflectively.

"Yes, indeed. If Bessie had a piece of dry bread in the morning and another at night, with a cup of water, she thought

she had no reason to complain. And often she did not have that."

"Did you ever see her again?"

"Oh yes! I interested some ladies in the case, and they succeeded in getting for her mother some light work that she could do sitting up in bed, and got Bessie into better employment. They also furnished a room for her in a better place, and when I left London they were doing very well."

Dora had been much interested in the story, and I did not draw the moral

for her, I wanted to see if she would see it herself.

So the next morning, by my request, we had the same things for breakfast that Dora had refused.

When she came into the room, she glanced at the table, then at me, and then walked up to her chair, sat down and ate a very respectable meal. And so long as I staid at Dora's home I never again heard her say:

"There's nothing that I like on the table."

A TEACHER'S COUNSEL.

BY THOS. McDOUGALL.

DEAR ———,

Be noble and brave, my boy; for life
Is short; and in the bitter strife
Of right with wrong, of dark with light,
You must be brave to win the fight.

O! be unselfish; manly love
Will ever rise supreme above
The love of self; for selfishness
Will poison all your streams of bliss.

Be humble; pride will surely smite
Your fairest grace with deadly blight;
Deal tenderly with those who err;
And listen to the needy's prayer.

Spurn the shrine of unbelief;
Tread not her ways; they lead to grief;
Drink long and deep, in early youth,
The streams of God's eternal truth.

Be bound by faith and love to Him,
Who paid for you the debt of sin;
Give "*Him*" your heart; live to fulfill
The biddings of His gracious will.

Then, when the bitter strife is o'er,
And sin in you shall live no more,
At home, a victor you will be,
To reign with Him eternally.

OUR MISCELLANY.

"BE SHORT."—*Cotton Mather.*

OUR PREMIUMS.—A brief but varied array of the most attractive books, etc., is offered this month as an inducement to those who would like to help on our good cause. Look at the list and get subscribers enough to procure them all. They are all live books, and will well repay your attention, and the way to secure them is open and easy. We will send these premiums, postpaid, upon receipt of price, and we will furnish back numbers from the first of the year.

A NOBLE LETTER.—One of our ministers in the East, who has caught the spirit and meaning of our enterprise for our United Church, has done nobly by us. We commend his example to those who are alive to the dangers of an infidel and perverting literature. Thus he writes:

"I am so much pleased with 'Our Monthly,' which I have taken from the beginning, that I have made a little effort to procure subscribers, and have obtained eleven.

"I consider it a religious duty to help in this effort to give a sound, orthodox religious monthly for our families. Certainly it is needed. I know of no magazine that meets the want which 'Our Monthly' is designed to fill. All the monthlies are either semi-infidel or neutral religiously. Shall the Church allow our tables to be glutted with these, and not have one, as a pinch of salt, to sprinkle over the mass? The tendency of readers is to newspapers and monthlies. We have of religious papers well conducted. We have one monthly of such excellence as to be a peer of Harper's or Scribner's. I hope you are receiving encouragement from a large list of subscribers.

G. S. M."

YOUNG IDLEBOY.—*Dear Miscellany:*—I once heard a lady say, while eulogizing Mr. Lincoln's great kindness of heart, "If he had lived the conspirators would never have been hung!" Was not the perpetrator of this "bull" a mental first cousin to the son of Erin who, saw in hand, ascended to his roof for the purpose of cutting off a projecting board, and, sitting on the extreme end of it, worked vigorously between himself and the house, till he suddenly fell to the ground, to use the language of his countrymen, a dead man with his neck broke?

"Too absurd to be true," say you? By no means. The very spot where the ridiculous deed was done is scarcely a stone's throw from my writing table. Nor am I sure, on second thought, that poor Patrick has really a better right to reign king of fools than many another whom the world call wiser.

I told the tale one day to our young friend Marcus Idleboy (for, being old and garrulous, I love this telling of stories) as we rolled along in his elegant curricule, behind a span of blood horses. Had I not consulted the almanac just before starting, I should have thought it May rather than January. There was a dreaminess in sky, and air, and sunshine rarely felt in winter; so I insensibly sank back among the soft cushions, and resigned myself to its influence. Having indulged a hearty laugh at poor Patrick's expense, we now bowed along over the smooth drives, enjoying a sociable kind of silence, for sometimes silence is more agreeably sociable than speech.

After a time I fell musing about young Idleboy's father, now dead and gone these two years. When we were boys in our na-

tive village, I used to laugh at my friend about the singular inappropriateness of his name, that seemed to fit him as ill as I now thought it fitted his son well. As I noted the exquisite appointments of the latter, I recalled the rough hands, guiltless of gloves, the coarse garments, often well patched, that belonged to his father at his age. I remembered, too, the energy, perseverance, and business tact which, carried to the city, had gathered the wealth for the spending of which young Idleboy seemed to have so peculiar a talent. As I contrasted the manly industry of the parent with the enervating ease of the child, I grew sad at least.

Suddenly I thought of poor Patrick standing on the end of his board, and deliberately sawing himself to destruction. Was there any parallel between his case and that of the elegant gentleman beside me? I thought there was. Had not young Idleboy taken his stand on the extreme end of that golden beam, his father had so carefully projected, beyond the home of competence he at first attained? What were the rich wines, elegant entertainments, luxurious appointments in house and stables, with the endless variety of other extravagances incurred by this reckless, though good-hearted, and naturally talented boy, but so many teeth in the saw with which he was as vigorously working on to ruin as was poor Patrick. Idleboy had not even the merit of believing himself engaged in needful work, as had the ignorant Irishman.

Altogether, as I followed out the comparison, I came to regard Patrick as the wiser man of the two. So, claiming the privilege of age and old friendship with the father, I then and there admonished the son, in such a kind and convincing way—(so, at least, it seemed to myself!)—as left little doubt in my mind that he was effectually arrested in his foolish courses. But, alas! my vanity deceived me. If he paused in his sawing a moment to listen, it was only to work harder when the sound had ceased.

And now, this other January, I sit in my humble home, far away from the park. A

certain old-fashion book rests on my knee, and I read of the young man who wasted his substance in riotous living. When I come to that part where it tells of the swine and the husks, I think of young Idleboy with his young wife and two little ones.

I think also of a certain bank note, lying in my desk, and conclude to try if it will prove more beneficial to the son of my old friend, now he lies with his neck financially broken, than did my advice when he stood on the end of the beam, saw in hand.

Then I read on, and having come to the part of the story where the prodigal arises and returns to his father's house, I stop to wonder whether young Idleboy, having imitated the folly, will also imitate the wisdom here recorded.

Idleboys, wherever you are, see to it, when ye laugh at poor Patrick's fatal stupidity, that ye are not *less* wise than he.

Yours, in love,

HOARY HEAD.

A MISTAKEN PROPHET.—“*The Old World in its New Face*,” is the title given by Dr. Bellows to the published collection of his letters, written while abroad, to his people. We hope his general character as a prophet is not to be judged by his predictions as to the military power of Prussia.

In July, 1867, he wrote: “Earnest and vigorous as Prussia is, and great as the late increase of her warlike power, she is not a match for France, and would engage in a rash undertaking to presume upon her victory over Austria and try conclusions with Louis Napoleon. We are too warm lovers of the new German Empire—for that is the manifest destiny of things here—to wish to see it risked by a war with France.” Returning to the subject at Prague, in November, 1867, he again writes: “I do not see any evidence that the German will again rule the world, spite of Prussian success and expectation. I think the imperial day of the race is gone, and that the German brain is not likely to distinguish itself again in action. I hope it will not rashly insist on fighting France, which has just the impulse and genius for affairs that Germany lacks.”

This was just three years ago, and Paris has fallen! Yet the good Doctor seemed very confident that he knew all about it, and talked dogmatically and prophetically of the Germans much as he talks of the orthodox faith, its steady decline and speedy lapse, and prophesied for France as he does for Liberalism. A.

"WITH YOU ALWAY."

"With you alway."—O! blessed Lord, bestowing

Such boon on thy disciples, when of old Thou stood'st beside them, and with rich endowing,

Gave gifts outweighing earthly gems or gold.

"With you alway."—Thine erring, weak disciple

Beseeches thee to hear this earnest prayer;
Oh! may thy promise old, my life encircle,
And lift from off my soul its weary care.

"With you alway."—Thy hand my hand enfolding

Shall strengthen me to tread the pilgrim's way,

Thy grace my weak, uncertain steps upholding

From darkest night to dawn of perfect day.

"With you alway."—Oh! let those pure eyes beaming,

With love that burns immortal life to save,
Illuminate my path with heav'nly gleaming,
And lighten the dark shadows of the grave.

"With you alway."—When Death's relentless greeting

Strikes sad and chill upon my fainting ear,
Then thy unfailing word my sore need meeting,

"Ev'n to the end" thy presence will declare.

"With you alway."—Across the shining portals

Where Christ the Crucified forever is,
Where sing triumphant His redeemed immortals,

Him alway! This, Heaven, thy
owning bliss! M. B. C.

THOSE WAITERS.—It is entirely worth while to assume the expense and trouble of a visit from the remotest part of the land to our principal Eastern cities, just for the practical instruction one gets in the awkward and inelegant art of dining. The education in this fine art is there carefully conducted by a large and most respectable corps of *Professors*, employed solely for this purpose by the thoughtful proprietors of the various hotels. The members of this faculty are mostly gentlemen of considerable experience in life, apparently of large means and personal independence, and having perfect proficiency in their profession. Their dignity is self-evident and unsurpassed for either quality or quantity. What the Scribes and Pharisees were for contemplative and rigorous bearing, these dignitaries now are for professional style. They will not eat with publicans and sinners. As you are ushered into the hall of convivial instruction, you shall discover these masters of the feast stationed in superb and majestic array, calmly awaiting the entrance of their unlearned and ungraceful pupils. Behold them in their unexceptionable attitudes, like a delegation of city ministers waiting on the mayor, arrayed in suits of broadcloth with white cravats, and awful solemnity in every feature. The white apron, partially hidden under their dress-coats, seems no more out of place than the badge of some benevolent association. Can we be mistaken? Are not these the guests? No; they are the Professors of the dining-hall—not even Doctors of Divinity. Let us take our places at the tables, as they gracefully and elegantly draw back our chairs with the stately method of the drawing-room, and see the performance through. What was it you whispered in my ear? Ah! my napkin! Yes, I will spread it in my lap while you fill the goblet. I'll thank you for some roast-beef and—oh! *soup* you say in the first place. Yes; but I don't want your flavored hot water. All the gentlemen take it, do they? Well, excuse me—then bring soup. Will I have fish next? No; I don't eat fish. That is the

custom, you say. Oh! thank you; then give me fish. Now, I suppose I may have some ham—ham is what? An entree with macaroni what you call them! Well, I want the plain, simple fried ham, with an entree of eggs. Sorry you hav'n't any at this hotel, eh? *Gentlemen* order turkey, or lamb, or beef, do they? Here, Professor, I surrender at discretion. I place myself in your accomplished hands—do with me what seemeth good in your eyes. I never did eat except for a living—never practiced it scientifically or by rule. Thank you for your kindness, and hope I'll learn by and by. This little patter is for the butter, is it, eh? Ah! I thought the salt would not hurt it. Now, respected air, may I venture to ask for the batter cakes? *After the regular course, with syrup!* Well, pass my plate for something. *They hav'n't done with the soup and fish yet.* Oh! I see, I see. I'll wait a while. Now, just look at them filing off with the plates, as if each of them was John Brown's spirit that goes marching on. They are uncovering the dishes all at once. How beautiful is science! I wonder if they have a regular Academy of waiting here in New York—they have every thing else, I guess. Now, here you are again—what next? What will I have? I don't care, Professor; I am wholly indifferent; a little of anything that I ought to eat next. You see I am a little discouraged. But take me through in regular scientific style, Professor, dead or alive. What is this you have brought me, and what are these specimens in all these small dishes? It's kind in you to let me choose. *This is my dinner!* Whew! I could eat them all, a bite at a time. Are you going to leave them all here? I feel like a hen with a dozen young chickens around her feet. Here, please take my main plate, and bring me some more meat. Another plate! Where's my old one? Fetch it back, I'm not done eating yet. Ah! this is *game* in this new plate, is it? I thought you were making game of me. But I suppose you are trying to put me through and save my credit. Go on then—but when can I have the batter cakes?

Well—through at last! Two hours in getting through and hav'n't consumed so very much solid material either. I could turn square round and eat my way back, through all, clean to the greasy hot water at the start, and be no worse. A city dinner is a curious arrangement. I never could have got through myself. Professor, you have conducted me through this piece of woods and swamp remarkably well; but I feel like a horse that has been learning to pace, with the hobbles on for two hours, or like a young steer the first time he is yoked up. It somehow doesn't come natural! But, Professor, you deserve great credit—how—where did you learn it all? Do people always eat this way where you were brought up? That would take six hours a day to eat three square meals this way. They must get up *early* there; don't they? Well, I'm much obliged to you, sir. Will you accept of a small remembrance? And you have earned it faithfully. *Don't want ten cents!* Oh! excuse me, I didn't mean to offend you by offering you money; but—**FIFTY CENTS**, did you say? Oh! is that your price of admission to your lecture on the fine arts? All right. You are a mighty respectable set of gentlemen professors. That is all I have to say!

But, in my own mind secretly, I think this is downright tyranny, enough to take any man's appetite away. No wonder these fellows look so white and thin. It's dying they do just for the sake of living decently. But as for me (Oh! how I love that sentiment), "As for me, give me liberty—or give me death" And of the two, liberty is my *first* choice all the time.

THE FASHIONS AGAIN.—From far-off Wisconsin comes the following modest and sensible note in connection with a subject that should interest every good and true woman. We are glad to have our friends speak out for the right.

HOME, January, 1871.

I have been reading the Hill-top Letter upon the *Fashions*, contained in the January number, and, although I am not a contributor to Our Monthly, still I feel as if I

too would like to send you a letter on the same subject, but not in exactly the same strain as your lively correspondent. I agree with her, that the present styles are, some of them at least, "horrible;" and that those who follow them are "under a gross and hateful bondage." More than this, the bondage involves mental, moral, and spiritual degradation. It is always sad to see women whose minds are engrossed in the follies of fashionable life, especially if they profess to be Christians; but, oh! how unspeakably sad it is to see young girls, just starting on their Christian life, giving all their time and attention to the adornment of their persons, when they should be engaged in learning the sweet lessons of love and obedience to our blessed Saviour, and of usefulness to their fellow creatures. And yet what can we expect of them when those older, to whom they look up for an example, their own mothers and sisters among them, are as deeply immersed in their follies as they. Why should we sit down and submit to this bondage, or even wait for the Prussians to enter Paris and fire into the milliners' shops? By the way, I doubt very much if this would do any good. New styles would soon be invented, as bad or worse than the old.

The reform must come from among ourselves. Let every woman in the Church, whether old or young, rich or poor, arouse herself and shake off the bondage without delay. Put Madame Fashion in her proper place as servant, not mistress, by resolving to spend no more time or money upon her dress than is necessary to render it comfortable, neat and becoming; and to use her own judgment in deciding what is proper to wear, whether it happen to be *in the style* or not. The responsibility is great. Let us not turn away from it now, only to have it come back upon us at some future time when it may be too late to remedy the evil we have done to ourselves and others. But let us take it up and bear it bravely, thereby proving that we are *strong-minded* women in the true sense of the term.

Yours,

WEST WIND.

CONSOLATION.—Dr. Plumer in his Commentary on Romans, upon the text, "the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities," thus writes: "Good old Rutherford caught the true spirit of the Scripture when he said of his affliction, 'Jesus and I will bear it.' The blessed Saviour, by his Spirit, carries the heavy end of every cross. God leaves our infirmities, but he *helps* them."

JESUS AND I WILL BEAR IT!

Jesus and I will bear it,
Oh! blessed partnership;
With Christ, my Lord, to share it,
The bitterest cup I'll sip.

Jesus and I will bear it;
He bears the cross before,
I, following, meekly dare it,
As Simon dared of yore.

Jesus and I will bear it;
He smites this heart of mine,
Then, lest sin should ensnare it,
He heals with balm divine.

Jesus and I will bear it,
For thus this Friend relieves;
'Tis better than to spare it,
This multiplies the sheaves.

Jesus and I will bear it;
To win his sympathy
I'll lift the grief and wear it,
Badge of his love to me.

Jesus and I will bear it,
It keeps me by his side;
The cross, who may compare it,
With peace from Christ, my guide.

A FRIENDLY CHAT.—*Dear Monthly:* How good and kind in you to send such pleasant greetings to your readers. You said we might talk back to you; now that is so gallant of you. I hope you meant me too, and on that supposition I take courage, and beg a little corner in the Miscellany.

I used to feel almost afraid of you, but you see I am getting over it. You used to smell so of halls of learning and Doctors

of Divinity, that I felt something like a little six-year-old girl in the presence of a big-whiskered schoolmaster. But you have come down from your stilts so very gracefully, and have become so handsome, and are so full of such charming stories, such beautiful poetry, such a wealth of ripe fruit, and lovely flowers, that I am completely won. Every time you come in my heart is all in a flutter, and I take hold of you as the children did their stockings full of goodies on Christmas morning. But I can tell you my fingers are not pretty "jeweled" ones by any means; they are only plain fingers, that have handled the broom, the dishes, pots, and all such kitchen-fixings through some of the hours of this day. So you see that I am only a plain little thing to be introduced to all those splendid fellows and fine ladies; but I intend to welcome them all the same as if I were a queen. I don't see how I am to wait till you come again for more of "My Sister's Wedding," or "The Mantle of Elijah," but I suppose I must.

I would like to say a word to Stiff Breeze, but I only asked for a little corner, and so I will not come again, dear Monthly, unless you ask me. And now, with a wish that you may have many thousand readers, and plenty of *Cash* in exchange, I take my leave.

Cousin JESSIE.

UNDER THE YOKE.—Some of our readers may be disposed to think the first chapter of that interesting story of Mrs. Wright, in our main department, to be slightly exaggerated. There may be those who doubt the statement that the Papal Church still requires such pledges before consenting to constitute marriage. The sheets of the February number were not all dry when the following confirmation of that demand occurred to the writer. About dark one evening the servant announced that a young woman desired to see the pastor, and she was ushered into the study, when the following conversation ensued: "Ish dis de minister, der Proteshtanter?" She was in-

formed it was, and proceeded: "O, can't you helpsh me out of mine troobles? Mine hoospant dat ish to be isht a Catoolik, from Austria, and I bees a Proteshtanter, from Holland. Veil, ve go to git marriet. Ve got de room all nish and reaty, and I gif oop my plash to york. Vell he, dat ish Yacop, mine hoospant dat vash to bees, he vent to see de Priesht, and de Priesht say ve musht answer de queshtion you know before he marry ush. Ant I can not, I bees Hollanter; and Yacop he say de Priesht say he write to de Bishop and ve waits two weeksh, and shall see vot he shall do. But Yacop say he know de Priesht vill not marry ush, and he don't cares to make de promish himself noder. So I comes to you. I not shleep all lasht night for de crying. I been here in dish coundry alone but sax mont, and I like Yacop and he likes me. Somebody say ve comes to you, for ve shall not makes dat promish de Priest say. Vat musht I do?"

"What was the nature of the promise?" we asked.

"Vy, de Priesht say he no marry us except we gif our promish dat de childer be baptized in dat shurch and be made Catoolik; and ve shall not make de promish."

"Well," we said, "bring Jacob, and a license from the Court, at any time, and you needn't make any such promises. You shall be married as strongly as any priest can do it. Is Jacob willing to come here?"

"Oh! yesh; he say he don't care—he no makes de promish eider."

"Well, come, and I'll make it all right," I answered.

The tears ran down her cheek, as she said, "Oh! mine heart be very light—I danks you so moosh."

The result was that the next afternoon the couple presented themselves in the study, and were duly married according to law and gospel. It was not the first time in the history of the writer where he has united those who, by reason of the question, refused to bow to the yoke of ecclesiastical bondage.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Crumbs Swept Up. By T. DEWITT TALMAGE. There is a sensation to our emotions in the very name of Talmage. Through the village where our boyhood was spent, there ran a long limestone turnpike on its way to the county-seat. All day long slow teams plodded, old-fashioned barouches crept and rattled, and men and things generally went to and fro over it, as if electricity had never been discovered. But about sunrise and sundown of each day there was a stir by the wayside, boys hallooed, roosters crowed, dogs howled, women ran to the window, and men stood at the front door with hands in their pockets, and there was village thunder rolling up the "pike," with the sound of a trumpet that made us boys think of Gabriel coming in the clouds of dust, resurrecting the whole town from torpor; and then, as the driver cracked his whip, the magnificent coach and four sailed by a like a triumphal chariot, and on the panels of its highly polished and glittering doors, in great golden letters, stood out the talismanic name of *Tulmage*, the renowned prince of all this glory. So wonderful was the sensation produced by this daily breaking up of village slumbers, that to this day the very name of Talmage, even spelled without the *d*, never fails to kindle the old excitement. Now what the mail-coach of thirty years ago was to the village of B, the name of Talmage now is to the city of B—; B standing for Brooklyn, of course. The brilliant and eloquent preacher of the new circular Tabernacle is the sensation of the day. For certainly, in original, startling, and awakening thought and style, he is matchless. His strokes are those of a hammer, and yet his nails are golden, except when he would drive a wedge through vice or shame or folly, and then the wedge is steel and the mail falls with a crash. This man sees things

with an eye that searches to the center, and takes in the whole with its bearings. Your tears or your smiles are equally at his command. You dream or you start up with indignation; you think or you wonder, just as this magician bids you, as he draws you near or holds you off. These "*Crumbs Swept Up*" are a collection of his best articles, illustrative of his peculiar powers in their wide range of eccentric and brilliant expression. Here are forty articles of varying length, any one of which is worth the price of the book. Humor and sentiment, satire and beauty of description, genuine loving and terrible scolding, pathos and power, all taking their places and fascinating your attention. We have not found so readable and suggestive a volume in many a day. And any one merely glancing over it can not wonder at the crowds that press into the Brooklyn Tabernacle, till it is jammed and overflows, long before the hour of service has arrived. We give the name of a few of the articles as suggestive of its contents. Cut Behind, Our Spectacles, Minister's Sunshine, Our First Boots, The Old Clock, Hobbies, Making Things Go, House of Dogs, Ghosts, Spoiled Children, etc., etc. This book is published by Evans, Stoddart & Co., Philadelphia, and is for sale only by subscription. *But our readers will take notice that it is placed on the list of our premiums, on the last page of our cover, and will be sent, post paid, for two new subscribers, and will govern themselves accordingly.*

Jesus, His Life and Work, as Narrated by the Four Evangelists. By HOWARD CROSBY. New York University Publishing Co. The author of this volume is well known as one of the ablest and most efficient pastors of the Presbyterian Church, and lately elected Chancellor of the Uni-

vernity of New York. His name alone carries great weight. He has given long and critical study to the Gospels as his previous "Notes on the New Testament" has shown. The results of all this research, connected with personal comparison of his conclusions with the scenes and customs of Palestine through a personal visit, are set forth in the present work. His object has been to induce and facilitate the study of the Gospels. "As the life of Jesus is both the historic and doctrinal basis of Christianity, the Church of Christ is ever to be purified or preserved in purity by a constant recurrence to that life." "Hence the study of the life of Jesus, from his birth to his ascension, is the appropriate occupation of the Church." This is the great need of the Church to-day. "Not so much the perusal of dissertations on the character of the Gospels, and the Messiah portrayed in them, as the actual examination of the sacred Word itself. Treatises are written on the life of Jesus by many who only skim over the history to gain material for their favorite theories, and one of these, which lately made a great stir in the world, betrayed, with a show of learning and philosophy, a lamentable ignorance of the facts of the narrative, and a complete misunderstanding of Old Testament expressions found in the New. German rationalistic critics have made themselves notorious in this nineteenth century for their destructive efforts against the Gospels pure and simple. The true defense of the mind against their evil work is in the careful study of the sacred text." "These, and the fanciful Frenchman Renan, with his Parisian romance on the life of Jesus, suited to the French theaters, are to be treated as we should treat a writer who should insist that the story of the Pilgrim Fathers was a mythical preface placed before American history by later necessities (this is the Strauss idea), or was an outgrowth, poetical and legendary, from a few unimportant facts (this is in the Renan idea). Sober consideration of such folly is only necessary to shelter weak minds, who do not study the Scriptures, from the evil influ-

ence. No one who carefully reads the Gospels, can be affected for a moment by such wild criticism."

These partial extracts from the very able preface will give the spirit and aim of the author. A review of the work shows the subject to be handled by a grasp and steadfastness of mind, and a genuine solicitude of faith, most satisfactory to every evangelical heart. It is at once the most thorough, clear, and unanswerable presentation of the harmonized Gospels, in a readable and compact style, we have found. It will be a *rade-mecum* to the ministry and to the many general readers who want results more than processes. The publishers have done their part excellently, filling it with over a hundred illustrations, made on the spot especially for their use, and presented in the highest style of art. The frontispiece is a splendid steel engraving of the head of Jesus, after the bust, in marble, of Kingsley, an original conception of the highest genius. And a carefully prepared map renders the volume complete.

AMONG the many volumes ushered in by the new year, none have received a warmer welcome than Jean Ingelow's "Poems of Love and Childhood." She has already been eulogized as the first of living poetesses, and her admirers claim that the present work has only fulfilled the promise her earlier writings but vaguely indicated. Colder criticism, however, still points to the obscurity of thought, and often imperfect rhythm, which, when read merely as a work of poetic art, mars the general effect.

That which is most attractive and most constantly manifested in her writings, is the love, with which her whole heart goes forth, to childhood and to nature. She also possesses a certain gift of pathos, which, together with the strong religious element that pervades all she writes, tends to elevate and touch the heart.

The first, and by far the best poem in the book, "Monitions of the Unseen," will alone repay a perusal. Although a simply-told tale, it is distinguished by a delicate tracery of poetic fancy, and reflects somewhat of

OUR MISCELLANY.

"BE SHORT."—*Cotton Mather.*

OUR PREMIUMS.—A brief but varied array of the most attractive books, etc., is offered this month as an inducement to those who would like to help on our good cause. Look at the list and get subscribers enough to procure them all. They are all live books, and will well repay your attention, and the way to secure them is open and easy. We will send these premiums, postpaid, upon receipt of price, and we will furnish back numbers from the first of the year.

A NOBLE LETTER.—One of our ministers in the East, who has caught the spirit and meaning of our enterprise for our United Church, has done nobly by us. We commend his example to those who are alive to the dangers of an infidel and perverting literature. Thus he writes:

"I am so much pleased with 'Our Monthly,' which I have taken from the beginning, that I have made a little effort to procure subscribers, and have obtained eleven.

"I consider it a religious duty to help in this effort to give a sound, orthodox religious monthly for our families. Certainly it is needed. I know of no magazine that meets the want which 'Our Monthly' is designed to fill. All the monthlies are either semi-infidel or neutral religiously. Shall the Church allow our tables to be glutted with these, and not have *one*, as a pinch of salt, to sprinkle over the mass? The tendency of readers is to newspapers and monthlies. We have enough of religious papers well conducted. Let us have one monthly of such excellence as to be a peer of Harper's or Scribner's.

"I hope you are receiving encouragement in a large list of subscribers.

G. S. M."

YOUNG IDLEBOY.—*Dear Miscellany:*—I once heard a lady say, while eulogizing Mr. Lincoln's great kindness of heart, "If he had lived the conspirators would never have been hung!" Was not the perpetrator of this "bull" a mental first cousin to the son of Erin who, saw in hand, ascended to his roof for the purpose of cutting off a projecting board, and, sitting on the extreme end of it, worked vigorously between himself and the house, till he suddenly fell to the ground, to use the language of his countrymen, a dead man with his neck broke?

"Too absurd to be true," say you? By no means. The very spot where the ridiculous deed was done is scarcely a stone's throw from my writing table. Nor am I sure, on second thought, that poor Patrick has really a better right to reign king of fools than many another whom the world call wiser.

I told the tale one day to our young friend Marcus Idleboy (for, being old and garrulous, I love this telling of stories) as we rolled along in his elegant curricule, behind a span of blood horses. Had I not consulted the almanac just before starting, I should have thought it May rather than January. There was a dreaminess in sky, and air, and sunshine rarely felt in winter; so I insensibly sank back among the soft cushions, and resigned myself to its influence. Having indulged a hearty laugh at poor Patrick's expense, we now bowled along over the smooth drives, enjoying a sociable kind of silence, for sometimes silence is more agreeably sociable than speech.

After a time I fell musing about young Idleboy's father, now dead and gone these two years. When we were boys in our na-

tive village, I used to laugh at my friend about the singular inappropriateness of his name, that seemed to fit him as ill as I now thought it fitted his son well. As I noted the exquisite appointments of the latter, I recalled the rough hands, guiltless of gloves, the coarse garments, often well patched, that belonged to his father at his age. I remembered, too, the energy, perseverance, and business tact which, carried to the city, had gathered the wealth for the spending of which young Idleboy seemed to have so peculiar a talent. As I contrasted the manly industry of the parent with the enervating ease of the child, I grew sad at least.

Suddenly I thought of poor Patrick standing on the end of his board, and deliberately sawing himself to destruction. Was there any parallel between his case and that of the elegant gentleman beside me? I thought there was. Had not young Idleboy taken his stand on the extreme end of that golden beam, his father had so carefully projected, beyond the home of competence he at first attained? What were the rich wines, elegant entertainments, luxurious appointments in house and stables, with the endless variety of other extravagances incurred by this reckless, though good-hearted, and naturally talented boy, but so many teeth in the saw with which he was as vigorously working on to ruin as was poor Patrick. Idleboy had not even the merit of believing himself engaged in needful work, as had the ignorant Irishman.

Altogether, as I followed out the comparison, I came to regard Patrick as the wiser man of the two. So, claiming the privilege of age and old friendship with the father, I then and there admonished the son, in such a kind and convincing way—(so, at least, it seemed to myself!)—as left little doubt in my mind that he was effectually arrested in his foolish courses. But, alas! my vanity deceived me. If he paused in his sawing a moment to listen, it was only to work harder when the sound had ceased.

And now, this other January, I sit in my humble home, far away from the park. A

certain old-fashion book rests on my knee, and I read of the young man who wasted his substance in riotous living. When I come to that part where it tells of the swine and the husks, I think of young Idleboy with his young wife and two little ones.

I think also of a certain bank note, lying in my desk, and conclude to try if it will prove more beneficial to the son of my old friend, now he lies with his neck financially broken, than did my advice when he stood on the end of the beam, saw in hand.

Then I read on, and having come to the part of the story where the prodigal arises and returns to his father's house, I stop to wonder whether young Idleboy, having imitated the folly, will also imitate the wisdom here recorded.

Idleboys, wherever you are, see to it, when ye laugh at poor Patrick's fatal stupidity, that ye are not *less* wise than he.

Yours, in love,

HOARY HEAD.

A MISTAKEN PROPHET.—“*The Old World in its New Face*,” is the title given by Dr. Bellows to the published collection of his letters, written while abroad, to his people. We hope his general character as a prophet is not to be judged by his predictions as to the military power of Prussia.

In July, 1867, he wrote: “Earnest and vigorous as Prussia is, and great as the late increase of her warlike power, she is not a match for France, and would engage in a rash undertaking to presume upon her victory over Austria and try conclusions with Louis Napoleon. We are too warm lovers of the new German Empire—for that is the manifest destiny of things here—to wish to see it risked by a war with France.” Returning to the subject at Prague, in November, 1867, he again writes: “I do not see any evidence that the German will again rule the world, spite of Prussian success and expectation. I think the imperial day of the race is gone, and that the German brain is not likely to distinguish itself again in action. I hope it will not rashly insist on fighting France, which has just the impulse and genius for affairs that Germany lacks.”

and aids to her popularity. And in a sense they are. That marvellous smile draws wrapt thousands to her feet at her own sweet and willful pleasure, and that steel-blue glance quells them, and rebukes them, and moves them to the distance of respectful awe. And marvellously well she knows that power and capriciously she uses it. But that is not Nilsson. It is but the hiding of her power. Above it all is the genius that admits of no analysis. Not a smile nor a frown—not an attitude nor an acting—not voice—not culture—not emphasis—but that rare combination of all—informed and lifted by the singer's soul—in a word, Nilsson.

DEEPLY impressed with the need of good teaching in our Sunday-schools, and also with the objectionable character of much of the help now so freely given to teachers and scholars, we have carefully examined the "Westminster Lessons" just published by the Board of Publication, and prepared by Rev. HENRY C. McCook, of Philadelphia. The value of any lesson paper depends largely upon the teacher, as the value of any other crutch depends on the muscular arm that holds it. We venture to say, however, that these lesson papers for teachers are superior, *first*, in that they do not attempt to supersede the necessity of study and investigation; *second*, that they present briefly and clearly the principal exegetical and practical points of the lesson, its historical context and geographical references, and *third*, and principally, that they exhibit vigorous evangelical truth in connection with every subject. The lesson papers for scholars are also admirable. Each lesson has with it an appropriate question and answer from the catechism.

A writer in the present number of this magazine makes certain strictures on what, in many cases, passes for Sunday-school teaching and talking. It is to be feared that the strictures cover, pretty exactly, an existing state of things in more than one school. We know the remedy for this can

be altogether supplied by any help from

without; but if teachers will follow such guides as these we are commending, the classes will be saved from some of the irrelevant evaporations that are occasionally inflicted upon them.

WE have before us imperial photographs of Albert Barnes and Dr. McCosh, the work of F. Gutekunst, the well known artist of Philadelphia. They are life-like in expression and have the finish of finest engraving. A melancholy interest gathers around the beautiful face of Albert Barnes, the great and good man so suddenly and sweetly called to his reward. By referring to our advertising page it will be seen that we offer either of these pictures, or one of Dr. Chas. Hodge, as premium to each new subscriber. This rare inducement will put it in the power of any household to secure, without cost, their choice of these pictures.

THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE is under great obligations to the enterprising Edinburgh House of T. & T. Clark, for the "Library of the Anti-Nicene Fathers"—a work they are pushing steadily on. The volumes just added are: The completion of the works of Tertullian (Vol. III) with the extant writings of two lesser known Fathers, Victorinus and Commodianus, in one volume; and the *Clementine Homilies*, now first translated, in one volume.

Germany has long shown a large appreciation of these remarkable relics of early Christianity—but the English reading world has never before had access to them.

WM. MORRIS' "EARTHLY PARADISE" is completed by the issue of the fourth part, (Vol. II) "*Winter*." It contains six stories as rich in poetic power as those of the previous divisions. It is about three years since the work was begun. The public has followed it eagerly. He has resuscitated the art of poetic "story telling" in the spirit of that morning star of song "Chaucer, and has shown that even in this age it can hold its own against the philosophic and lyric tendencies of our literature.



OUR MONTHLY,

A

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY MAGAZINE.

APRIL--1871.

THE SCATTERING AND THE GATHERING.

BY PROF. HENRY N. DAY.

ONCE, we are taught, "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech"—was of one lip and of the same words. In other words, all the inhabitants of the earth had the same articulation and the same vocabulary. The spoken language was the same for all; that there was any written language, any literature, we have no warrant for assuming. Revelation is silent, and no monuments remain.

What this spoken language was, we are equally unable to conjecture, for we have no information and no remains, except as the new languages which spring up among the scattered families and tribes may have retained some fragments of the old. This is not unlikely; indeed, this is altogether probable. It were as unreasonable to doubt it as to doubt that the law of human descent continued the same after the dispersion as before. The tongues which came to be, we have no ground for supposing to be of miraculous origin.

Nor is there any ground for supposing that this one language, spoken by the whole race immediately after the

flood, was either Hebraistic, or Egyptian, as has been respectively claimed by partisans. In all probability it was neither. Only on the unwarrantable assumption of a continued miraculous intervention, can it be supposed that a language should have been preserved, so as to maintain its integrity, for the centuries of unsettled life between the dispersion at Babel and the times of Abraham. How much of the old vocabulary is it likely that nomadic patriarch transported from Chaldean Ur to the land of Canaan? Several hundred words, perhaps; not more in any likelihood, probably less. He retained so many as were necessary for his simple life, for his few wants, and in his little company of followers. We are credibly informed that three hundred words make up the entire vocabulary of some of the peasantry, even in old England, with its crowded population, its stir of industry and of travel, and, what is more, its rich and cheap printed literature. A simple shepherd of wandering life, pitching his tent here and there as pasturage invited, in a vacant world, meeting but rarely any but his own small household, what

need had he of many words, or, if he had learned them in old Chaldea in his youth, what occasion had he for burdening his memory with them? A few household words, some roots of language that had lost in the wear of the times, their influential spray and foliage; some names of objects and of actions and motions, and qualities familiar to a wandering shepherd's life; the articulations also denoting the distinctions of person, so-called—of speaker, person spoken to, and object spoken of—as well as, perhaps, one or two denoting new forms of thought; these were probably all that the venerable pilgrim patriarch retained. And to this scanty vocabulary of his childhood how many more did the new scenes and the new experiences of his pilgrim life probably add? Doubtless the great providential ordinance of Babel worked on the speech of Abraham as upon the other dialects of the race, and his dialect was as unintelligible to the other families of men, and would have been to any survivor of the Babel catastrophe who had retained the primitive speech, as the dialects of any of the numerous other families and tribes that had been scattered.

The language of Shinar was not Hebrew nor Egyptian; nor is it at all probable that it was preserved anywhere, except as we have intimated, in a few fragmentary roots, with inflections broken off or abraded, here and there among the scattered families of the race. But revelation tells us that this language of Shinar was the one language of the race, both in its pronunciation and in its vocabulary. This statement is entirely in harmony with all that linguistic science, which has been so earnestly and so successfully cultivated in the recent times, has ascertained and established. How natural and rational is, indeed, this narrative of Moses! So natural, so reasonable, so accordant with all the investigations of science, that we can not doubt for it except on the supposition that Moses had it from a source higher than human tradition or re-

search. The race after the deluge, he tells us, "as they journeyed from the east," literally in their *breakings up* from their first abodes in the Araratian east, moving westward from the plateau, followed down the fertile bottoms of the Euphrates till they came down into the large, rich plain of Shinar—rich and fertile enough to induce them to dwell there. How soon this was after the deluge, we are uninformed, nor are we informed how large the race had come to be. Nor yet are we instructed how long they dwelt in the plains of Shinar before they began to build the tower which is associated with one of the greatest eras in human history. The received chronology and the commonly accepted supposition which identifies the date of the dispersion with the birth or early life of Peleg, are as easily reconcilable with all known facts, with all scriptural teaching, with all trustworthy tradition, with all monuments, with all known phenomena of language as perhaps any other. But admit that Peleg was, so named from the separation of his own or his father's family, and not from the general dispersion of the race; admit that the chronology of Usher is too brief to be harmonized with other facts of scripture narrative, or with a more advanced biblical criticism; still we have but a few hundred years at most from the descent of the ark on Ararat to the building of Babel. The population of the earth could not have exceeded one-half of the present population of the State of Massachusetts. The fresh memory of the great flood, the simplicity of life and manners, the lack of all those incentives to enterprise which an advanced civilization supplies, the fertile plains of Shinar furnishing enough to satisfy their few wants—all those combined to keep the race together. With but feeble motives to drive apart, with strong inducements to keep together, all the rational probabilities in the case harmonize with the scriptural narrative that the entire race, with the possible exception of a few stragglers who came to nothing, was

gathered compact together on those rich plains, with easy intercommunication between all the families and tribes. Such compact living and easy communication must necessarily prevent the origination of any new speech. The whole earth must have been of one lip and of the same words.

But this herding together, this quiet, compact life could not continue. God had purposed that the whole earth should be occupied by men. The very instincts of human nature prompting to enterprise, repressed although they might have been for a time, must at length work themselves out. Some solicitude in this direction seems to have stirred the dwellers in the land of Shinar. Perhaps the unknown fate of some of those daring stragglers from the common home of the race had moved their anxieties. At all events, the whole people seem to have been moved by a common solicitude and fear. They with one mind determine to prevent the repetition of such catastrophes. They resolve to take means to prevent straggling and scattering and consequent loss. They set about building an immense tower, of such commanding loftiness and glory, that men might be attracted by it and be kept at home; or, at least, that if any should happen to wander away, they should easily find their way back again. The tower should be "a name" to them, a sign, a splendor, an attraction, a means of intercommunication, an occasion of union, that they might not be "scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." They entered upon their work, and with such united energy and resolution and prosecuted it so far, that the Lord saw that they were not to be restrained from the full consummation of their purpose. How long they wrought thus unitedly and uninterruptedly on their great work, we can not tell. Certainly the vastness of the ruins that remain to this day, testify of a prodigious grandeur and magnitude of achievement that has hardly been paralleled in subsequent history. If we suppose that the dispersion took

place about the time of the birth of Peleg, and that this occurred one hundred and one years after the flood, we may allow fifty years or more during which men were slowly carrying out this great enterprise. Only two of our ordinary generations of men could have passed, in this supposition, when the work was begun, and it must with the few to help, have advanced but slowly. The pyramid of Cheops in Egypt, employed one hundred thousand men thirty years. This vaster work at Babel with fewer workmen, feebler means, and ruder art, involves a much greater period.

But the time at length came for interruption to the work so opposed to the benignant designs of Heaven. We have no reason to question that the intervention of God was miraculous. How far so, we are unable to determine. Not more so, perhaps, than in the migration of Abraham. Visions to heads of families here and there, perhaps, with more ordinary providential orderings, such as would excite more the instincts of curiosity and of new achievements, of enterprise and independence, combined it may be with fallings out of the builders among themselves, disputes, jealousies, strifes—all together led on to the great separation. Nothing forbids the supposition that it was gradual,—one family, one tribe leading off by itself. Years, quarter-centuries, may have passed before the work on the tower was wholly abandoned. Not, probably, till the very object in building was seen to have been entirely frustrated, did all labor cease. But at last God's purpose was accomplished. The race was broken up, was scattered; the spirit of migration, awakened and fostered by the miraculous and the providential agency of Heaven, so spread and rooted itself in the life of the race that now henceforth the world was sure to be explored and occupied.

Such dispersion was necessarily connected with the diversification of languages. The condition of the existence of speech is intercommunication

between men. It springs up, it grows, it shapes itself in social intercourse. Man's social nature is speech-making as truly as the nature of the tree is leaf-making. The speech is determined as to its richness of vocabulary by the wants of the community who use it, and their means of preserving it; and as to the fullness of its inflectional and formative elements by the vigor of the inventive genius among them.

The straggling families from Babel, moving from place to place as pasture for their flocks dictated, with no literature, no arts, scanty possessions, simple occupations, would carry away with them but few words from the common speech in Shinar. Two or three hundred would suffice for all their wants. Different families would take different selections from the common parent stock. The next generations would, of course, be ignorant of all the words not thus kept in use by their immediate ancestors. But new objects, new scenes, new experiences would beget occasions for new words. Each scattering family would add to its stock articulations strange and unmeaning to all the rest of the race. Abundant facts in the known history of languages show that several of our ordinary generations suffice to change the whole dialect, so that hardly a word of the original tongue should remain, except, perhaps, the few so-called pronuncial words and the signs of negation. At least the words would become so changed in pronunciation, would be so shorn of inflections, that a century or two would be abundant for the complete transformation of the parent speech into as many dialects, each barbarian to every other, as there were different migrations of families or tribes. Recent linguistic science shows that two or three generations are sufficient to change the whole aspect of the dialects of no-tribes. Ten years sufficed to alter a vocabulary, carefully prepared by some Christians missionaries in North America, entirely useless.

Thus was the language of the race confounded by the scattering of its

families. And the confusion of tongues, the multiplicity of dialects first occasioned by the dispersion, now becomes itself a means of separation and estrangement. Effectually now are men hindered from any combination to build a tower which should be a common glory, a common attraction, a common signal to keep them together. The Babel plot is forever frustrated. The world-wide scattering is assured, and the earth is to be occupied by the spreading race. Migration becomes the law of the race; it is enforced and continued by the diversification of languages which it occasions and involves.

The Mosaic record of the dispersion and confusion of tongues at Babel thus marks an era in the history of the race. Up to that time the race is one, and union is the law; now the race is divided, and dispersion is the law.

The record is a sublime one; a wonder of historic accuracy, of philosophic insight, anticipating by thousands of years the slow advance of science. What bold speculations, what grand theories, what fine-spun philosophies, what skeptical boasts, does it explode and annihilate! In a rude and simple age, a man rises up out of an enslaved, despised, oppressed race, and records a fact which reveals more of the true philosophy of the origin, rise, and change of dialects than the science of the most cultivated nations during the long centuries had been able to elaborate.

The great fact of the necessary relationship between dialectic diversity and human migration, recorded by Moses, authenticates the record as of supernatural origin. No mind in his age of the world was competent to such a revelation, except as supernaturally inspired. Like the record of the successive stages of creation, it miraculously anticipates the explorations of science, and compels the philosophy of the present skeptical age reluctantly to admit an intelligence superhuman to have been concerned in the simple yet sublime narration.

A careful reading of the records will

show that it does not set forth the confounding of the language as the first cause and occasion of the dispersion. The record simply places the confusion of tongues and the dispersion in indisputable connection. We can not doubt that the dispersion first occasioned the diversification of dialects; and that then the diversification of dialects perpetuated the separation by preventing a reunion. Farther, we need to be cautious in limiting the period of the whole event. It was not the work of a day or a year; it may have been, and in all probability was, in progress for a generation or even more. The grand import of the narrative is simply this: the race was purposed against separation and against migration; the divine plan that the whole earth should be occupied would thus be frustrated. God, therefore, interposed and miraculously, yet through the native instincts of men, led them to seek separation and migration, and employed the great instrumentality of language to secure the full consummation of his benign purpose.

Such was the beginning of the great era of the scattering. Great streams of human migration, under this providential ordering, pressed eastward and westward, overflowing in their progress, and spreading laterally towards the south and towards the north. The grand movement under the influence of the grand instrumentality of language has continued for more than four thousand years. Families have grown into clans and tribes into nations, bound together each by a single language among its own members, alienated and made barbarian, each to the other by the diversity of dialects. No bond has been found so close and strong as unity of tongue; no cause of separation so powerful as diversity of speech. The origination of dialects has drawn out the inventive and artistic faculty in man in its sublimest degrees. Like architecture, the greater art of speech-forming, with its source and spring in the most fundamental needs of men, and with hints and material helps from the rude speech

already formed, has contrived and elaborated structures of most marvelous beauty, and richness, and grandeur. The greatest geniuses of the world are its poets; and its great poets are in nothing more noted than in having given new shape and character to the language and the literature in which they wrote or sung. Recent linguistic researches bring to light occasional creations, in rude tribes having no written literature, of new dialects with wonderfully rich and complete inflectional forms.

Language, moreover, is the condition of the greatest development of the spirit of man, of his intelligence, of his sympathies, of his artistic faculty, of his executive energies. By affording the occasions for the creations and transformations of languages, the scattering of the race has thus furnished the conditions for the highest, largest, richest development and perfection of the human spirit and character. Progress in art, in science, in culture generally among men, has followed from the dispersion and its immediate reacting effect, the confounding of tongues.

But the grand purpose of God in ordering the catastrophe at Babel, looked forward to an end and a consummation. The dispersion was to reach its limit and then cease. Scattering, alienation, diversification for itself, is but an evil. When the scattering and the consequent isolation shall have insured the development of the particular germ or element which has fallen to its share, when the diversification shall have gone so far as to bring out and perfect all these rudimentary germs in our nature, then, as every-where in the progress of life, union begins; and all the scattered parts bring in their several growths and developments to make a richer and more perfect unity. And the grand fact of human history which is now unfolding itself before our eyes is that, just now in our days, the era of the scattering and of the diversification is changing into the new era—the final era for our race—the consumma-

tion of the ages for us—the new era of the gathering.

The great purposes of God in the Babel dispersion are nearing their fulfillment. Men have scattered till the earth has been occupied. The two great streams of migration, eastward and westward, starting from Babel, have compassed the world, and are now meeting and intermingling on our shores. The widest and fullest diversification of language, and culture, and experience has been realized.

The third grand stage in all true development, the return of the diversified into the primitive unity to enrich and perfect it, is now reached. The import and significance of the recently begun emigration from China can not be misconstrued or overrated, to him who reads aright the scope and progress of God's dealings with men. It marks and symbolizes the new era on which we have entered. Scattering, alienation, barbarism, strife, henceforth are to disappear and die away. Union, sympathy, fellowship, are hereafter to be in the ascendant, till finally they reign among men. All tendencies to harmony are to increase and strengthen. The old Ishmaelist spirit, arraying every man's hand against his fellow, is to give place every-where to the loving disposition of Isaac, in whom all the seed of Israel who are to possess the earth are called. In science, in arts, in governments, in manners, in religion, unity and harmony are to prevail more and more. The universal providence that ordained the scattering, and allowed the sentiment and spirit which characterize it to enter and characterize the whole life of humanity since the age of Babel, we may reasonably, and piously, and confidently believe, will now cause the opposite spirit of union to enter into all human progress and make it the law of the future.

The duration of this period of returning unity it is not for us to know. The times and seasons are reserved to Him who has purposed and will fulfill in his own chosen and appointed time.

Long has been the term of the scattering; we can only cry, swift be the pace of the gathering. Yet is it our privilege and our wisdom to recognize this grand providential law, governing henceforth in all human experience; to read all events, all progress, in its light; to fall in with its current and flow; to co-operate with providence, also, in the full measure of allowed human instrumentality; to catch a new inspiration from it in every endeavor to hasten on the purposed gathering together in one, of all the children of God that were scattered abroad, even the gathering of all people to him to whom it is covenanted.

As in language was found the instrumentality of effecting the dispersion, so in that may we reasonably suppose will be found the grand means of effecting the gathering together of the scattered. The new incoming era of human history bids then to the earnest, diligent study of language—of human speech in its own nature, and of human dialects in their relation to one another. It is a matter of rejoicing that linguistic science has received of late such impulse, and reached already such achievements. It is yet but in its infancy, however, and invites to more general and more devoted culture. May it avail itself of the help and guidance that faith in providence, and in God, and in his word will yield.

A future literal oneness of tongue among all men is not necessarily involved in the accomplished gathering into one of all nations in Christ—who is the one word whereby and wherein all men are to be made one. The thousands of dialects which have only served for the development of the petty tribes that have formed them, and which bring nothing of value to the general culture, will doubtless fall away and disappear like abortive germs and withered leaves, whose only service is to nourish roots in hidden parts of the soil. Languages that have developed the human spirit into grand growths of culture, and have themselves grown out into a large, rich luxuriance of

beneficent literature, may continue to contribute their streams into the great flow of culture, till they all reach the ocean of heavenly consummation, into which streams of human destiny all alike finally lose themselves.

Such diversity of dialects and of literatures may well remain, or will serve to help on the progress of finite man, which loses itself and ends only in the immortalities of his being. But language and literature will be ever, for uniting and for uniting man, the best instrumentality and means of progress and of culture. Its nature, its uses, its relations to human welfare, to the fulfillment of the divine purposes, furnish a noble study—perhaps we should, in justice, say the noblest study, and the best discipline for man. The diversity of languages and of literatures may remain a condition of such study, and a help to it.

The grand consummation of a perfectly united humanity is to be accomplished only in and through Him who is characteristically revealed and given

to us as the Word. The significance of this denomination of the world's Redeemer and Prince in reference to the world's redemption, there is reason to think, is as yet but partially unfolded to us. That mysterious union of spirit and of sense in which is realized every spoken word, that it may significantly symbolize and characterize the divine Saviour of men, craves investigation and invites devout and earnest study.

But whatever diversity of languages may remain permanently among men, when universal peace, and fellowship, and good will shall prevail among them, we are assured that they shall all be but as several parts of one grand harmony; and shall be united in the one song that shall employ all nations; and we are equally assured that that harmonized song shall celebrate but one grand instrument in man's redemption, and but one grand object and end in the consummation; for all shall cry, "worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us."

SHAN O'NEILL AND THE IRISH-SCOTS.

BY PROF. WM. M. BLACKBURN.

THE O'Neills ran their lineage back beyond the time when Niall of the Nine Hostages was said to have captured the young Scot who grew into St. Patrick. There was among their rough heroes no equal to Niall, until his like appeared in the days of Queen Elizabeth, making no small amount of unpleasant history in Ulster.

With the MacConnells allied to them, and a Scot countess in the clan, "the O'Donnells threatened to eclipse their ancient rivals," says Mr. Froude, to whom we acknowledge our debt, "when there rose up from among the O'Neills one of those remarkable men, who in their own persons sum up and represent the energy, intellect, power,

and character of the nation to which they belong."

Con O'Neill, the *Lame*, had submitted to Henry VIII, and been ennobled with the title of Earl of Tyrone. Among his many sons, promiscuously born of various mothers, was Shan, or John, who soon found that he was not the chosen heir to his father's title and power. "Might makes right," thought he, intent upon the heirship. He cut the throat of the favorite half-brother, and the lame earl was rather pleased with the exploit, so that he would have made Shan his heir had there not remained a preferred son, then absent with his grandmother, beyond the reach of steel or poison.

Short work was safest for the aspiring youth; therefore he soon deposed his father, and drove him into the Pale, there to go down in sorrow to the grave. Proud of his Irish blood, he scorned the English title and patent of nobility. Rather than be a mere earl, he would be a chief or king.

The clan of Tyrone elected their chief from the heirs of the ancient kings of the province. They met and voted for Shan. He took the oath, placing his foot on the sacred stone, similar to the Sias Fail, which in olden times was said to have "a very wonderful virtue, for it would make a strange noise, and be surprisingly disturbed whenever a monarch of Ireland was crowned upon it." It probably did not thunder under Shan's foot, but the people made noise enough in hailing him as The O'Neill. "And I shall be King of Ulster," was his haughty boast.

This bold proceeding was a defiance of English law and power. Shan must contrive to maintain himself. A demagogue in fear of a greater enemy will court his rivals. "Time wears out old feuds," said Shan to the Chief O'Donnell, "let us now be friends."

"Agreed, if the MacConnells be not disturbed." To bind the treaty O'Donnell's sister married the O'Neill.

Shan grew rapidly into greatness. The lesser chiefs of Ulster, bowing to the rising sun, swore loyalty to him. Conscious of his power, and no longer careful of offence, he misused his wife.

"I'll have revenge for my sister's injuries," said the O'Donnell, whom the English were now courting by sending those old dresses to his wife.

"And we'll help you," said the MacConnells, who remembered that O'Neill had chased them out of the old Bisset lands.

"I'll yet have the Glinnes of An-
was the boast of Surley-Boy,
as to make good his word.

"And we will all help Mary Stuart
English throne," was the still
proposal of the Scots.

"That we will," added James Mac-

Connell and his wife, "for Mary is rightful Queen of England."

Shan O'Neill knew how to act on the old adage, divide and reign. He knew that the weak points of the Scots was their love and loyalty to Mary Stuart. So he pretended to favor Mary in order to make stronger his power against Elizabeth. He must detach the MacConnells from the O'Donnells, and thus have the Scots on his side. He disposed of his misused wife, by murder or other convenient mode, and so flattered James MacConnell that he won his daughter.

The O'Donnell was outwitted. The O'Neill was proud of his Scottish bride; not long, however, for his ambition was equal to his rascality. He had new proposals to send across the northern waters.

"What is this?" exclaimed the Earl of Argyle, when reading a letter from Shan O'Neill. "He will support Mary Stuart's claims—protect the Scotch colony in Ulster—pacify James MacConnell—if I will transfer my sister, the countess, to himself! What! has not the fellow already a wife of my kin?"

He read again Shan's lying words: "We swear to you our kingly oath that there is no impediment by reason of any such woman."

"Rather fast," muttered Argyle, folding the letter and sending it to the English council, with the brief statement, "This O'Neill is the most dangerous person in Ireland. Unless the queen is prepared to acknowledge him, she had better lose no time in bringing him to reason."

The O'Neill had outwitted himself, or had laid upon his fertile genius a new demand for crafty schemes.

England, threatened on all sides with a world of war, sent troops into Ireland. O'Donnell was ready to join them as soon as they should advance into Ulster, and the Scots were expected to take the side which was favored by Argyle and the countess, who had not yet received the old gown and kirtle.

This military programme was interrupted by a new sensation on the part of Shan O'Neill, whose daring spirit had quite charmed the countess. She and the Scots cared chiefly to hold good their footing in the Glennes, in Antrim and Down, and their most useful ally was the strongest man, nearest at hand O'Donnell was feeble, Elizabeth very distant, but O'Neill was strong and right on the spot where he was wanted.

Sudden news startled the English. Shan had made a raid into Tyrconnell and carried off the countess and her husband. Her Scotch guard, fifteen hundred strong, had quietly permitted the foray. The O'Donnell was a sad prisoner in Shan's castle, and the countess a willing paramour of her captor. She had betrayed herself, her people, and her husband. Even the MacConnells were in some way contented with these outrages.

Thus the O'Neills became supreme in Ulster, and to Ulster belonged the counties in which the Scots were settled—Antrim, Down, Derry, and Donegal. Their forces, "several thousand Scotch marauders," were at Shan's disposal. With these and his wild Irishry he felt safe in defying England to hurl war upon him. "What if I am rude and uncivil," had been the essence of his letter to Elizabeth, "my father was gentlemanlike to every child of his, and I have a good will to the weal of my country. Send over two honest men to see whether I am a tyrant. Let them go into the Pale and hear what the people say of your soldiers, with their horses, and dogs, and bad companions, and then let them come into Ulster and see what I have done to improve it, and how my people love me. Within this year and a half three hundred farmers are come from the English Pale to live in my country where they can be safe."

But it was resolved to put down the O'Neill. The process of doing it was slow, and the story would be a long one. War, bribes, flattery, and treaties all were tried; then less flattery,

scantier bribes, and more war. Rewards were offered to any who would betray, poison, or stab him, and attempts were made to bring him to an end, but he still lived on, the rankling thorn in England's side.

At one of his less hopeful times he visits Queen Elizabeth at her request, and agrees to make a general confession of his sins in Irish and English. He appears before the court, a vast array of dignitaries being present to gaze on him, as if he were the leading attraction of a menagerie. He stalks in, his saffron mantle wrapt round and round him, his gray eyes shining out fiercely from below a covering of his clipped hair, while unshorn locks curl down over his shoulders. He is followed by his galloglasse, or foot soldiers, bareheaded, their rude coats of mail reaching to the knees, a wolf skin flung across their shoulders, and frightful battle-axes in their brawny hands. He kneels at the foot of the throne, "confesses his crime and rebellion with howling," says Camden, swears obedience, and rises to show himself in the style of "O'Neill the Great, cousin to St. Patrick, friend to the Queen of England, enemy to all the world besides."

He found himself as a caged eagle. To amuse and flatter Elizabeth was now his art. He wrote to her frequently, saying: "You are the only hope and refuge I have in the world. I came to see the famous queen and study her laws. Give me my father's earldom, and I will maintain your sway undisputed in Ulster; I will expel Mary Stuart's friends, the Scots."

It seems that he was prepared to dismiss his countess, for he urgently entreated the queen to give him some noble English lady for a wife, with an income suitable to his dignity! Elizabeth had no such gift for him, nor could she make him an earl so long as his preferred brother was living. This difficulty was soon removed, for the brother was murdered, not, perhaps, by Shan's intrigue. Then, as a bribe to secure his allegiance, she gave him,

not the barren title of an earl, but the right to rule loyally over the northern counties of Ireland.

His foot again on his native soil, he was as much a rebel as ever. If severe on any parties, they were the Scots and the Ulster chiefs. The countess had cause to repent of her sins, and perhaps she attempted to escape. In the day-time, when he was abroad stealing cattle and burning villages, she, the mother of his little children, was coupled like a hound to a page, or horse-boy, and only released at night when he returned to his revels.

"Down with O'Neill!" was now the smothered cry of the fierce Campbells and MacConnells, who could not bear tamely these outrages from a drunken savage upon the sister of their chief.

"Good," thought Lord Essex, who suggested to the queen, "the Scots may now turn an ear to us, and if we can separate them from Shan we may use them as a whip to scourge him."

"Do your best," was her command; and he let slip the dogs of war, only to be worsted in the fray.

And still, over lake and river, bog and mountain, Shan reigned the haughty lord of Ulster, save only on the Antrim shore, where the Scots resisted him. He built him a fort, whose Irish name meant, "Hate of Englishmen." Growing rich by robbery he was "the only strong man in Ireland." In his cellars were stored two hundred pipes of wine; six hundred men-at-arms fed at his table. Daily he feasted the beggars at his gate, "saying it was meet to serve Christ first." In the morning he seemed a crafty monarch, resolved to make good his boast, "I care not to be made an earl. My ancestors were kings of Ulster; and Ulster is mine, and shall be mine." In the evening, "when the wine was

him," he was a vile savage, with his countess, released from her waiting upon him as a slave. His riotous liver was a violent luxury. It is said that he death some of his followers for

introducing the use of bread, after the English fashion.

The Scots of Antrim must be subdued. One spring, with picked soldiers, he dashed suddenly upon the "redshanks," slew six or seven hundred of them, made prisoners of James MacConnell, badly wounded, and his brother Surley-Boy, and the whole colony seemed to be wiped out of existence. Shan thanked God first, and next the queen's majesty for the "glorious victory;" and, not satisfied with his full sway over Ulster, he intended to restore the throne of his ancestors, and reign in Tara's Halls.

The strange thing is that this terrible man could make a league with the Earl of Argyle—but honor often sinks in politics. They met in midwinter, and the earl seemed to forget that his clansmen had been crushed, his half-sister had been outraged, and his kinsman, James MacConnell, had been slain by this desperado, all because Shan might help him in pushing the cause of Mary of Scots. They formed their alliance. A son and a daughter of Shan and the countess were engaged to two children of the slain MacConnell, and to them should be given the disputed lands of Antrim.

Still later the friendship thickened, and another wonderful marriage was proposed. The countess was to be sent away, although Shan had once refused a thousand pounds offered for her release by certain of her kindred, and he was to wed the widow of James MacConnell, another half-sister of Argyle, making nothing of the fact that he had once married and divorced her own daughter! This indignant widow fled to Edinburgh.

And then, fearful of the English armies, he turned to France, and thus entreated Charles IX: "Help us to expel the heretics, and bring back our country to the Holy Roman see. If you will grant our request there will soon be no Englishmen left alive among us, and we will be your majesty's subjects evermore." The letter

fell into English hands, and opened more widely English eyes.

And now comes justice against this great savage, whom moral virtue might have made a patriot to be named with Bruce and Wallace. English soldiers pressed hard upon him. Argyle broke the monstrous alliance. The Scots of the Isles took courage, and threatened him. Crafty as ever, he said to them: "Join me, and I will release Surley-Boy, and give you all Antrim and its cattle."

"Antrim and its cattle we already claim," they replied. "We shall recover them for ourselves." Allaster MacConnell watched and waited eagerly to avenge the death of his brother James, and wipe out the dishonor which Shan had cast upon his race.

A thin but angry cloud of Scots hung over the north-east, ready to drop down boat-loads of Highlanders to aid the English. They shouted with hope when the O'Donnells were restored to their lands in the north-west, by help of English arms. Sidney's men were bearding Shan in his forts, burning his castles, and pillaging at a frightful rate, until he fled to the mountains. The Scots landed and took vast spoils on their march. The old O'Donnell, once let loose in contempt, came over in December from Donegal, to repay with interest his dues to O'Neill for a stolen wife, a long imprisonment, a dreary exile, and a ruined country. It was too late for full revenge; he was too aged and broken; he fell from his horse at the head of his clan, but dying, he begged them to be true to England and their queen. His son Hugh went straight to Derry, and swore allegiance to the English crown.

"Help, help us," cried Shan, as the war circled more tightly around him, and he threw his voice over to the Guises of France, and the Pope of Rome: "If the most Christian king will not help us, move the pope to give us aid. I alone, in this land sustain his cause." All in vain, the polit-

ical cause of the pope in Ireland was going down with Shan O'Neill.

Not far from Derry, just laid waste and yet to be rebuilt by Protestants, Shan was crouching as a chased wolf, with only three thousand men; other thousands had mutinied and forsaken him. There Hugh O'Donnell, with fewer soldiers, came down upon him. A brief clash of arms and the O'Neills were routed. Only two hundred of "those fierce troopers, who were to have cleared Ireland forever from the presence of the Saxons" and the Scots, escaped.

"I'll throw myself at Sidney's feet, with a slave's collar on my neck," said Shan, having ridden away for life with half a dozen comrades.

"Not yet," replied Neil McKevin, his secretary. "Surley-Boy is still a prisoner in your castle, and the countess has still clung to your fortunes. They are your last card; play it with the MacConnells."

Away in Antrim, close to the sea and among the hills, was the camp of Allaster MacConnell and his nephew Gillespie. To their surprise, on Saturday, the last of May, 1567, Shan O'Neill came with about fifty men and asked refuge. As the price of protection he offered to deliver up the countess and Surley-Boy, whom he brought with him.

For once Shan was more sincere than those with whom he dealt. They accepted the terms, and were not lacking in hospitality. On the third evening, when the strong cup had gone round freely, and Shan's blood was warm again, Gillespie took up the cause of the widow MacConnell, who had felt insulted by some of Argyle's schemes, and had remained concealed in Edinburgh. He said to McKevin, scornfully, "Was it you who bruited abroad that my aunt did offer to come over from Scotland and marry your master?"

"If your aunt was Queen of Scotland she might be proud of a match with the O'Neill," was the scornful reply.

not the barren title of an earl, but the right to rule loyally over the northern counties of Ireland.

His foot again on his native soil, he was as much a rebel as ever. If severe on any parties, they were the Scots and the Ulster chiefs. The countess had cause to repent of her sins, and perhaps she attempted to escape. In the day-time, when he was abroad stealing cattle and burning villages, she, the mother of his little children, was coupled like a hound to a page, or horse-boy, and only released at night when he returned to his revels.

"Down with O'Neill!" was now the smothered cry of the fierce Campbells and MacConnells, who could not bear tamely these outrages from a drunken savage upon the sister of their chief.

"Good," thought Lord Essex, who suggested to the queen, "the Scots may now turn an ear to us, and if we can separate them from Shan we may use them as a whip to scourge him."

"Do your best," was her command; and he let slip the dogs of war, only to be worsted in the fray.

And still, over lake and river, bog and mountain, Shan reigned the haughty lord of Ulster, save only on the Antrim shore, where the Scots resisted him. He built him a fort, whose Irish name meant, "Hate of Englishmen." Growing rich by robbery he was "the only strong man in Ireland." In his cellars were stored two hundred pipes of wine; six hundred men-at-arms fed at his table. Daily he feasted the beggars at his gate, "saying it was meet to serve Christ first." In the morning he seemed a crafty monarch, resolved to make good his boast, "I care not to be made an earl. My ancestors were kings of Ulster; and Ulster is mine, and shall be mine." In the evening, "when the wine was in him," he was a vile savage, with his wretched countess, released from her chains, waiting upon him as a slave.

This riotous liver was a violent possessor of luxury. It is said that he lived with some of his followers for

introducing the use of bread, after the English fashion.

The Scots of Antrim must be subdued. One spring, with picked soldiers, he dashed suddenly upon the "redshanks," slew six or seven hundred of them, made prisoners of James MacConnell, badly wounded, and his brother Surley-Boy, and the whole colony seemed to be wiped out of existence. Shan thanked God first, and next the queen's majesty for the "glorious victory;" and, not satisfied with his full sway over Ulster, he intended to restore the throne of his ancestors, and reign in Tara's Halls.

The strange thing is that this terrible man could make a league with the Earl of Argyle—but honor often sinks in politics. They met in midwinter, and the earl seemed to forget that his clansmen had been crushed, his half-sister had been outraged, and his kinsman, James MacConnell, had been slain by this desperado, all because Shan might help him in pushing the cause of Mary of Scots. They formed their alliance. A son and a daughter of Shan and the countess were engaged to two children of the slain MacConnell, and to them should be given the disputed lands of Antrim.

Still later the friendship thickened, and another wonderful marriage was proposed. The countess was to be sent away, although Shan had once refused a thousand pounds offered for her release by certain of her kindred, and he was to wed the widow of James MacConnell, another half-sister of Argyle, making nothing of the fact that he had once married and divorced her own daughter! This indignant widow fled to Edinburgh.

And then, fearful of the English armies, he turned to France, and thus entreated Charles IX: "Help us to expel the heretics, and bring back our country to the Holy Roman see. If you will grant our request there will soon be no Englishmen left alive among us, and we will be your majesty's subjects evermore." The letter

fell into English hands, and opened more widely English eyes.

And now comes justice against this great savage, whom moral virtue might have made a patriot to be named with Bruce and Wallace. English soldiers pressed hard upon him. Argyle broke the monstrous alliance. The Scots of the Isles took courage, and threatened him. Crafty as ever, he said to them: "Join me, and I will release Surley-Boy, and give you all Antrim and its cattle."

"Antrim and its cattle we already claim," they replied. "We shall recover them for ourselves." Allaster MacConnell watched and waited eagerly to avenge the death of his brother James, and wipe out the dishonor which Shan had cast upon his race.

A thin but angry cloud of Scots hung over the north-east, ready to drop down boat-loads of Highlanders to aid the English. They shouted with hope when the O'Donnells were restored to their lands in the north-west, by help of English arms. Sidney's men were bearding Shan in his forts, burning his castles, and pillaging at a frightful rate, until he fled to the mountains. The Scots landed and took vast spoils on their march. The old O'Donnell, once let loose in contempt, came over in December from Donegal, to repay with interest his dues to O'Neill for a stolen wife, a long imprisonment, a dreary exile, and a ruined country. It was too late for full revenge; he was too aged and broken; he fell from his horse at the head of his clan, but dying, he begged them to be true to England and their queen. His son Hugh went straight to Derry, and swore allegiance to the English crown.

"Help, help us," cried Shan, as the war circled more tightly around him, and he threw his voice over to the Guises of France, and the Pope of Rome: "If the most Christian king will not help us, move the pope to give us aid. I alone, in this land sustain his cause." All in vain, the polit-

ical cause of the pope in Ireland was going down with Shan O'Neill.

Not far from Derry, just laid waste and yet to be rebuilt by Protestants, Shan was crouching as a chased wolf, with only three thousand men; other thousands had mutinied and forsaken him. There Hugh O'Donnell, with fewer soldiers, came down upon him. A brief clash of arms and the O'Neills were routed. Only two hundred of "those fierce troopers, who were to have cleared Ireland forever from the presence of the Saxons" and the Scots, escaped.

"I'll throw myself at Sidney's feet, with a slave's collar on my neck," said Shan, having ridden away for life with half a dozen comrades.

"Not yet," replied Neil McKevin, his secretary. "Surley-Boy is still a prisoner in your castle, and the countess has still clung to your fortunes. They are your last card; play it with the MacConnells."

Away in Antrim, close to the sea and among the hills, was the camp of Allaster MacConnell and his nephew Gillespie. To their surprise, on Saturday, the last of May, 1567, Shan O'Neill came with about fifty men and asked refuge. As the price of protection he offered to deliver up the countess and Surley-Boy, whom he brought with him.

For once Shan was more sincere than those with whom he dealt. They accepted the terms, and were not lacking in hospitality. On the third evening, when the strong cup had gone round freely, and Shan's blood was warm again, Gillespie took up the cause of the widow MacConnell, who had felt insulted by some of Argyle's schemes, and had remained concealed in Edinburgh. He said to McKevin, scornfully, "Was it you who bruited abroad that my aunt did offer to come over from Scotland and marry your master?"

"If your aunt was Queen of Scotland she might be proud of a match with the O'Neill," was the scornful reply.

interruptedly until the close of service. She found an opportunity during the intermission, to remark to the majority of her acquaintances that Grandma Prime was a lovely old lady and hoped she had "gover'ment." Her solicitude on this point was hardly complimentary to Elisha and myself, inasmuch as it seemed to imply that we were in need of governing.

"The groves," the poet says, "were God's first temples." And certainly, the worship of our Maker from beneath a canopy of green and interlacing boughs, through which the golden sunshine struggles and falls like heavenly benedictions on the reverent and uncovered worshipers, has power to stir the soul and draw from thence its purest adoration. For a week past there had been in progress a great meeting, held in a beautiful grove a mile from the village. It was conducted under the auspices of a comparatively newly-risen sect, whose cry, like John's, was, "repent and be baptized"—"by immersion" was added by the leaders of this sect. It had originated in a western State; from thence it had traveled eastward until its adherents were to be found even in that citadel of orthodoxy, Auburn, where a church was founded, in spite of the disapproval of the faculty, the students, and many other equally devoted guardians of a noble faith. Latterly it had penetrated New England; and in the face of opposition, had succeeded in winning many converts, especially in the rural districts and among a class of non-church-goers, who immediately manifested as much zeal in behalf of their new belief, as they had formerly shown indifference to the claims of the established churches. The leaders of this sect found little sympathy among the Connecticut clergy, and from none did they receive less than from Dr. Trowbridge.

But they pitched their tents in the outskirts of his fold, and, aided by a few local sympathizers, soon had large crowds in attendance, to whom they preached with no little effect. Dr.

Trowbridge warned his people against them. Curiosity, however, was with some more powerful than the fear of their pastor's displeasure, and led them to attend one or two services, although it must be said that they did so guiltily and in the hope that their presence would not be observed.

On the Sunday morning in question, it was rumored about that the camp-meeting would reach the climax of interest about noon, at which time an adjournment would be made to the river, for the purpose of baptizing the converts.

Accordingly a company of boys and young men, among whom was Elisha, who could not resist the temptation to improve the occasion of his father's absence and satisfy his curiosity, stole away to the grove. It was hardly a good omen that he made his escape from Grandma Prime at the very moment when Mrs. Wilder was calling his character into question.

The meeting proved to be a very exciting one. The sky overhead was so clear and blue that the eye could pierce to heights of infinite distance without pain or fatigue, and rest delightedly on the fleeces of cloud which floated white and cool through the airy depths, like fleets of phantom ships upon invisible waters. The tall trees gently swayed their branches with murmurs that seemed responsive to the hymns sent up from the thronging multitude below. Tiny brown birds hopped and chirped, or flitted silently from limb to limb, in nowise frightened by the presence of so many devout companions. On a rude platform stood the preacher. He was a rugged man, powerfully built, rude but fervid in his speech. His exhortation, the hymns, the prayers, the general atmosphere of the place, wrought visibly upon many. And when, at last, he desired all who wished to be baptized, to step forward and occupy certain benches provided for the purpose, no less than a hundred responded to the invitation, many of them weeping.

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH.

BY GEORGE LEE.

CHAPTER X.

GRANDMA PRIME TO THE RESCUE.

IT happened that Dr. Trowbridge had arranged with a brother minister to exchange pulpits, the Sunday after the change of dynasties at the parsonage. He had driven away in his respectable covered carriage, late on Saturday afternoon. It was not his habit to travel on the first day of the week, even though the journey was but to the adjoining town, and for the sake of preaching the gospel.

We were marshalled to church, therefore, under the auspices of Grandma Prime. This good lady was popular with all who knew her, and had, for the past few days, been honored with more calls than she knew what to do with, especially as some of the callers, so far from staying the conventional twenty minutes, brought their work and spent the afternoon.

As she entered the vestibule of the church this bright Sunday morning, she was waylaid by Mrs. Deacon Wilder, who administered a kiss which must have resounded to the farthest corner of the building.

"Why, Grand-ma *P-rime*," she exclaimed, "how good it is to see you in Hampton again! I heerd you was in town and tugged hard to git over to drink tea with you yesterday, but what with all the work to do and the deacon hurried and worried about every thing indoors and out, I slipped up on it. But I'm coming, you may depend, as soon as ever I can find time to breathe."

Mrs. Wilder fanned herself and breathed heavily, as if it had just oc-

curred to her that she had found a minute's time for indulging herself in the luxury, and was determined to improve it.

"I never was more supprised in my life," she said, dropping her voice to a loud whisper, "than when I heerd that Aunt Cynthy had act'ly married that hardware merchant. Do you think she bettered herself?"

"I don't know; I hope so," said Grandma Prime.

"They do say," continued Mrs. Wilder, "that she was wonderfully taken with them twins, and I don't doubt they'll be easier to manage than the doctor's boys. I'm really glad for their sakes that she could see her way clear to being a mother to 'em. They ain't like Elisha and Johnny a bit. 'Twouldn't be nothing strange if you found trouble with Elisha. Miss Trowbridge never had no gover'ment, and he's naterally headstrong. Some think he's a bad boy; but la! he only needs a little training. I hain't no idee, though, he'll ever make as good a man as his father. Dr. Trowbridge does preach most excellent sermons, and he's jest as good as his preaching is. Hampton ain't like New Haven, and I dare presume you'll miss a great many privileges; but after all I don't think you'll be much the worse for coming."

Grandma Prime expressed herself of the same opinion, and passed into church, somewhat to Mrs. Wilder's disappointment. Having no one to talk to, she also went to her pew, where she straightway fell to breathing again and continued the process unin-

"To find Elisha."

And with this she shot ahead at a pace which put our four-footed ally to shame. In fact, he had stopped with great readiness, almost before it had become clear to me that Grandma Prime wished to alight, and stood watching her rapidly disappearing figure with evident satisfaction.

Suddenly a terrible thought occurred to me. Elisha had gone to the river and was drowned.

Throwing down the reins, I left the horse standing in the road and hastened after Grandma Prime, carrying a dreadful fear in my heart. Arrived at the river bank, I saw her standing in the midst of a large and excited crowd of people and holding Elisha by the collar. Her attention, however, seemed to be chiefly occupied with the knot of bystanders, one of whom in particular, appeared to be remonstrating with her. I failed to catch his words, but Grandma Prime's reply was distinctly audible.

"Stuff and nonsense, sir!" she said. "He has been baptized once, and I don't think it will make a better Christian of him to get him dripping wet with cold water, especially on a cool day like this."

I crept a little nearer.

"But immersion, ma'am," I heard the man say; "immersion we consider to be the only scriptural—"

"Very likely you do," she interrupted, "but I don't, and his father don't; and that's enough."

"Mode of baptism," continued the man, as if he had not been interrupted. "The evidence on this point is conclusive to any candid mind."

He was on the point of proceeding, but she cut him short:

"Excuse me, sir," she said; "I don't wish to enter into an argument on the subject. This little ninny here is my grandson, and I am attached to the Congregational Church, and perfectly satisfied as to the sufficiency of its or-

His father is a Congregational minister, and pastor of the church

at the village. You will, perhaps, concede that we are competent to be our own judges in matters of a religious nature, in so far, at least, as the management of our own family is concerned. Farther than this I have nothing to say. I wish none of your people any harm," she continued, speaking with a simple dignity of manner, and casting her eyes kindly over the attentive faces of the people who had pressed near to see and listen. "There are many sects of Christians on earth, but there will be none in heaven. However much we may differ from one another here in details, if we all love our Lord Jesus Christ, and try to keep his commandments, we shall agree in the main thing, and eventually come into the same good inheritance."

She turned to go, but was arrested by hearing somebody say,

"Stop a moment, ma'am."

The leader of the meetings, seeing that something unusual was going on, had come up from the water, and heard the latter part of the conversation. He now approached, in his rubber clothing, and apologized, saying he was not aware of the fact that the lad was the son of the clergyman of the place, and that he was glad to have been prevented from ignorantly annoying Dr. Trowbridge.

"Of course, ma'am," he continued, "Dr. Trowbridge is quite right in wishing to bring up his children according to the ordinances of his own Church. As you rightly said, there is more than one way of doing it"—nodding his head toward the water—"and while I firmly believe that our way is the right way, I am not bigoted enough to think that it is the only way. My brother here"—alluding to the man who first spoke—"is rather more strict on the point than I am. Good day, ma'am!"

Grandma Prime bowed courteously, and led Elisha away. The latter thought fit to consider himself aggrieved at his summary arrest, and bore his discomfiture with no very good grace.

I joined them, and we walked back together toward the spot where we had left the horse.

"Why, where is the horse?" I exclaimed, staring about in amazement at seeing nothing of him.

"Didn't you tie him?" said Grandma Prime.

I was obliged to confess that in the excitement of the moment I had thrown down the reins, and left the animal loose in the road.

"I thought Elisha was drowned!" I pleaded in excuse for my negligence.

"I wish I had been!" said that unhappy young gentleman, dolefully.

Grandma Prime laughed.

"You deserve a good spanking," said she.

"Who does?" I asked, feeling conscience-stricken at the thought of my own heedless act.

"Both of you," she returned, laughing again; "I don't see any other way but to walk home. Well, if you two feather-brained young niddy-noddies don't get me into worse scrapes than this before I die, I shall be thankful to you. Isn't that our vehicle yonder?"

As we reached the brow of the hill, which we had been ascending, sure enough, in the valley before us, was the identical horse and vehicle which we had borrowed and abandoned with equal unceremoniousness. The fact of their not being where I left them was apparent. The buggy was occupied by a man whom Elisha instantly recognized.

"It is Caspar," he said; "Caspar Unholtz."

Caspar Unholtz, the owner of the establishment lately vacated by Grandma Prime and myself, drove so slowly that, before we had advanced another mile, we overtook him. His necessarily slow progress was still farther retarded by his jumping out two or three times and affectionately patting the poor old animal's nose. He was thus engaged when we came up, and seemed laboring under great excitement.

"Mein colt," he broke out, rapidly, when we were within speaking distance, "he roon away; I vas in school, vat you call it, der Soonday-school, an' ven I come to fetch him, he vas gone. He moost have capered—how may I say now—with valocity? Ya, dat's it, with great valocity, to get so far away. He receive von large fright, mebbe, eh? Vat you laugh at, Shon? Ya, you all laugh, eh, at der poor Dutchman? Ver goot."

We left Caspar, with his short pipe in his mouth and his fur cap on his head, busily patting, stroking, and talking to the object of his affectionate solicitude. Grandma Prime thought it best not to attempt any explanation, and probably Caspar never obtained any light on the subject of his gallant "colt's" mysterious stampede.

CHAPTER XL.

MR. HOPER SECURES AN ITEM, AND DR. TROWBRIDGE WRITES IN HIS JOURNAL.

As Dr. Trowbridge was driving home that afternoon—and why he should have driven home that afternoon, when it was his invariable custom to remain over until Monday morning, is a mystery—he met Mr. Hoper. This gentleman was such an institution in Hampton, as the daily paper is in places of greater pretension. He had once, tradition affirmed, been a school-teacher, and in that capacity had displayed characteristics not unlike those of Mr. Ichabod Crane. Indeed, he looked as if he might have been a lineal descendant of that illustrious personage. At the period embraced in this narrative he was a retired professional—a gentleman of leisure. Perhaps it would not be wholly correct to say that he was living on his capital, since that would suggest banks, railroad stocks, real estates, and other matters of a like nature, all of which were objects of no personal interest to Mr. Hoper. But, in another sense, it would be proper to say

that Mr. Hoper lived on his capital. For instance, he had a wife, a most amiable and industrious piece of property. From this source he derived the greater portion of his yearly income. She took in plain sewing and washing, went out nursing whenever, as rarely happened, she had no baby of her own to nurse, and in various other ways netted the family a very pretty sum every year, to say nothing of what she saved by economy and good management. Besides his wife, Mr. Hoper had a great many children, who, so far from being an expense to their father as sons and daughters are usually supposed to be, became, at a surprisingly early age, actually profitable. Mrs. Hoper might have been considered as his five-thousand-dollar government bond, on which he could positively rely for a certain annual interest, payable on demand; in which latter respect he had the advantage over his neighbors, whose bonds yielded a coupon but twice a year. His children were sundry sums in hand, of greater or less magnitude, which he invested for longer or shorter periods in whatever promised quick and safe returns. He never suffered any of his capital to lie idle, if by any means it could be producing something. So far from being a miser and hoarding his wealth, he was a shrewd financier. It was a peculiarity of his domestic economy, founded on the two-fold productiveness of his original five-thousand-dollar investment, that besides the neat little sums in gold which he received from that source, on demand, he was also in receipt from the same source, once in two years, of an extra dividend, which in turn, although not of immediate profit, became, after a marvelously short period of nursing, of sufficient value to be reckoned as another small sum in hand, to be manipulated judiciously for his enrichment.

It was a singular fact, that both Mrs. Hoper and her children regarded the head of the family with respect and fond affection. The good woman herself thoroughly believed in him,

and the children improved upon her example until, in individual cases, belief became enthusiasm, and affection was elevated almost to adoration. Within his family circle Mr. Hoper's sway was absolute, and never was king or kaiser blessed with more devoted, obedient, and admiring subjects. The mother was a stout, good-natured woman, of ample frame and a freckled forehead, and the children inherited her characteristics, even to the freckles. They, one and all, had sunny tempers, good constitutions, and willing hands. They needed no coercing, but labored diligently and cheerfully at whatever they found, or was found for them, to do, handing over the proceeds to Mr. Hoper, unquestioningly and as a matter of course, to be expended by him for the common good. Having so many reliable sources of revenue, Mr. Hoper was spared the necessity of manual labor, together with many domestic cares, so harassing to a man of a literary turn of mind. Being such, and a gentleman of leisure besides, he naturally became a public character, with a penchant for politics in particular, and a mania for dabbling in every thing under the sun in general, whether it were of a public or a private nature, and without the least concern whether or no it was any of his business. The greater part of his time was devoted to the collecting, retailing, and discussing of news.

Since Mr. Hoper performed so well the functions of a daily newspaper, perhaps it would not be an unpardonable stretch of the imagination to regard him as an incarnation of the spirit of the press, and, as such, he may be described more particularly under the not inappropriate title of the Hampton Perambulator. It is hardly necessary to say that this walking news journal was self-edited, or that its editions were issued daily. And as the publisher pursued his business from the love of it, rather than for the sake of profit, not, however, disdaining any incidental advantages when they fell in his way, his custom-

ers were served at no greater expense to themselves than their time. Although excellent in all its departments, it is probable that the local was, on the whole, the most complete. Besides his own indefatigable exertions in gathering material for it, he was ably assisted by his wife, who picked up a great many interesting and valuable items, which otherwise would never have been secured. His sons and daughters, also, from the fact that, in the performance of their daily duties, they were necessarily associated with a good many people in various localities, constituted a large and vigilant corps of reporters, whose services Mr. Hoper prized very highly. Among them all, it is not supposable that any event of actual or possible interest to the public transpired, within a radius of five miles from Hampton center, which did not, sooner or later, form an item in the local column of the Perambulator.

Besides the local, there was the political department, made up, for the most part, of clippings from *bona fide* journals—the New York Tribune being authority for general, and the New Haven Register for State politics—but full and reliable. There was a meteorological column, also, containing not only trustworthy information as to the present state of the weather, a memorandum of the wind's direction yesterday, and a comparison of the season, as a whole, with the same season last year; but also shrewd prognostications of the future condition of the atmosphere, and opinions as to whether it would rain to-morrow or not, coupled with a conjecture that, "unless we do have rain soon, the grass crop will be uncommonly light this year."

Mr. Hoper felt a warm interest in the cause of agriculture, and devoted especial attention to topics pertaining thereto. Like a great many others who never work with their own hands, he had admirable theories respecting labor in the abstract, and was well up in statistics. He often discussed the subject editorially; indeed, next to the local, the editorial department was the

most attractive feature of the Perambulator. It was masterly, so candid, such exhaustive treatment as every conceivable question received, was wonderful. In this particular, I venture to say, no other contemporary journal could compare with it. Mr. Hoper handled with ease questions which have muddled the brains of philosophers ever since men learned the art of doubting. He traversed depths and scaled heights, at the bare prospect of which the intellect of Plato would have shrunk back appalled. Nothing ever had come to pass, or could come to pass in the world physical, political, or religious; nothing was ever hazarded in the way of metaphysical speculation, by men whose whole lives were devoted to the science of hair-splitting, but Mr. Hoper could express an opinion upon it at a moment's notice, and leave you wondering, like the pupils of Goldsmith's pedagogue, "that one small head could carry all he knew."

Here we find the secret of his family's admiration and unquestioning faith—mind! His massive intellect was what Mrs. Hoper worshiped, and the object to which the children paid willing tribute. No wonder they held the Head of the family in veneration. Few families had such a Head.

But Mr. Hoper had more than mind, he had humor. He could be witty as well as profound. Sometimes, after gravely arguing an important question of church or state—the necessity of a new version of the Bible, for instance, or the expediency of reducing the tariff on pig iron—he would suddenly whip off to the subject of fashions, around which his humor would play like heat lightning. Occasionally a lambent flash of satire would appear more effective than an hour's argument, and not unfrequently a bit of poetry would surprise the public. Jokes and anecdotes were scattered about promiscuously, and if any parties were in want of male or female help, they had but to advertise in the Perambulator, free of charge, and the chances were that their card would be

responded to and the place filled by a member of Mr. Hoper's own household. At rare intervals there was an insertion of "situation wanted" by one of his family, and owing to the Perambulator's extensive circulation and influence—the advertisement being editorially indorsed—the desired situation was soon found. Thus, to all intents and purposes, Hampton had a complete family newspaper, abounding in information, instruction, and entertainment. Its oracular utterances were believed in by some of the Hamp-tonians, almost as implicitly as the oracle itself believed in the Tribune. And there were skeptical farmers in the vicinity, who, however lightly they spoke of the Perambulator, as a whole, were glad to consult its weather column when any important piece of work was contemplated.

Mr. Hoper's personal appearance was noticeable. He was tall, lean, and exceedingly yellow. He had a very high forehead, and the rest of his head was scantily clad in dingy remnants of hair. Indeed, he looked as if his skull had been covered with a bit of old parchment, from which the capillary growth had not been wholly removed in the process of tanning. He reminded one of an antique volume of miscellanies, bound in vellum. His voice was positive, as became the voice of an oracle, and his manner was excessively dignified. When he was in earnest he gesticulated vigorously, not with his hands, but with his head, which was firmly mounted upon a long, flexible and wiry neck. It must have been firmly mounted, else it surely would have been jerked off, so emphatically was he wont to round some of his periods. He had an odd habit of always wearing his hat, except on such extraordinary occasions as positively forbade his remaining covered. The hat itself was worthy of mention, being a silk plug, of a pattern so ancient that the knap, from years of brushing, was as deficient as the hair on his head, and as for "the grace of the fashion" thereof, it had long since

perished. But Mr. Hoper was attached to the hat, and it in turn looked strangely out of place any-where save on Mr. Hoper's head, so they were rarely separated. His coat also was black and shiny with age, particularly in the region of the collar. It was of the swallow-tail cut, and was furnished with buttons as large as silver half-dollars. His wife was very particular in the matter of his appearance, and his linen was always scrupulously clean. There was a rusty, threadbare gentility about his dress that spoke volumes.

As an offset to the wonderful flexibility of his neck, his left leg was stiff in both the knee and ankle-joints. This accident gave a peculiar hitch to his gait, since it was necessary for him, in walking, either to swing his rigid limb from rear to front, by means of making his boot describe an inconveniently large curve, or to raise himself at every other step to the very end of his toes. Neither of these alternatives being altogether agreeable, he compromised the matter by swinging his stiff leg moderately, and raising himself slightly. This compound of a roll and a jerk was popularly called a wobble. When Mr. Hoper was excited by the possession of important news, he was accustomed to wobble with great rapidity; at other times he moved with a serious and reflective air, as became a philosopher of peripatetic habits and abundant leisure.

Few public men are without enemies, and there were not wanting evil-minded persons who whispered that Mr. Hoper was guilty both of inordinate laziness and ambition. They accused him of secretly designing to be mayor before he died. Hampton, as an incorporated village, was entitled to such an officer. They endeavored to cast odium upon him as a politician, and to destroy his influence in the community, by saying that his principles partook of the nature of his gait, and wobbled from one side to the other, as his personal interests demanded. These and kindred

insinuations had little weight in the long run. He lived them down, and grew wiser and more oracular with every advancing year. At last, as a proof of the confidence and respect with which the better class in the community regarded him, he was elevated to the office of postmaster of the village, although it was well known that but a year previous he had opposed some of the principles of the incoming administration, whose patronage he now enjoyed, with all the weight of his powerful and acute intellect. But whatever might be his views at other times, it invariably happened that on the eve of a presidential election his influence was on the winning side; and if his own assertions might be believed, it had never been anywhere else. And if any invidious person of the other party presumed to call attention to these apparent inconsistencies, Mr. Hoper met his base attempts with withering contempt and a show of moral indignation before the impenetrable front of which his calumniator was abashed and silenced. Turn-coat? Trimmer? The words were not in Mr. Hoper's vocabulary when his own attitude was in question. There *were* people in Hampton, however, at whom he flung these epithets with hearty good will. It was this remarkable man whom Dr. Trowbridge met as he was driving home, contrary to his habit, Sunday afternoon. Had the doctor been in an observing instead of a contemplative mood, he would probably have noticed that as the distance between himself and Mr. Hoper diminished, the latter gentleman's pace became rapidly accelerated. The fact was, he had been to the camp-meeting and had seen Elisha start for the river in company with the candidates for baptism. He had straightway dispatched a special reporter in the same direction, the distance forbidding his making observations in person, and had been greatly exercised on the subject all the afternoon. He well knew that the intelligence of Elisha's sudden conversion to the strange faith, against

which the doctor himself had expressly warned his people, would strike the minister with both astonishment and dismay. Moreover, viewing the matter from his own professional stand-point, the item promised to be uncommonly valuable *as* an item, and suggested no end of editorials on the general subjects of camp-meetings, baptism, parental influence, and the like. He was revolving the matter in its various bearings in his mind, when to his delight he saw Dr. Trowbridge approaching. The prospect of being the first to break the intelligence to the doctor added several inches to the swing of his left leg, and brought him so high upon the toe of his right boot that even the unsuspecting cause of his excitement began to observe something unusual in his manner.

"Good afternoon, Dr. Trowbridge," he said, when they were within talking distance. "A fine day for walking, though a trifle cool for riding, I should say."

"The wind is somewhat chilly," replied the doctor; "but I have enjoyed the drive, nevertheless. The air seems bracing."

"I call it cool for the season," said Mr. Hoper. "It was warmer last year at this time by three degrees, at least. I should think those people who went into the river to-day, did so at the risk of taking cold." Mr. Hoper enjoyed coming to the point gradually. Like a cat who contemplates eating the mouse she has caught, in due time, but plays with the delicious morsel for a few minutes before crunching its bones, so this epicure did not swallow his mouse until he had tossed it about for a little while.

"Ah," said the doctor, a shade passing over his face. "Did many go into the water?"

"A large number, sir—a frightfully large number considering the character of the creed to which they subscribe. There could not have been less than a hundred."

"I hope I am not bigoted in my devotion to the articles of our faith,"

said Dr. Trowbridge, "and I try not only to be fair but charitable toward all who call themselves Christians, whatever their denomination; but I firmly believe that these men do not teach sound theology. I distrust the wisdom of the whole movement, and earnestly pray that none of my people may be led away by it. You have a large family of sons and daughters, Mr. Hoper—none of them are converts to these doctrines I trust?" He put the question anxiously.

"No," replied Mr. Hoper, "none of my children have been converted; they have been too well brought up, for that."

Dr. Trowbridge expressed pleasure that such was the case, and remarked that he should take an opportunity soon of conversing with the two eldest on the subject of personal religion.

"They are old enough to take a firm stand as Christians, and it will benefit them to formally connect themselves with the church," he said.

Mr. Hoper began to find it a less agreeable task than he had anticipated, to tell this earnest, conscientious man that his own son had that day identified himself with the sect of which he was speaking with disapproval. He was not a church member himself. On the contrary he allowed himself great license in religious opinions. But he respected Dr. Trowbridge. It was for a moment only, however, that his appetite failed him.

"You will—a-hem—doubtless be surprised to learn that Elisha was one of those who were baptized to-day. Of course it was entirely without your knowledge, and was probably the result of a momentary impulse on his part, but it will create some little talk in this region, nevertheless."

"Some little talk?" A great deal of talk—talk which Dr. Trowbridge would have given half his salary not to have circulated.

"You surely don't mean to say that my son was one of those who were baptized by immersion to-day?" he said in a startled voice.

"Why, no," replied Mr. Hoper, "I wouldn't undertake to assert positively that such was the case, because something may have happened to prevent, though that isn't probable. But I was at the grove this morning, and, by the way, I mistrust there were a number from your church there, and I saw Elisha sitting among the converts with a very sober face on his head. I saw him start with the rest of 'em for the river, and the chances are he's been all over in it before this time. He may not have been though." He added the last sentence in a voice which said, "There isn't the least doubt about it. Your son has joined the Campbellites, Dr. Trowbridge, pastor of a New England Congregational Church."

"Surely," said the doctor, "Mr. Murray—that is the name of the man who leads this movement, I am told—would not baptize my son without first ascertaining whether I consented to his taking such a step. I can not believe it."

"Well," said Mr. Hoper, planting his manageable foot on the hub of Dr. Trowbridge's forward carriage wheel, as if settling himself into a comfortable position for an argument, "that's not quite certain. I've heard Mr. Murray preach and he preaches like a man who is in earnest. I've conversed with him privately and he talks like a good man. He is a man of strong convictions who believes in what he preaches. Perhaps he is something of a fanatic, but that makes little difference. He has set about establishing a church here and he means to do it. He's been raking in this vicinity now for a week, and he's raked in some pretty wild characters—rough material I may say, considering what he wants to do with it; but I don't suppose he stops to inquire very particularly into the characters and family connections of the fish in his net. He takes 'em for what they are worth, and looks at quantity rather than quality. He's been doing a wholesale business to-day, and I suppose Elisha was lumped in with the rest and no ques-

tions asked. That was probably about how 'twas done."

Although Mr. Hoper's statement of the case appeared to himself highly satisfactory and altogether admirable, it caused in the breast of the minister a pain so sharp that he could not reply. Abruptly whipping up his horse—the animal was very sensitive to the lash since it was seldom used upon him—Mr. Hoper was suddenly spun round upon his hingeless limb and very nearly thrown to the ground. Recovering himself with some difficulty, he stared for a moment after the unhappy father and went his way, pretty well pleased, on the whole, with the late interview, the minute details of which were forever afterward at the service of all who cared to listen to them. That evening he was put into possession of further facts relating to the matter, as ascertained by his special at the river; and the various parts of the story being skillfully put together, his Monday morning edition was much sought after, and the news contained therein was the subject of no little comment.

Dr. Trowbridge drove rapidly and reached the parsonage in a very uncomfortable state of mind. What happened after that time is recorded in his own words. Turning to his journal, I find under date of Sept. 23d, 1852, as follows: * * * "A sore trial to-day. Elisha took advantage of my absence to attend the camp-meeting at Winslow's Grove. I had expressly forbidden his going thither, and in doing so he was guilty of a direct act of disobedience. I was pained to learn also that no less than half a dozen adult members of my church were there. Their more mature age, good judgment, and especially God's providential care has prevented their receiving harm, I doubt not. At least, I pray that such may be the case. But Elisha's more impressible nature could not resist so well the influences of the place. He was so wrought upon by the sermon, the prayers, the singing—in a word, by what he saw and heard

(I suppose the example of his acquaintances had some influence), that he allowed himself to be counted among the converts, and to be led to the river for immersion and a public profession of faith in the doctrines of the Campbellite organization; I can not say church. God forgive me if I am unjust in my judgment. Fortunately—providentially rather—he was arrested in his course and brought home before the rite was administered. I have great reason to be thankful that such was the case. It would have been a terrible blow had he actually identified himself with that movement. Young as he is, there would not have been wanting people to say that the step argued poorly both for my parental and ministerial influence. Even as the matter is, I am aware that a handle will be made of it to my reproach, and still more to my annoyance.

"Mr. Hoper wounded my sensibilities deeply this P. M. by the manner in which he alluded to the affair. Of course the story will lose none of its inevitable publicity through him. I am tempted to say, here in the privacy of my journal, that the apostle must have had somebody of Mr. H.'s character in mind when he penned that sentence, in 2d Thess., relative to those who 'work not at all, but are busybodies.' But I suppose his peculiarities are constitutional. Perhaps God is making use of his tongue to scourge my pride; if so I can not but own that He has employed a thoroughly efficient instrument.

"I arrived at home decidedly out of tune, and my first impulse was to punish Elisha for his disobedience. On further reflection, however, I concluded to talk with him seriously, in the hope of making the day's experience profitable to his moral and spiritual advancement. I was pained to find him sullen and out of temper with Grandma Prime, to whom I am sincerely thankful for what she has prevented. He said everybody in town would laugh at him, and declares that he will not go to school to-morrow. He seems

very sensitive to ridicule. He expressed little sorrow for his disobedience, but acknowledges that it is better he was not immersed. As he missed his Sunday-school, I thought proper to ask him to recite his lesson to me. To my surprise, he exhibited considerable contempt for his teacher, Deacon W., who is certainly one of the best of men. He mimicked his manner in a way that caused me to feel apprehensive that Deacon W. has not won the respect of his pupils, without which he can do them little good. He again surprised and pained me as well, by calling his Uncle Hemenway "an old humbug." How in the world the boy got such a dislike to Mr. H. I am at a loss to conceive.

"I am forced to confess that Elisha appears to me to be governed wholly by the impulse of the moment. To-day, under the influence of a sudden impulse, he disobeyed me; and again, not three hours later, under the influence of impulse, he was willing to take a step, of the significance of which he had no appreciation whatever. He is disobedient from impulse, religious from impulse. Is he any thing from principle? I can not see that he is. I tremble for his future. I tried to ascertain if he really had any serious religious convictions to-night. None whatever, so far as I was able to discover. This shows that his seriousness at the grove was merely superficial and temporary. Will he ever be steadily thoughtful and earnest? He is God's child; again and again have I made the consecration. Am I a servant so unworthy that He will not accept my offering! Heavenly Father, have mercy upon my son! Give me, I pray Thee, wisdom from on high, that I may rightly fulfill my trust and know how to deal with this precious immortal soul which Thou hast committed to my care."

Dr. Trowbridge had a habit of breaking out into momentary prayer, both writing and in speaking, when his thoughts were engaged with a subject regarding which he felt deep solicitude. Many of his journal entries,

like the one quoted above, conclude with a cry to Heaven. Late that night—it must have been after midnight—I awoke; Elisha was in his bed, breathing the sweet dreamless sleep of healthy boyhood, but from the study below came the ceaseless sound of Dr. Trowbridge's footsteps, and I knew that he was pacing to and fro, engaged in thought so anxious that he could not rest.

CHAPTER XII.

STUDY.

The next morning Elisha was in capital spirits. The first thing he did when he got down stairs was to beg Grandma Prime's pardon for his undutiful behavior the day before. It was readily granted, and a hearty kiss ratified the treaty of peace thus happily agreed upon. Notwithstanding his firm resolution to stay away from school, he shouldered his satchel at the usual hour and marched off without saying a word—a proceeding which appeared to afford his father considerable relief. There was nothing morbid in his disposition, and the bugbear of ridicule which had so affrighted him the evening before, vanished with the mists, which filled the valleys, under the genial influence of the morning sunlight.

Two years more passed away, during which time our life at the parsonage went smoothly on, varied only by those incidents common to every household, interesting enough to those immediately concerned in them, but hardly of sufficient moment to engage the attention of others. We will pass them by.

In the autumn of 1854, Dr. Trowbridge put us into Latin. One day he came home from New Haven, bringing two Latin grammars, and we soon were deep in the mysteries of the first declension. The house resounded with "Musa," "Penna," and "Roma," in all their cases and terminations. We rang the changes on them, beside a great many changes that were *not* on them, in the book, until Grandma

Prime declared it her belief that she was asleep and dreaming of being in Bedlam. We were barely able to stagger through the six cases, making the journey very much as Mr. Hoper made his important journeys, in a jerky, wobbling way, when we were delighted with two accessions to our number. The first recruit was no other than Agnes Fielding, who had caught the infection from hearing Elisha roll off the noble sounds, and who easily persuaded her mother to buy her a copy of Andrews' and Stoddard's fascinating work. The second addition to the class was our friend and nominal cousin, Thomas Hemenway. It is necessary to mention that our studies were now prosecuted under the immediate supervision of Dr. Trowbridge. His study was our recitation room, and attendance at the village school was something entirely of the past. Elisha was understood to be fitting for college, and the rest of us were fitting for whatever the future might have in store for us. I am sorry to say that for some time previous to Tommy's becoming an inmate of the parsonage, the relations between himself and his father had not been cordial. Tommy was an odd genius, as we all thought, and there were one or two people in the world who thought him a genius of another and a higher order. In person he was tall for his years, slender, of fair skin, small and delicate features, and large brown, almost black, eyes. His hair was entirely black, and as soft as silk, curling at the ends and falling away from a rather low, but remarkably white forehead, in ripples like a girl's. There was a delicacy about his hands which showed plainly that nature never intended him for his father's occupation. His feet also were remarkably small. His whole appearance was feminine in the extreme.

Mr. Hemenway's matter-of-fact mind was quite unable to comprehend such an "odd" boy as Tommy was. And Tommy, on the other hand, seemed to have been born with a doubt in his

head relative to Mr. Hemenway. His distrust early developed into antagonism. He shrank from personal intercourse with his father as from a cold wind, and the subtle mathematical questions in which Mr. Hemenway delighted, filled Tommy with weariness and disgust.

He had taken kindly to his new mother, in the first place, because she sympathized with him in his dislike for hard questions, and afterward, because she at least partially supplied some necessity of his nature, which, since his mother's death, he had craved but had not experienced.

"Of late he has not done well at school," said his father one day, in talking the matter over with Dr. Trowbridge. "The teacher tells me that he never has his lessons, and, what is worse, don't seem to care whether he has them or not. He can get them as well as Lottie can, if he's a mind to try, but he won't study. Fools for an hour at a time over some bit of nonsense or another, and when his turn comes to recite, knows nothing about it. I can't imagine what ails the boy. I concluded that perhaps he didn't feel well, or something of the kind, though he persisted, in a dogged sort of a way, that he felt well enough, so I took him out of school for a spell entirely and had him help around the store. Thought I'd teach him business a little, for a change."

"A very good idea, too," said the doctor.

"So I thought, and so anybody would have thought," returned Mr. Hemenway; "but such wasn't the case. He didn't take to business worth a snap, and was forever making the most heedless blunders. Why, sir, one day I put him at unpacking a crate of chinaware. A full set of that pattern was worth a hundred dollars. He put the pieces away straight enough, apparently; but when we came to sell, one of the pieces was missing. That broke the set, you know, and we had to sell below cost to get rid of it. After some pretty sharp questioning, Tom suddenly remembered

what he had done with the missing piece. You see, the plates all had pictures on 'em, and, what's more, every picture was different from the rest. That's what made the set an uncommonly valuable one. It seems that one of these pictures—a peasant girl raking hay, or some equally trifling design—had struck Tom's fancy, and he carried it to his room to copy on paper—he's everlastingly puttering with water colors. Of course, he forgot all about it until it was too late to save the discount. Such clerks ain't profitable. I don't know, I'm sure, what good the boy'll ever come to."

Mr. Hemenway concluded his statement rather dismally.

"Why not let him come to the parsonage for a while?" said Grandma Prime. "You could take one more pupil without much trouble, couldn't you, Elijah? And the children, I'll venture to say, would be delighted to have him. It may be he would do better if he had a couple of good boys of his own age for companions. For my part, I think there are better places for boys like Tommy than public schools."

Mr. Hemenway caught at the suggestion, and Dr. Trowbridge not objecting, arrangements were soon made for Tommy's introduction into our family circle. He came the next week, in company with Aunt Cynthia and Lottie. The two latter spent the day, and returned to New Haven in the evening. There was an expression of discontent and unhappiness on his face, painful to see in so young a person. He expressed himself highly pleased to come, however, and was in good spirits. It was only when in repose that the unhappy look appeared, and somehow one got the impression that it was not caused by any thing which had occurred lately, but had been born there.

Womanly Lottie was more thoughtful than ever. She appeared to feel that the world was on her shoulders, and that she was in duty bound to see that everybody in it was made happy and comfortable. As Tommy had not yet shown his dislike for mathe-

matics, so Lottie still retained her old pity for my lameness, and was especially considerate in her treatment of me on that account.

"I do hope," she said, in her motherly way, "that Tommy will be happy here!"

"What will you do without him at home?" I asked.

"Oh, I shall miss him terribly; but then I'll keep busy helping mamma, and, when I can't stand it any longer, I'll write him a letter. You mustn't let him play with any bad boys, Cousin Johnny. I shall come down, once in a while, to look after him."

"I hope you will," I said, shyly—shyly because I was very much afraid of her, whereas I was not at all afraid of Agnes. But that was nothing strange, for the latter was a daily playmate, and not half as "grown up" in her manners as was my womanly cousin.

Tommy did so well at the parsonage, that even Mr. Hemenway acknowledged that he might yet come to something. He was the poorest scholar of the four in every study but one. He took hold of Greek with a vigor which surprised us all. He appeared to have the true Greek instinct, and mastered his exercises by a kind of intuition rather than by hard study.

The mysteries of algebra and geometry perplexed him, and by the hardest effort of his mind he could not unravel them with lucidity. Elisha, on the contrary, stumbled sadly at first over the obstacles which beset his way in penetrating the domain of classic lore, but reveled in mathematics as if they were his native element. Agnes held her own with the best in every thing, not excepting the Greek, which she insisted upon taking up when the rest of the class did, repudiating with scorn the idea that "girls mustn't torture their brains with that study." For her part, she didn't see why Greek wasn't just as important for girls to know as Latin. Never be of any use to her? As much use as Latin, every bit. Not customary for girls to study Greek? She didn't care whether it was

customary or not. Elisha was going to study it, and *she* wanted to study it, and *would* study it, too—beginning to cry—if she had to sit before a looking-glass and teach herself.

Dr. Trowbridge opposed her at first, but, after talking the matter over with Mrs. Fielding, they both concluded that, since her heart was set upon it, no good would come from disappointing her.

She was wonderfully quick to learn, and in perfect health. So four Crosby's grammars were bought, and Agnes's grief was thereby changed into rejoicing. Some of Mrs. Fielding's decorous and conservative acquaintances were moved to remonstrate with her, about this time, relative to her management of Agnes. They shook their respectable heads gravely at the idea of letting her study every thing she took it into her head to study; and association with a parcel of rude boys, it was hinted, was not calculated to—to to polish her, to say the least. Mrs. Fielding smilingly expressed herself willing to bear the responsibility, should her daughter's manners not pass muster, and said, furthermore, that she thought it much the wiser course to have her educated under her own eye, and by so excellent an instructor as Dr. Trowbridge, rather than to send her away to a boarding-school. Her advisers, like those of Job, finding her bent on her own destruction, considerably withdrew, with a firm conviction in their minds that it would, sooner or later, come upon her. Agnes fairly clapped her hands in ecstasy when she found that nothing resulted from their interference, and pursued her new study with increased ardor. The combined influence of her presence in the class, and of her enthusiasm, was to elevate the standard of our average scholarship several marks higher than, in all

probability, it would otherwise have attained. None of the three young gentlemen, in his secret soul, was willing to be beaten by a girl; but, in order to avoid such a calamity, it was necessary to learn the lessons as perfectly as possible. Dr. Trowbridge was well pleased with the spirit of generous emulation which prevailed among his pupils, and devoted himself to our instruction with conscientious fidelity. At the risk of descending too minutely into details, in speaking of the two years during which we were under the doctor's tuition, I venture to linger for a moment longer before taking final leave of that delightful and equally important period in our several lives, for the purpose of mentioning some of the amusements which engaged our leisure hours. That all work and no play makes Jack a jackass, in the long run, is an adage, the truth of which is generally acknowledged, I believe. And the circumstance that his labors consist in exhuming the joints of dead and buried languages, properly articulating them, and breathing into the framework of their grim old skeletons a semblance of the vigor which once made them models of suppleness and graceful strength, adds to, rather than diminishes, the force of the original proposition. Dr. Trowbridge's pupils had no idea of making their youth a perpetual search after knowledge. Indeed, so far were they from falling into that dreadful mistake—a mistake which, I am told, is made occasionally, usually not by the young folks themselves, however—that they early veered off into the opposite direction, and, after complacently viewing the vast stores of wisdom already in their possession, began to inquire how they could make practical and agreeable use of it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN APRIL WHEN THE LEAVES WERE YOUNG.

BY L. G. P.

IN April when the leaves were young,
As in this April now,
The flush of Spring upon the world,
Its freshness on her brow,
My feet moved as the waters ran,
I scarce knew where or how.

Earth seemed to rejoice in the sunshine
That smiled from the eyes of the day;
The rivulet ran through the meadow,
Making greener the grass in the way,
And the willow branches were bending
With the winds and the waters at play.

To the north there lay in open fields
Acres of furrowed land;
But I found on the south of the meadow
Woods that were tall and grand,
And the old gray rocks drew summer warmth
From contact with my hand.

I gathered the pale anemone,
Starwort, and columbine,
Green ferns that hung over the water,
And the tendrils of the vine,
With frail, sweet, azure innocents,
In a garland to entwine.

On the bank, as I wove my garland,
I dallied among the moss,
Then threw to the water a blossom,
As a child might carelessly toss
To the idle winds a plaything,
And then deplored the loss.

Then I heard the voice of the waves,
In the rivulet by my side;
"She is woman," they said, "and seeks
What to woman is seldom denied;
But her mind is bent on childish things
And her heart is filled with pride.

"Christ was beloved of woman,
Nor was her love in vain,

For he made it the province of woman
To prepare for his coming again,
And he gave her the Heart's dominion,
Which is mightier than the Brain.

"Wide is her sphere of action
As the east is from the west;
But whatever her rank or station
She longs for love and rest,
For woman is Queen of the fireside,
And her *nearest* love the best.

"But this dreamer of ours who listens,
And looks with unquiet eyes,
Will not be content with a common lot
In the world that before her lies,
And she yet may look at her laurel wreath,
With smiles that are sadder than sighs.

"But win or fail she will risk it all,
And be true to her book and pen;
She will pass from the wood and the meadow
To the homes and haunts of men;
Our flowers will return with the April,
But she will not come again."

I have wandered far from the mossy nook
In the bank where the fern leaves clung,
But my heart returns to the rivulet,
And I hear the song it sung
To a laughing girl in the days of old,
When the April leaves were young.

OUR POLITY.

BY REV. FRANCIS J. PATTON.

THE three great principles of Presbyterianism are: Parity of the ministry, ecclesiastical unity, and popular representation,

1. Parity of the ministry. We believe that we have scriptural warrant for a class of men set apart—ordained, but in no priestly sense—to the work of the ministry. In this we differ with the Quakers and the Plymouth brethren, and we believe that the New Testament recognizes no distinction of rank among the ministers thus set

apart. Here we come into a position of antagonism to the Roman Catholic, the Greek, and the Anglican Churches. They tell us that there are three orders in the ministry—bishops, priests, and deacons.

The reply we make is substantially this: Deacons are not an "order" of the ministry at all. They are secular officers appointed to do secular work, and the New Testament does not represent them as serving in any other capacity; so that the third order is

ruled out. The only question to be settled then concerns the *status* of the bishop. Is there a functionary in the New Testament called by this name, distinct from, and a step higher than the presbyter, pastor, or minister? Episcopalians say yes; we say no. There was a time when the episcopal office was defended by an appeal to the passages in which the word bishop occurs. The old argument, however, is now fairly on the shelf. Nothing is clearer than that Paul calls the same men both bishops and presbyters.

The favorite mode of arguing now, is to assume that the three orders were originally apostles, presbyters, deacons; that bishops are the successors of the apostles. All which is gratuitous assumption: mark—there is no evidence that the apostolic office was meant to be perpetuated; and if the office was, there is no reason why the name should not be perpetuated too.

The latest testimony to the substantial accuracy of the position which we are taking, comes from a man of undoubted scholarship and of high position withal in the University of Cambridge, England. Professor Lightfoot concedes the whole argument, and defends episcopacy mainly on the strength of its antiquity. Its charter, he virtually says, is not in the New Testament, but it grew up so early that it may fairly claim to have apostolic sanction. It is enough for us that its charter is not in the New Testament. The argument from antiquity amounts to very little. A man needs more than mortal vision to see through the fog of patristic literature and make out a distinct ecclesiastical polity.

This is the first principle of our polity—all ministers are on the same level.

2. Popular government. We believe that the people have a right to be heard in the management of church affairs. In the language of High Church writers, the Church means "the clergy." In our view, and we think it is the scriptural view, the Church means the ministers and the

people. On Presbyterian principles, therefore, both ministers and people should have a voice in all matters of ecclesiastical legislation. But how shall the people give expression to their views—directly, or by representatives? The maxim is common enough in law: *Qui facit per alium, facit per se*. To all intents and purposes your agent is yourself. The difference between Presbyterians and Congregationalists (in this matter) is just the difference between acting one's self and acting through a representative.

Shall these parties, applying for admission into this church be received? Is the man accused of crime deserving of censure? Shall we sing as a congregation or by proxy? These are questions concerning which the people have a right to express an opinion; only in the Presbyterian Church this is done through the representatives of the people—the elders. The representative character of the eldership is a point which ought to be borne in mind.

A Congregational Church might elect elders, and commit the management of its affairs to them without ceasing to be Congregational; in fact, they do what comes to the same thing in appointing their prudential committees. But, if the elders act in a representative capacity, why not elect them oftener? How can men be said to represent a people who are elected for life, and of whose competency the people have only one opportunity of expressing a judgment?

Neither the "rotary plan" nor the life-tenure plan is free from difficulty, and every congregation is perhaps the best judge of what is most expedient for it. The writer feels himself at liberty to look favorably on the "rotary" eldership, because he does regard 1 Timothy, v: 17, as giving inspired warrant for the distinction between the teaching and the ruling of elders.

3. Ecclesiastical unity. The only debatable ground on the subject of church polity, in the writer's judg-

ment, lies between Presbyterianism and Congregationalism; and the real difference between the two polities is to be found in the different interpretations put upon the word *church*.

The fundamental principle of Congregationalism is that of congregational sovereignty. According to this principle each congregation can manage its own affairs; elect, ordain, install, dismiss its pastors as it pleases; try, acquit, censure, excommunicate offenders, beyond hope of redress; split, combine, swarm, multiply, as convenience or selfishness may suggest.

Congregationalism, it is fair to say, does not exist in this radical form, or only in sporadic cases. Generally the different Congregational Churches own a relationship to each other; the part recognizes the moral weight of the whole; and although a Congregational council is only an advisory body, its decisions generally receive very serious consideration. In a word, Congregationalism is more or less Presbyterianized, as perhaps, Presbyterianism has been to some extent Congregationalized. Hence the readiness with which ministers, as well as private members, pass from one communion to the other. A Congregationalist is soon at home in a Presbyterian church, and a Presbyterian does not remain long a stranger in a Congregational church.

The issue between Congregationalists and Presbyterians concerning the breadth of the word *church*, can only be settled by an examination of the passages in the New Testament in which the word occurs. We are accustomed to argue, and it seems with force, that the application of the term to denote the Christians living in a city is proof that its meaning is not confined to those who worship statedly under the same roof. Paul does not speak of the *Churches* of Ephesus, but of the *Church* of Ephesus. On the Congregational theory, therefore, we are bound to conclude that after Paul had been preaching three years in that large city, the number of Chris-

tians was so small that they could all worship conveniently under the same roof. So with the Church at Jerusalem—Church, mark, not Churches, though three thousand people were converted in one day—a large congregation, surely, even for these times.

These examples are quite sufficient to show that the word church must not be restricted in its application, to a single congregation worshipping statedly under the same roof. Indeed, Dr. Stoughton, a leading Congregationalist divine in England, has conceded as much in a recent essay on the subject. His view is, that all Christians living within the bounds of a municipality ought to be embraced under the word church. This view, to be sure, is not Presbyterian exactly, but it is fatal to Congregationalism. The moment the principle is accepted that all the congregations in a city are or ought to be under corporate jurisdiction, the absolute character of Congregationalism has passed away.

The difference between us and our Congregational brethren in the interpretation of the word *ecclesia*, makes the difference in our ecclesiastical systems which is so apparent. With them, as has been stated, each congregation manages its own affairs; calls whom it pleases, retains his services as long as it pleases; gives no account to any higher judicatory, and has no tribunal before which the aggrieved can seek the redress of wrong. Our view of the matter entails upon us a great deal of machinery, and restricts our liberty. We are not so independent as Congregationalists. We are not so irresponsible as they. The question is, whether this loss of liberty is made up to us by counterbalancing advantages. We can not put a minister into any of our pulpits without the concurrence of the Presbytery. A congregation may wish to dismiss their pastor, but their vote will not accomplish that even. The divorce between pastor and people can not be effected except through the Presbytery.

The Presbyterian form of Church government has these very evident advantages:

1. It protects the Church against unreasonable divisions.

On the Congregational plan, a Church can colonize just when it pleases. When a few get offended, or for any reason are not satisfied, the most ready way of settling the difficulty is to build a new church, under the eaves of the old one, to be an eyesore to the pastor and people of the old congregation. That is the beauty of our system, Congregationalists say. But that depends, we think, very much on your point of view. It is a very simple matter of arithmetic to show that a given number of people, who can barely support one pastor, are unequal to the task of supporting two, when supporting two means erecting another edifice, paying two sextons, two gas bills, two organists; and sometimes two choirs—for Churches usually become ambitious under these circumstances.

Now we say it, without any hesitation, that inadequate support is what is crippling the ministry of the present day. Congregations expect their ministers to have culture! but culture implies books—plenty of them—and books are expensive. You might as well put a jack-knife into the hands of a man and say: be a cabinet-maker, as to put a man into the ministry and leave him without resources. Making bricks without straw is nothing to what is demanded of some ministers.

Now, the system which allows the the undue multiplication of churches is a very unjust one. And the advantage of Presbyterian polity is that it can put an estoppel on schismatic proceedings. Presbytery can say to those who are contemplating a "new enterprise," as the phrase goes: no, there is no room for a new Church in your place, you are not able to do justice to your present pastor, and by division you will put unnecessary burdens on the shoulders of your brethren.

Another advantage of our system is, that it gives opportunity to every man

of having justice done him. We have a gradation of courts, each of which exercises legislative and judicial functions. If a man is unjustly dealt with in the Sessions, he can be heard in Presbytery; if he is dissatisfied with the action of Presbytery, he can appear before Synod; if the Synod does not sustain him, he can go to the General Assembly; and by that time, if the judgment is still adverse, he ought to be satisfied that he is in the wrong. And, by the way, we should deprecate very much any change in our ecclesiastical polity which would deprive any one from carrying his cause up to the highest judicatory of the Church.

Again, our system makes provision for doctrinal purity in its pulpit ministrations. We have a creed, and our ministers profess adherence to it. If a man gets adrift, or imbibes new notions, or in any way discovers that he and the Confession of Faith are at one no longer, the proper course for him is to leave the Presbyterian ministry; and, if he does not, the only course the Church can pursue is to silence him. To some minds this seems high-handed. They would like a freer swing, and dislike the idea of being in bondage to doctrinal formulas. For our part, we like the guarantee which the Presbyterian system gives us that the minister will not use the pulpit as a place for preaching error.

And, finally, it will appear to any one studying our system how compact and symmetrical it is, how completely it realizes the idea of popular government, while exhibiting at the same time such wise centralization of authority as is necessary to make any government effective.

In every matter which affects the interests of the Church the people have a voice, and really act through their representatives. This representative popular element is present in every department of the Presbyterian system. Ministers and elders are together in every court, consult together in every committee; and in the Sessions the popular element largely prepon-

derates. Yet, as already stated, the power is centralized. Take, for example, the working of a single congregation.

Unnecessary questions are sometimes asked as to the extent of the Session's jurisdiction. Some seem to favor the idea of placing some matters beyond the Session's control, or of electing extra committees to share the Session's responsibilities. Some think the Sabbath-school ought to be a separate interest; some that the choir gallery was meant to hold another select and independent committee.

Now the fact is, that the men who are appointed to consult for the interests of the congregation, and are solemnly set apart to this office, are of all men the best fitted for doing these duties (it is implied in their election, at least), and to take any department

of the Church out of their hands is not only unpresbyterian, but it shows a want of respect for the office-bearers of Church.

Every thing that can be in any way a matter of legislation (the temporalities excepted) belongs, according to our system, to the Session. Whether members shall be received into or dismissed from a Church; whether the music shall be conducted by a choir or not; what mode of instruction shall be pursued in the Sabbath-school; whether the pastor shall superintend the school, or a substitute; and if a substitute, whether he shall be appointed by the Session or elected by the school; what collections for benevolent purposes shall be taken and when; all these are questions which fall within the sphere of Sessional jurisdiction.

MORRISTOWN AND WASHINGTON.

BY PRESIDENT J. F. TUTTLE, D. D.

No. II.

ON the 30th of November, 1779, General Greene, the Quartermaster-General, wrote from Morristown, to one of the quartermasters of New Jersey, that "we are yet like the wandering Jews in search of a Jerusalem, not having fixed upon a position for halting the army;" and he says that he has described two favorable positions to the Commander-in-Chief: "the one near Aquackanock, the other near Mr. Kimbal's, four miles from this place." The next day he writes to the same gentleman that "the General has fixed upon a place for halting the army near Mr. Kimbal's, within about four miles of this town. His reasons for this choice are unnecessary to be explained, but, whatever they are, they will prove very distressing to the quartermaster's department. * * I beg you will set every wheel in motion that will give dispatch to the business." From this it may be in-

ferred that General Greene preferred the position near Aquackanock, as one more accessible, and also nearer to the more thickly settled counties along the Hudson. His predictions concerning the commissary were fulfilled more literally than he himself dreamed of. The position actually chosen is one of the finest localities in Morris county, and can be reached by two roads. The one principally traveled that winter is the "old road to Mendham over Kimbal's Hills," as it is called to this day. The camping-ground is about four miles south-west from Morristown. Following the Basking Ridge road four miles, through a region famous for its excellent soil and fine scenery, with the mountain on your right, you come to the Kimbal property, now owned by H. A. Hoyt, Esq. Here you turn to the right, and ascend the highlands for a mile, and you are on the ground which

must be considered as consecrated by the unparalleled hardships of the American army.

The different camps, where were quartered the troops from New England, the Middle and Southern States, were on the lands which then belonged to Mr. Kimbal and Mr. Wicke, including some one thousand acres. The house on the Wicke property is still standing, very much as it was in that winter, and it is worthy of a brief description. It is on the crown of the hill whence you descend westward to Mendham and eastward to Morristown. In front of the house was, until recently, an old black locust, at least two feet and a half in diameter, and at the east end is the largest red cedar I have ever seen. Both these trees were standing ninety years ago. In the immediate vicinity of the house are several immense black-cherry trees, which belong to the same period. The house itself is nearly square, and is built in the old style of New England houses, with a famous large chimney-stack in the center. The very door which swung then is there still, hanging on the same substantial strap hinges, and ornamented with the same old lion-headed knocker. Passing through this door, which fronts southward, you come into a hall some four feet deep, and eight feet wide, its width being just the same as the thickness of chimney. Turning to the right, you pass from the hall into the ordinary family room, and to the left into the parlor. A door from the family room and the parlor, leads you into the kitchen, which is about two-thirds the length of the house. The fire-places of these three rooms all belong to the one huge stone stack in the center, and every thing about them remains as it then was. They would alarm modern economists by their capacity to take in wood by the cord. The spaces above the old mantel-trees are filled up with panel work, and, in the parlor especially, was once quite fine for that day. On the north side of the parlor is a door leading into the spare bed-room, with which is connected an amusing

incident. Great difficulty was experienced, in the spring of 1780, in procuring teams to remove the army stores, and horses for cavalry. Mr. Wicke's daughter, Tempe, owned a beautiful young horse, which she frequently rode, and always with skill. She was an admirable and bold rider. One day, as the preparations for removing the army were progressing, Miss Wicke rode her favorite horse to the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Ledel, on the road to Mendham, and, on her return, was accosted by some soldiers, who commanded her to dismount and let them take the horse. One of them had seized the bridle-reins. Perfectly self-possessed, she appeared to submit to her fate, but not without a vain entreaty not to take her favorite from her. She then told them she was sorry to part with the animal, but, as she must, she would ask two favors of them: the one to return him to her if possible, and the other was, whether they returned him or not, to treat him well. The soldiers, were completely thrown off their guard, and the reins were released, they supposing she was about to dismount, than which nothing was farther from her intentions; for no sooner was the man's hand loose from the bridle, than she touched her spirited horse with the whip, and he sped from among them like an arrow. As she was riding away at full speed, they fired after, but probably without intending to hit her; at any rate, she was not harmed. She urged her horse up the hill at his highest speed, and, coming round to the kitchen door on the north side of the house, she sprang off and led him into the kitchen, thence into the parlor, and thence into the spare bed-room, which had but one window, and that on the west side. This was secured with a shutter. The soldiers shortly after came up, searched the barn and the woods in vain. Miss Wicke saved her horse by keeping him in that bed-room three weeks, until the last troop was fairly off. The incident, which is authentic, shows the adroitness and courage of the young lady,

who afterward became the wife of William Tuttle, an officer in the Jersey Brigade during the entire war. The descriptions of the different camps which are to be given are quite imperfect, but are interesting, and, such as they are, derived from the late Captain William Tuttle, who was stationed with the Jersey troops during that winter.

It can not be sufficiently regretted that some friendly pen ~~was not~~ ready to record the conversations of this fine old soldier, an officer in the Third Jersey Regiment, and perfectly acquainted with all the localities of the encampment on Kimbal Hill. He was ~~twenty years old at the time~~, and from the conclusion of the war until his death in 1836, he resided most of the time either on the Wicke farm or in the immediate vicinity. Very often would he go over the ground, especially with his young relatives, pointing out the precise spots occupied by the different troops, and filling up hours with thrilling anecdotes connected with that winter; but these conversations no one was at the pains to record, and now they are hopelessly gone. He enlisted in the regular service in 1777, and remained in it until peace was declared. He suffered the exposures of winter quarters at Middlebrook, Valley Forge, and Kimbal Hill; was in the battles of Chad's Ford, Germantown, Brandywine, Monmouth, Springfield, and others of less note; was with Lafayette in his Virginia campaign, and was at the siege of Yorktown, and yet his careless relatives culpably have suffered his history to be shrunk into the compass of his own meagre, but modest, affidavit in the Pension office.

As good fortune will have it, a former tenant on the Wicke farm occupied it several years before Captain Tuttle's death, and in company with the old gentleman frequently passed over the camp ground. Under Mr. Mucklow's direction a small party of us passed over the various points of interest. Taking the old Wicke house as the starting point, we crossed the road and

following in a south-west direction, came into a tract of timber on an easy slope and extending to a living spring brook. In the upper end of the woods near the brook, we found the ruins of several hut chimneys.

Following the side hill in the same direction as the stream, that is in a south-east course, we found quite a large number of these stone chimneys, and in some of them the stones seem to be just as the soldiers left them. At one point we counted two rows containing forty chimneys, some of them evidently belonging to double huts. Just below these we came into a fine level opening, almost bare of trees, and which may have been grubbed clean of stumps and roots for a parade ground. A few rods higher up the side of the hill were other ruins, extending with some degree of regularity around the face of the hill in a curve, until the row was terminated in a brook on the east side, which puts into the stream already mentioned. On the crown of the hill is another row of ruins, and Captain Tuttle informed our guide that the cleared field on the hill was once covered with similar remains. Thus far we counted one hundred and ninety-six of these, and had been over the ground, occupied by the Jersey brigade.

Frequently did Captain Tuttle relate the fact that he had seen the paths, leading from the Jersey camp to the Wicke house, marked with blood from the feet of soldiers without shoes. On the same side of the road, and near to it, is a cleared field. In this field a spring brook rises, around which the hill slopes in the form of a horse-shoe. On the north side of this was a slaughter house, and a little lower down on the same side are the remains of the huts built for the commissary department, and in the vicinity of a beautiful spring. On the opposite side of the brook we found several ruins, which, with those just mentioned, amounted to twenty-three. On the ground of the slaughter house Mr. Mucklow ploughed up an old bayonet, which the writer has now in possession.

Crossing the road directly opposite this point we came into a cleared field, which is in the southern slope of Fort Hill. Along the road-fence is a row of stones which were in the hut fire-places, and which were drawn off to clear the ground for ploughing; but higher up in the woods are several remains.

East of this lot and lower down the hill is an open field, in which we saw several rows, in regular order, containing sixty-five places, and thence following the curve of the hill in a north-east course, in regular rows, we counted one hundred more. We were informed that the remains are to be seen around the entire hill; but want of time forbade our pursuing the inquiry further.

We now ascended Fort Hill, around the sides of which we had been walking for some time. It is shaped like a sugar-loaf, and from the north-east to the south-east its sides are very steep, making the ascent not a little difficult. I was on this point in the spring before the leaves had put out, and the view from it is surpassingly beautiful. Fort Hill is one of the most commanding points in Morris county. Westward you can see the Schooley's Mountain range; and, as I fancied, the mountains along the Delaware. Southward is a fine range of highlands, in the midst of which is Basking Ridge (where the foolish traitor, General Lee, was captured), so distinct that with a glass you can tell what is doing in its streets. South-east of you Long Hill stretches far in the distance—from the top of which you may see from New York to New Brunswick, if not to the Delaware. East of you are the Short Hills, so famous as the watch-tower of freedom during the Revolutionary War, and on which, night and day, sentinels were observing the country along the Hackensack, Passaic, and Raritan, and even to New York and the Narrows. North-east you can see two twin mountains in the vicinity of Ringwood, and beyond that the blue-tinged mountains toward Newburgh. Between these prominent points are

intervening landscapes beautiful as the eye ever rested on. At the east and north-east, on the top of Fort Hill, are some remains, not like those we had previously examined. They evidently were not the ruins of breastworks; but seem to have been designed to prepare level places for the free movements of artillery; and a close inspection shows that cannon stationed at those two points on the hill top would sweep the entire face of the hill in case of an attack. This, undoubtedly, was the design.

In the immediate vicinity are the remains of quite a number of hut chimneys, probably occupied by a detachment of artillery-men. Passing down the west side of Fort Hill toward the Old House, we came into what has always been called Jockey Hollow road, at a place which tradition points out as the spot where Captain Billings was shot, when the Pennsylvania troops mutinied, on New Year's day, 1781. The aged mother of Mr. Robert K. Tuttle, of Morristown, pointed out a black-oak tree by the roadside, as near the spot where the unfortunate man was shot down and buried in the road where he was killed. Mrs. Tuttle was, at the time, living on a part of the Wicke farm, so that the tradition is undoubtedly true.

We now returned to the house in order to visit Hospital Field, as it is still called, and also the Maryland Field, so-called because the Maryland troops were there encamped during the winter of 1779-'80. These fields are about half a mile north from the house. Hospital Field is on the slope of a high hill, facing east and south-east, and at the bottom is a fine spring brook, in the vicinity of which were huts for the hospitals. Of these there are no remains, as the plough has long since obliterated them; but near by is a most interesting place, marked by a grove of locust trees, planted to protect the graves from the plough. Here are two rows of graves where were buried those who died at the hospitals that winter. A granite monument ought

to be built immediately there to commemorate those unnamed men who died while in the service of their country. The length of space occupied by the graves, as far as can now be seen, is about one hundred and seventy feet, thus making a single row of graves about three hundred and forty feet long. The graves evidently are near together, so that quite a large number must have died in the hospitals that winter. Whether there was any other burying ground used it is impossible now to determine; but it is very probable that the hill sides in the vicinity contain many graves, which will remain unknown until the morning of the resurrection.

Directly east from Hospital Field, on a hill opposite, the Maryland troops and perhaps the Virginia were "huted;" but we were assured that no remains are left, as the ground has all been ploughed, so that we did not visit it. In all we had counted three hundred and sixty chimney foundations, marking the sites of as many huts, besides many which inadvertently we omitted to count. We must have seen more than four hundred in all, and I am thus particular in describing their positions, because a few years more may entirely obliterate all traces of the camps on Kimbal Hill. If we return to the top of Fort Hill, and cast the eye over the prominent points already mentioned, we shall perceive how admirably they are adapted for the purpose of spreading alarm by means of beacon fires. The ranges of the Short and Long Hills and Plainfield mountain on the south-east and east, Schooley's mountain on the west, the mountains near Ringwood and along the New York line on the north and north-east, all are as distinct as light-houses.

Very early in the war there was a beacon station on the Short Hills, near the country residence of the late Bishop Hobart; but in the winter of 1779-'80, Washington communicated to the Governor of New Jersey a plan for establishing these beacons throughout the

State; and, in accordance with his request, on the 9th of April, 1779, General Philemon Dickerson, one of the most able military officers in the State, was instructed to carry the plan into effect. Hitherto no traces of a written plan have been found; but there can be no doubt as to some of the locations. That on the Short Hills is remembered by persons who were recently living, from whom the Rev. Samuel L. Tuttle derived the account he gives of the matter.

"On that commanding elevation," writes Mr. T. in his lecture on Battle Hill during the Revolution, "the means were kept for alarming the inhabitants of the interior in case of any threatening movement of the enemy in any direction. A cannon, an eighteen-pounder—called in those times 'the old sow'—fired every half hour, answered this object in the day-time and in very stormy and dark nights, while an immense fire or beacon light answered the end at all other times. A log house or two * * * * were erected there for the use of the sentinels, who by relieving one another at definite intervals, kept careful watch day and night, their eyes continually sweeping over the vast extent of country that lay stretched out like a map before them. The beacon light was constructed of dry wood piled around a high pole; this was filled with combustible materials and a tar barrel was placed upon the top of the pole; when the sentinels discovered any movement of the enemy of a threatening character, or such tidings were brought them by messengers, either the alarm gun was fired or the beacon fire was kindled, so that the tidings were quickly spread over the whole region. There are several persons still living—1854—in this place who remember to have heard that dismal alarm gun, and to have seen those beacon lights sending out their baleful and terrific light from that high point of observation, and who also remember to have seen the inhabitants armed with their muskets, making all possi-

ble haste to Chatham Bridge and the Short Hills."

So far as possible let us now relate the facts which show the sufferings and heroism of our soldiers on Kimbal Hill, the winter of 1779-'80. On the 9th of December, General Green wrote, "Our hutting goes on rapidly and the troops will be under cover in a few days. The officers will remain in the open fields until the boards (from Trenton) arrive, and as their sufferings are great they will be proportionately clamorous." The New England troops on the 9th of that month were in Pompton, and Dr. Thacker, in his military journal, says: "On the 14th we reached this wilderness, about three miles from Morristown, where we are to build huts for winter quarters." The severity of the winter may be inferred from Dr. Thacker's description: "The snow on the ground is about two feet deep and the weather extremely cold; the soldiers are destitute of both tents and blankets, and some of them are actually barefooted and almost naked. Our only defense against the inclemency of the weather consists of brushwood thrown together. Our lodging the last night was on the frozen ground. Those officers who have the privilege of a horse can always have a blanket at hand. Having removed the snow, we wrapped ourselves in great-coats, spread our blankets on the ground, and lay down by the side of each other, five or six together, with large fires at our feet, leaving orders with the waiters to keep it well supplied with fuel during the night. We could procure neither shelter nor forage for our horses, and the poor animals were tied to the trees in the woods for twenty-four hours, without food, except the bark which they peeled from the trees. The whole army in this department are to be engaged in building log huts for winter quarters. The ground is marked and the soldiers have commenced cutting down the timber of oak and walnut, of which we have great abundance. Our baggage has, at length, arrived.

The men find it very difficult to pitch their tents on the frozen ground, and notwithstanding large fires, we can scarcely keep from freezing. In addition to other sufferings, the whole army has been seven or eight days entirely destitute of the staff of life; our only food is miserable fresh beef, without bread, salt, or vegetables." The general fact that that winter was one of terrible severity, is well known; but we may obtain more vivid ideas of this fact by a few details. In the New Jersey Gazette of February 9, 1780, published at Trenton, the editors say: "The weather has been so extremely cold for near two months past, that sleighs and other carriages now pass from this place to Philadelphia on the Delaware, a circumstance not remembered by the oldest person among us." As early as December 18, 1779, an officer, who visited the source of the smaller encampments along the hills in this vicinity, writes: "I found the weather excessively cold." On the 14th of January, Lord Sterling led a detachment against the enemy on Staten Island, and on the morning of the 15th crossed on the ice from Elizabethtown Point. The Hudson was so bridged with ice as to permit foot passengers to cross from New York to Hoboken and Paulus Hook.

But the unparalleled depth of snow added to the intense sufferings of the soldiers. On the 14th of December, as Thacker says, "the snow was two feet deep." On the 28th of December, an officer says in the New Jersey Gazette, "while I am writing the storm is raging without." But the great storm of the winter began the 3d of January, when the greater part of the army were not protected by the huts, which were not ready for occupation. Dr. Thacker thus describes this storm: "On the 3d of January, 1780, we experienced one of the most tremendous snow storms ever remembered; no man could endure its violence many minutes without danger of his life. Several marquees were torn asunder and blown down over the officers' heads in the

night, and some of the soldiers were actually covered while in their tents, and buried like sheep under the snow. My comrades and myself were roused from sleep by the calls of some officers for assistance; their marquee had blown down and they were almost smothered in the storm before they could reach our marquee, only a few yards, and their blankets and baggage were nearly buried in the snow. We (the officers) are greatly favored in having a supply of straw for bedding; over this we spread all our blankets, and with our clothes and large fires at our feet, while four or five are crowded together, preserve ourselves from freezing. But the sufferings of the poor soldiers can scarcely be described; while on duty they are unavoidably exposed to all the inclemency of the storm and severe cold; at night they now have a bed of straw on the ground and a single blanket to each man; they are badly clad, and some are destitute of shoes. We have contrived a kind of stone chimney outside, and an opening at one end of our tents gives us the benefit of the fire within. The snow is now from four to six feet deep, which so obstructs the roads as to prevent our receiving a supply of provisions. For the last ten days we received but two pounds of meat a man, and we are frequently for six or eight days entirely destitute of meat and then as long without bread. The consequence is, the soldiers are so enfeebled from hunger and cold as to be almost unable to perform military duty, or labor in constructing their huts. It is well known that General Wash-ton experiences the greatest solicitude for the sufferings of his army, and is sensible that they in general conduct themselves with heroic patience and fortitude."

This storm continued for several days, accompanied with violent winds which drifted the snow so that the roads were impassable. So deep was the snow that in many places it covered the tops of the fences, and teams could be driven over them. Under

date of January 22, 1780, an officer on Kimbal Hill wrote the following lively description of the condition of the army in consequence of this storm: "We had a fast lately in camp, by general *constraint* of the whole army, in which we fasted more sincerely and truly for *three days* than we ever did from all the resolutions of Congress put together." This was occasioned by the severity of the weather, and drifting of the snow whereby the roads were rendered impassable, and all supplies of provisions cut off, until the officers were obliged to release the soldiers from command, and permit them to go in great numbers together and get provisions where they could find them. The inhabitants of this part of the country discovered a noble spirit in feeding the soldiers, and to the honor of the soldiery, they received what they got with thankfulness, and did little or no damage.

The manuscript letters of Joseph Lewis, quartermaster at Morristown, prove this description to be truthful. On the 8th of January he wrote: "We are now as distressed as the want of provisions and cash can make us. The soldiers have been reduced to the necessity of robbing the inhabitants to save their own lives." On the next day he wrote: "We are still in distress for want of provisions. Our magistrates, as well as small detachments from the army, are busy collecting to relieve our distresses, and I am told that the troops already experience the good effects of their industry. We are wishing for more plentiful supplies;" and, in real distress, he writes under the same date, "the sixty million dollars lately collected by tax must be put into the hands of the superintendent for the new purchases. You will therefore have but little chance of getting cash until more is *made*. If none comes sooner than by striking new emissions, I must run away from Morris and live with you at Trenton, or some other place more remote from this to secure me from the already enraged multitude." On

the 8th of January, General Washington wrote from the Ford mansion, the comforts of which must have made the sufferings of his soldiers seem the more awful, "the present state of the army, with respect to provisions, is the most distressing of any we have experienced since the beginning of the war. For a fortnight past, the troops, both officers and men, have been almost perishing for want. They have been alternately without bread or meat the whole time, with a very scanty allowance of either, and frequently destitute of both. They have borne their sufferings with a patience that merits the approbation and ought to excite the sympathy of their countrymen. But they are now reduced to an extremity no longer to be supported."

This letter, which was addressed to the magistrates of New Jersey, is one of the noblest productions of his pen, and right nobly did those thus feelingly addressed respond to the appeal. And in this none were superior to the people of Morris county, on whom of necessity fell the burden of affording immediate relief, and whose efforts did not cease when this was effected.

On the 20th of January, Washington wrote to Dr. John Witherspoon, "that all the counties of this State that I have heard from have attended to my requisition for provisions with the most cheerful and commendable zeal;" and to Elbridge Gerry, in Congress, he wrote: "The exertions of the magistrates and inhabitants of this state were great and cheerful for our relief." In his Military Journal Dr. Thacker speaks with enthusiasm of "the ample supply of food furnished by the magistrates and people of New Jersey;" and Isaac Collins, editor of the New Jersey Gazette, on the 19th of January says: "With pleasure we inform our readers, that our army, which the unexpected inclemency of the season and the roads becoming almost impassable, had suffered a few days for want of provisions, are, from the spirited exertions now making, likely to be supplied."

It was during this season of distress that Hannah Carey, wife of Captain David Thompson of Mendham, one day fed troop after troop of hungry soldiers; and as they told her they had no means of paying her, she said to them, "eat what you want, you are engaged in a good cause, and we are willing to share with you what we have as long as it lasts;" and Hannah Carey Thompson was only one of a great number of women like-minded with herself. It is true she gave an impudent tory such a reception of scalding water, on a certain occasion, as made him roar with pain and in future abstain from such acts; but then her heart was large toward the suffering defenders of her country. In Whippany, the potato-bin, the meal-bag, and the granary of Ural and Anna Kitchel always had some comfort for the patriotic soldiers, and the ample farm of old General Winds, of Rockaway, had not borne harvests too good for him to bestow on his brethren in arms. Often the soldiers, goaded by hunger, would go several miles to beg or steal a little food, and in some excursion it happened that Elizabeth Pierson, second wife of Parson Greene, of Hanover, particularly lamented the loss of a fat turkey that had been reserved for a Christmas dinner; but her husband, although his son Ashbel never remembered to have seen him smile, perpetrated quite a scriptural joke, when he rather excused what the soldiers had done, by quoting these words from Proverbs: "Men do not despise a thief, if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry." Provisions came with a right hearty good will from the farmers in Mendham, Chatham, Hanover, Morris, and Pequannock, and not only provisions but stockings, and shoes, coats, and blankets. Over on Smith's Hammock, as it was called, beyond Hanover Neck, Ralph Smith's mother assembled the patriot women to sew and knit for the soldiers. In Whippany, Anna Kitchel and her neighbors are at the same good work, and in Morristown "Mrs. Parson Johnes" and "Mrs. Counsellor

Condit," with all the noble women in the town, made the sewing and knitting-needles fly on their mission of mercy. The memory of the Morris county women at that day is yet as delightful as the "smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed;" and

this tribute to their worth is not woven up of fictions but of facts, gathered from living lips, and therefore never may those heroic women perish from the memory of their admiring and grateful descendants.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A VILLAGE DOCTOR.

THE CONTRAST.

No. III.

THE time to visit Harry once more had arrived. As I could get no nearer to his cabin, on horseback or by buggy, than the house of Mr. Whitehurst, I rode directly to that point. Mrs. Bourne, the lady who evinced so much interest in the conversation between Harry and myself, was still there. While I was fastening my horse, she came to the door, prepared as for a walk, and expressed a desire to accompany me to the house of the patient. I was pleased with the request, pleased to have in my walk the company of one so intelligent and amiable as she, and pleased because I believed that the interest which had been excited in her mind was continued, and I hoped that that which caused her interest would be the subject of conversation during our walk.

Let me introduce this lady to the reader; and when I draw her picture I paint no fancy sketch. A blonde—the fairest of the blondes—her petite figure and perfect features, both as small as we imagine those of a fairy to be, and proportioned as perfectly as human face and figure ever are—the expression of her countenance as amiable and sweet as if it had never been ruffled by a frown, yet mingled with that pensive sadness so peculiar to those whose very being seems dependent upon the sympathy and kind-

ness of those they love; but who, associated with ruder natures than themselves, have their sensibilities shocked by companions incapable of appreciating the feelings and sentiments of those more delicately constituted than themselves.

When she married, her affections were given unreservedly to the man of her choice; and, seemingly, he was worthy of that love. Of imposing presence, courteous, intellectual, a man of the world—"fascinating," to quote the expression descriptive of him used by a female friend, there were few who could resist his charms; but, polished and attractive as he was, his nature was both a coarse and a selfish one. Truly, he was of the earth earthy, totally incompetent to harmonize with his wife's refined and higher aspirations.

When he first formed her acquaintance, she appeared to him to be the rarest and choicest toy he had ever seen, and he formed at once the purpose to possess the prize. He succeeded; but, soon satiated with its enjoyment, indifference succeeded to warmth and ardent love. He would have thrown her aside for one more coveted than she, could he have done so without disgrace and inconvenience to himself. It was her consciousness of this which impressed that sadly

pensive look upon her face—that expression which, imprinted once, ever after remains upon the countenance. That which made the imprint may be taken away, but its effect will still be there; the wound may be healed, but that will not erase the scar. Yet in no other way than by this evidence, unconscious to herself, was it known that her life was other than a happy one. She never told her feelings, and would “have died and made no sign.”

The fruit of the marriage was two children; the first a daughter, the facsimile of herself; the other an infant son—one “stricken from its birth”—a little diseased thing, who had never enjoyed an hour of health in its brief span of life.

The first part of our walk was performed in silence. I purposely waited for her to begin the conversation, and she seemed desirous that it should be commenced by me. At length she said:

“Doctor, our poor friend Harry is a happy man. I was deeply interested in the conversation between you and himself when you were there. His health seems much better now than it did at that time; indeed, we have hopes of his entire recovery. I have closely watched him since, to see whether the hope of life would arouse in him again an interest in worldly things, but his actions and expressions are the same as when you dashed all our hopes by telling us that his days were numbered.”

“Harry has reached that point in the Christian life,” said I, “when the expectation of death or the hope of life makes but little change in his feelings or actions. He is prepared to live, and he is ready to die.”

“When he believed that death was near,” said she, “there was no exhibition of that triumphant rapture which I looked to see, and of which I have read so much. He was calm; as much so as we usually are when, absent on a visit, we are bidding adieu to friends, with the purpose of at once returning to our home again.”

“That is it, precisely. Rapture, ecstasy, is no part of the legacy which the Saviour left his people. ‘Peace,’ said he, ‘I leave with you; my *peace* I give unto you’—‘I will give you rest.’ Peace, rest, these are what the Master gives to those who serve him.”

Her lip quivered, but with a strong effort she suppressed an exhibition of the emotion which filled her heart.

“Peace, rest,” she said, dwelling upon each word with a prolonged and peculiar emphasis; “oh, what blessings! But who enjoys them here!”

“You have seen one person, destitute of nearly every comfort of an earthly kind, who does so in an eminent degree. I have stood by the death-bed of many a Christian man and woman, and have seen convincing proofs of this most blessed enjoyment. Not long ago I gazed upon the corpse of a precious friend of mine, an office-bearer in our village church. While living, I loved him better than any man I ever knew, except my own old father. A smile—I never saw one so sweet before—rested upon his clay cold face. It seemed as though in the moment of losing sight of his home below—and that was a pleasant one, indeed—he had caught a glimpse of the one above, and that this view had given the sweet expression to his reverend face. Mrs. Bourne, you knew that old man, too. Is not *peace* the word most descriptive of his life on earth? and do you not believe that he has entered into *rest*?”

She could not answer me. I saw the emotions which agitated her breast, as their expression swept across her speaking face. At length she said, as if unconsciously uttering her thoughts aloud:

“Oh, weary, weary world—no hope, no peace, no rest!”

“Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

She knew that I was not speaking in my own name, and she quickly said:

“Oh, doctor, I have read these words a thousand times; and to those for whom they are intended they must

be, beyond expression, sweet; but there is another passage which drives me almost to despair: 'No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him.'"

"My dear friend, let that which has so long kept you away be but another cord to draw you to your heavenly Friend. All the sentiments of your mind and emotions of your heart are strong but tender bonds, by which the Father is drawing you to his blessed Son."

"Oh, I would that I knew how to come to him. My soul yearns for his love. Sometimes, when reading his word, a light from somewhere, I can not tell whence—I hope it is from heaven—illumines my mind, and shows me a world of meaning in what I am reading; and then I think that I see some of that beauty and sweetness in it, of which Harry so often speaks. But this is soon gone again, and my soul is as dark as it was before."

The admirable method taken by Dr. Payson to comfort a sorrowing friend, under similar circumstances, occurred to me, and I now made use of it for a like purpose.

"Mrs. Bourne," said I, "your poor sick infant seldom sees your face, for his eyes are so diseased that they can not often be opened; but sometimes he looks upon you, and then how happy he seems! Do you think that he loves you, or that you love him?"

It was enough. The rock was smitten, and the waters were flowing; and soon they became within her own breast a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.

We had now come within sight of Harry's cabin. Every symptom of depression had left the countenance of Mrs. Bourne. I watched the play of her expressive features. She gazed around as if her eye, for the first time, had taken in the loveliness of the landscape. There was a sympathy between the beauty without and the peacefulness within. My soul became in harmony with hers, and I almost involuntarily exclaimed:

"If so much loveliness is sent
To grace our earthly home,
How beautiful—how beautiful
Must be the world to come!"

A radiant face and moistened eye was her only commentary upon my quotation.

My patient's wife had by this time discovered us, and came out to bid us welcome, with her face wreathed with smiles, so as none other than the face of the genuine African is ever covered.

"Oh, doctor," said she, "you are not a good prophet. You told us that my Harry was going to die, and now he is nearly well again!"

"Well, my good Ann, if my friend Harry's life can be prolonged, or his health be established once more, by the loss of my prophetic character, the sooner it goes the better. But let us not be elated too soon."

My caution sobered her at once, and we entered the house. An examination confirmed my suspicion that Harry's amendment was but a temporary one. His disease was dropsy of the chest, dependent upon an organic disease of the heart, and was incurable. My prescription had had the effect of removing the deposit of water, and he would be comfortable until another deposition should take place, and then his symptoms would be as formidable as before. An alternation of deposit and removal would thus continue until the inevitable result, death, would occur. I explained these facts to the patient.

"Then, doctor," said he, "this is but one of those periods of comfort which you promised me; and I may look with certainty for death as the final result of my ailment."

"Yes. I speak that word with great reluctance, but truth demands the expression of that one, and of no other. Your disease is beyond the reach of remedies. But that distressing suffering of yours—that awful sense of impending suffocation—the effect of your impeded respiration, can be relieved. I can do that much, but nothing more."

"Again, doctor, I thank you for your candor. And now, as my time is short, whatever my hands find to do, I must do it with my might."

"My good friend, your time for *doing*, I think, has ceased; and your whole duty will be best discharged by obedience to this injunction of the Psalmist: '*Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.*'"

Mrs. Bourne now approached, to pay her respects to the patient. As soon as he saw her, his experienced eye detected the change that had taken place in her feelings. Indeed, that there was a difference was plain to every observer. Her pleasant features were radiant with that peace which passeth understanding. She was the first to speak:

"Harry," said she, "I can now say, as you have so often said yourself, *The Lord is my shepherd.*"

In answer, from force of habit, he involuntarily used the Southern address:

"Yes, sweet mistress, I knew you had at last come into the fold the moment I saw you. You are now one of the lambs of the flock, and the Shepherd will permit you to go out and in and find pasture."

"Yes, truly, if I am of the flock at all, I am but a lamb, and need the care of the Shepherd, lest I stray again."

"And you will have it; for he gathers the lambs in his arms, and he gently leads all the tender ones. '*As your day is, so shall your strength be.*'"

While this conversation was going on, I was preparing my prescription for Harry. I needed something which I asked Ann to procure for me, but which the cabin did not afford. Mrs. Bourne, who overheard my request, said that she would send me a supply if Ann would accompany her to Mr. Whitehurst's residence. This arrangement was made, and they left together.

"Harry," said I, "while I am waiting the return of your wife, will you give me a short narrative of your former life?"

"I have not much to give, doctor. My life has been a very humble one.

But as you desire to know something about me, I will briefly narrate such incidents in my history as I can recollect.

"I was born in Virginia. My mother was a colored woman of unmixed blood, and a slave. Her master was of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of that aristocratic state. He long represented his district in Congress, and had filled other prominent offices, both by election and appointment.

"You know something of the looseness of the marriage tie among the blacks of the South. They are taught to consider the relation of husband and wife to be one of mere convenience, to be dissolved whenever the cupidity or the caprice of the owner demands a separation; and to be formed with other parties when they pass under the authority of other owners. These things are not only sanctioned and defended by men of the world, but by professed Christians, and Christian ministers, too.

"My mother's views of the sacredness of the marriage relation were as she was taught by her white owners. She bore somewhat the same relationship to her master that Hagar did to Abraham; and I was the fruit of that relationship.

"I believe that my mother was a Christian woman; but how she could be such and bear the relation to my father that she did—for he had a wife and family beside—it was hard for me to understand. As, however, I became better acquainted with my Bible, I saw that some things, which in an enlightened condition of human society could not be tolerated, '*God winked at*' in one of error and ignorance. The more I studied the character of the poor Egyptian woman, Hagar, the more strongly I was convinced that she was a good woman. I believed that this would be written of none other than of a true believer in God: '*And she called the name of the Lord that spake to her, Thou, God, seest me; for she said, Have I also looked after Him that seeth me.*' I think that if Hagar, who, probably, had been better in-

structed than my mother, could be a child of God, and yet sustain a relation which, under other circumstances, would be an intolerable sin, so, too, could she. And this thought comforts me even at this late period of my life.

"I was regarded as a bright boy. My father designed to have me educated, and I was taught so well—although this was a violation of the laws of slavery—that when I was five years of age I could read, and commenced to write at six. My mistress probably knew of my relationship to her husband; but in consequence of the prevalence of this crime in the Slave States, his wickedness was looked upon as a mere peccadillo, and was passed over as a matter of minor importance. But as I grew older, and became a kind of favorite of my father, in consequence of my sprightliness and talent, the jealousy of my mistress for her own children was excited; and, as Hagar was made to leave the family of Abraham, and for a similar reason, the displeasure of his principal wife, so my mother was made to leave the family of my father. Not, however, like the ancient bondwoman and her son, sent out free, with bread and with water; but mother and son were sold for gain into the hand of the stranger, and sent from our homes never again to be inquired after by him who should have been to us both provider and protector.

"It was so ordered by our Father in Heaven that our new owner was a good man. His name was Russell, a Kentucky gentleman, then on a visit to some relatives in Virginia. He was a conscientious, pious man—a slaveholder, it is true—but one whose aim was to command his household in the way of the Lord. His servants were well treated, neither overworked nor underfed, but kindly cared for in that position of life in which his education taught him to believe Providence designed they should occupy.

"My mother was made his housekeeper. This kept me much about the house, and I soon attracted the

attention of Mr. Russell. I was made his office boy; and he encouraged me to spend my leisure time in reading and other studies. I was instructed in arithmetic, and, as I wrote a good hand, I finally rose to be his clerk. I was not then a Christian; but my mother had taught me to abhor dishonesty, and I discharged my duties with strict integrity. I was trusted more and more, until Mr. Russell sent me with a venture to the city of Cincinnati. Proudly I accepted the commission, and so discharged my trust that I received the unqualified approbation of my master. My reputation was now established and I was implicitly trusted. Annually, for ten years from 1825, I went to Cincinnati for Mr. Russell, and always transacted his business to his entire satisfaction.

"During one of these visits to the city, while passing, one evening, near the corner of Fourth and Main streets, my attention was attracted by the sound of beautiful and spirited singing in the old two-steeped Presbyterian church, then under the pastoral care of Joshua L. Wilson. I had heard that a 'revival' was going on there, and that two Tennessee preachers were assisting the pastor to conduct the meetings. I went in, and took my seat in that part of the gallery appropriated to the use of colored people.

"The church, above and below, was crowded to its utmost capacity. The great congregation, as with one voice, and as distinctly as though there was but one voice, was singing these words:

"Through troubles and through trials too,
I'll go at His command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land."

"The sermon was over, and mourners were about to be invited to the 'anxious seats.' The church contained two broad aisles, crossing each other at right angles. The transverse aisle was filled with benches crowded with eager listeners. A large man, rather awkward and clumsy in appearance, arose immediately upon the cessation of the singing and requested that those

seats should be cleared of all except those who desired an interest in the prayers of the Church. His request was complied with; and as soon as the little commotion caused by the movement had subsided, the silence of the grave seemed to fall over the whole audience, and every eye was turned upon the ungainly man who had made the request to clear the seats, and who now stood upon one of them, the prominent object in the church. I asked who he was, and was told that it was the Rev. James Gallaher, who with his friend, Rev. Frederick Ross, both of Tennessee, were assisting Dr. Wilson to conduct the revival with which his Church was then blessed. I was disappointed, for I was prejudiced against these men by certain slanderous statements I had heard respecting them.

"Mr. Gallaher commenced to speak, and never was there a more sudden and complete revolution made in the feelings of a human being than was in mine. I was fascinated, chained to the spot, my prejudices were gone; and if my life had depended upon my withdrawing from the house, I could not have done so.

"His address was principally directed to those who were anxious concerning the salvation of their souls, exhorting them to make that anxiety known by coming forward to the anxious seats. He seemed to sway the feelings of that vast audience as I have often seen a field of wheat swayed by a summer breeze. I know he had complete command of mine. He ceased to speak, and immediately commenced singing the hymn commencing with the verse:

"Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come with your guilt and fears confest,
And make this last resolve:"

in which he was joined by almost the whole audience. A weeping girl in the rear of the church arose and forced her way through the crowd in the broad aisle, and took her seat upon one of the benches made vacant for the anxious. She was soon joined by

another from the opposite part of the church; then an old man with reverend head and tottering step, from the center of the church, came forward and seated himself beside the girls. Soon they came in couples, and then they pushed forward in crowds.

"I never felt before as I did then; and when Mr. Gallaher arose and said, 'Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision,' I felt, indeed, that I was there, and that the time had come for me to decide for bliss or for woe. I arose to my feet, scarcely knowing what I did, and went down the stairs, and entered the front door and reached the anxious seats, just as they were singing the following lines, which I had never heard before, but which then were burned into my memory:

"I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
I must forever die."

"This verse was repeated three several times; and then an awful silence again fell over the congregation, broken only by the sobs of the anxious.

"I know not what induced him to do so, unless it was that he noticed some wild persons laughing because a negro was with the mourners, but Dr. Wilson approached the spot where I was sitting, and, laying his hand upon my head, said, with a dignity of manner I have never seen equaled, 'God is no respecter of persons.' This was to the audience. Then, to myself, with a most winning sweetness, 'Welcome to Jesus Christ, my brother.'

"I felt in that moment that the Master was bidding me welcome to himself, through the words of his venerable servant; and I knew that although I was born the slave of man, I had become the freedman of the Lord."

At this point of Harry's narrative Ann returned to the cabin. I told Harry that my business forbade that I should remain with him any longer, and that I would ask for the remainder of his history at a subsequent visit. I then bade him adieu.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNDER THE YOKE.

BY MRS. JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

AUTHOR OF "ALMOST A PRIEST," "PRIEST AND Nun," ETC.

CHAPTER THIRD.

FOES IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

AFTER the ignominious departure of Father Leroy's METHODIST, Brian got one recommended by the governess, Miss Vail. It was a singular fact that a genuine Methodist was not nearly so popular in Brian's household as a bogus one. The new girl was subject to numberless petty persecutions. Her mistress, for the most part, loftily ignored her, gave her no commendations, but found fault freely, directing her remarks at rather than to her. The servants, one and all, snubbed and derided the new comer; and, though Miss Vail's sympathy, high wages, and a pretty nursing, retained her for some months, she finally declared her annoyances "more than flesh and blood could bear," and so gave warning.

After numerous trials Brian found it was impossible to keep Protestant servants in his house, the opposition to them, from the mistress down to the scullion, was so persistent that they would not stay. His main reliance was now on Miss Vail, whose unvarying kindness and patience had in a measure won the hearts of the children, in spite of the open instructions of the priest and the covert insinuations of their mother.

Knowing that his wife had been a party to the deception practiced by little Allan's nurse, and witnessing her unvarying opposition to the governess whom he had chosen, Brian began to feel that his Clare was in league with his enemy to subvert his plans, and destroy his influence in his own household. In vain the husband

besought his wife to be united with him in word and act, and to permit no intruder into their domestic councils.

"I can not unite in your views, for they are wrong and heretical," said Clare.

"At least judge me yourself, and do not lay all our most private affairs before your priest, and be guided by his verdict."

"That is only fair, when on your part you take that Mr. Rowe into all your confidence."

"You are mistaken, Clare; I may consult him about business, but family difficulties I keep to myself. I permit no third parties to intrude there."

"I'd try and please you where I could, Brian; but in the religious life of myself and my children I must be guided by those that know."

"Why don't you direct your course by the Bible? I am willing to refer to that as a Divine guide, and I know we shall not find opposition, domestic contention, and priestly interference there inculcated."

"The Bible is not for the laity. I know nothing about the Bible. I do know what my Church demands, and I shall try and do it."

But though Clare thought fit to be thus outwardly defiant, she was frequently very unhappy, and poured forth her complaints to Father Leroy:

"Brian and I are getting so divided—our married happiness is gone."

"You must try and bring your husband over to our views—you must argue with him."

"I can't argue," snapped Clare. "How often have you told me the duty of the Catholic Christian was not to argue, but to obey?"

"It is true," said the priest, "that this part belongs to the clergy, but unfortunately your husband will not hold intercourse with any of us. You must endeavor to convince him, though argument is outside of your sphere—I will put words into your mouth. What is better than all, you must try and persuade—allure, by means of the added domestic happiness that would be possible if you were both children of the Church."

Clare took the first occasion to follow these directions. "Your opposition, Brian, is not to me, or to my Church, or priest, but to religion. You think it unmanly to be religious. Now if you would drop that idea and be devout, you would be happier. If you can not do that on your own account, why not let the rest of us pursue our way in peace without all the time trying to interfere? and then, Brian, having never experienced it, you can not know what rest and comfort are to be found in leaving all to your spiritual directors, and trusting every thing to them."

"I want no *man* for my director; nor can I trust myself to the guidance of any human being. When people talk of being guided by God's Spirit, seeking counsel from Heaven, and trusting to Christ, then there seems to me something high enough and strong enough for resting and trusting, and I feel desirous of knowing more of it; but this talk of priests is so different. You say I will be spiritually *safe* if I am baptized, receive absolution, and the sacrament; you admit at the same time that these rites are only efficacious when they are accompanied by the *intention* of the priest.* If the intention does not accompany the baptism it is null and void; the same of other rites. Now how am I to be assured of the intentions of that rascally Garren? Ten to one he would have no true intentions in the matter, and I should be as much at sea as ever.

*Frs. J. Garcia; Gavin, *et al.*

I can not trust to any such nonsense, my dear Clare."

"I will not hear you call my priest a rascal and my religion nonsense," said Clare, rising in anger.

Day by day was breaking some of the love ties between this husband and wife, and driving those far asunder who should have been forever near together.

When little Allan was just entering into the mysteries of his primer, Miss Vail gave Brian notice that she should seek another situation. This young lady had never been treated with even ordinary courtesy by Mrs. Waring. The coolest of nods on meeting, was the only notice ever bestowed upon her; set apart from the family, the children carefully enticed away from her as soon as daily lessons were over, Miss Vail had still endured and persevered, hoping that she might make friends, and be allowed to do a good work. When Father Garren had told Clare that she must take some decided stand, and Clare had said to her, "Miss Vail, as long as my husband insists on retaining you as our governess, it is in your power to stay. As far as I am concerned I should take it as a favor, if you gave up this situation and found another;" then Miss Vail could not stay longer, and said as much to Brian. She did not tell him what his wife had said to her, she simply notified him of her early departure.

"She is a most excellent governess," said Brian to Clare, "and if you had given her a little more kindness and sympathy, I daresay she would have remained with us."

Clare replied: "She was none of my choosing."

"I should think her goodness and loveliness would have insured your friendship to her."

Miss Vail's religion had put her beyond the pale of Mrs. Waring's humanities, and she cruelly retorted, "I don't think she cared much for my sympathy, so she had yours."

Brian looked at his wife in aston-

ishment; how the influence of the confessional was changing her from the impulsive, loving Clare of other days. The joyous, affectionate Clare of his courtship was now sharp, hard, unrelenting. Oh for freedom from the cruel yoke of Rome!

Gradually and evidently being sun-dered in heart from his wife, Brian, with wistful, trembling tenderness, looked upon his children, feeling that they, too, would be divided from his love, and secretly taught to consider him rather as a misguided tyrant, than as a loving parent.

These fears received, perhaps, their first confirmation in the words of Cora, who seated, one day, on his knee, inquired, "Pa, what makes you be a heretic?"

"Who says I am?" asked Brian.

"Father Garren," replied the child, not noticing her mother's signs for silence. "He says you are a heretic, and that I must not let you mislead me with your notions." Brian being silent with grief and indignation, Cora mused a moment and continued, "Father Leroy says I must pray for your conversion."

"When did Father Garren tell you this?" asked Brian.

"One day at confession," replied the child.

Brian put her from his knee, led her to the door, and quietly shutting her from the room returned to his wife and demanded, "Clare, do you send that child to the confessional?"

"She is eight years old,"* said Clare.

"Can you, a *mother*, send that innocent baby to be drilled and questioned by a gross, coarse man like Priest Garren? Is not the very thought revolting? Do you not feel that any intercourse with such a person is contamination? That pure and tender spirit should intrust its confidence only to a loving parent; it should be nurtured and guarded from every suggestion of

sin; and you send her to that arrogant, bloated, tyrannical priest, whom every decent person ought to loathe." There was no limit to Brian's dislike to Father Garren.

"You use too strong expressions about Mr. Garren," replied Clare. "He is not half as bad as you imagine him. He is not an attractive man; he is not a person whom one naturally trusts and likes; viewed as a man one does not admire him; but in the exercise of his priestly office, he is not to be regarded merely as a man; in the confessional he is lifted by the Church to a higher sphere, sitting in the place of God. The Church has judged him worthy to receive confessions and pronounce absolution, it is not my business to question his fitness."

"Absolution!" cried Brian, "receive absolution from a man whose soul is doubtless burdened with nine times as many sins as his penitent has committed!"

"The sins of the priest do not interfere with his absolution; in the name of God he can forgive others, when he is not forgiven himself,"* said Clare.

"And would *you* confess to Father Garren?" asked Brian.

"Yes; if I must," replied Clare, rather reluctantly. "Father Leroy is getting old and feeble, and is frequently unable to attend in the confessional."

"I have never interfered with the manner of your education of our daughters, doubtless through mistaken courtesy; but now I must, and do forbid any confessing to Father Garren. If Mr. Leroy can not be confessor, some other priest, who I *hope* is a decent man, must be found, not one who I am sure is a bad man. I speak once for all, Clare. I had rather send my children from home to a place where they will be safe from priests, than put their souls in jeop-

* "From the age of seven children shall attend confession four times per year."

* Council of Trent, Fourteenth Session, Chapter VI. Those are officially cursed who deny this doctrine. Fourteenth Session, Ninth and Tenth Canons.

ardy from that man's influence. You must be aware that the law gives me control of my children, if your Church does not."

"I'm sure I'm sorry I married a heretic," blazed Clare, in the haste of passion.

"And I wish to Heaven I'd never married a Catholic!" cried Brian, angry as his wife.

Now this was a shocking state of affairs, and it is but justice to this unhappy pair, to say that they repented of these words as soon as they were spoken; there was love between them yet, though it had been sorely bruised and weakened by a meddlesome Church and interfering priests—yes, Brian and Clare repented and apologized.

If all the confessions of this family had been made in humility and love, "one to another," their lives had been both better and happier.

Though Brian had made proclamation that visits from priests were forbidden, he could not but be aware that Father Leroy came and went at his own pleasure. The priest timed his visits when Brian would be absent about his business, and the master of the family knew no better way than to pretend ignorance of what he could not prevent.

It happened one day that Brian met Father Leroy in the hall. The priest was on his way to the door, and Mr. Waring intended to pass him with a haughty nod, but, with the utmost amiability, the priest touched his arm, saying, "My son, your estrangement deeply distresses me, and I have your welfare much at heart. Why do you pass me by? How have I offended you?"

"Your Church," retorted Brian, "is the cause of all the troubles of my life. It interrupts the harmony of my household, frustrates my plans, divides me from the confidence of my wife, and estranges me from my children. Your brother priest, Mr. Garren, is my enemy; has deceived and insulted me, and takes every means in his power to injure me."

"Perhaps Mr. Garren has a zeal without knowledge; it is the fault of his head rather than of his heart. He is far from being the foe you suppose. I fear you are opposing yourself to the highest interests of your family. Let me beg you, my dear son, to accord to them the liberty of obeying their consciences, being sure that they will then yield you all due love and respect."

"To obey the dictates of conscience means to obey the man who assumes the place of conscience-keeper to them. Let me tell you, Mr. Leroy, that the ministers of no other Church would interfere between me and my family as priests have done."

"All other ministers would not be servants of the only true Church, outside of which salvation is *absolutely impossible*,* and therefore they lack zeal and wisdom," replied Father Leroy.

"Other ministers," returned Brian, with heat, "have learned from their Bibles that those are 'false teachers' who 'creep into houses and lead captive silly women,' and who make discord between husbands and wives, who should be one in love and purpose. I must request again, sir, that your visits be discontinued."

"My son," said Father Leroy, "I shall ever, by labor and prayer, strive to promote your happiness."

In pursuance of this gracious promise, Father Leroy, in a few days, called again, and solemnly charged Clare to "use every endeavor to counteract the pernicious influence of her husband over his children. Not to scruple to set his heresies before them in their true light, and to show them that their first obedience was due to the ministers of their Church."†

Our sympathies have naturally turned to Brian, but was not this poor Clare a woman to be deeply pitied? She loved her husband and her chil-

* Summary of Pope Pius IV.

† *Catholic World*, April, 1870, *Brownson's Quarterly*, et al.

dren; she was of a nature, that left free to its own bright course, would have made home loving and happy. She was forced to believe that her husband was her enemy, her children's enemy; tenderness toward him was tenderness toward heresy—opposition to him was a heroism, a virtue sure of its reward. While her soul longed wearily for peace, she was forced to war; while nature turned her to her husband as her friend and counsellor, her Church forbade her the sympathies of an obstinate heretic, and sent her to a priest with her fears and her troubles, her loneliness and her cravings for kindness. One great hope supported her in this dark and thorny way; the salvation of her children would be secured, and her husband, by virtue of her long defiance, would be driven at last into the true Church, when she might love and trust him as she pleased.

This conflict was wearing Clare out; it was making her gloomy and petulant, her beauty was fading, her health declining, she grew weary of her life, and often vaguely wished life were ended, while yet she dreaded to die.

As for the unhappy Brian, jealousy consumed his heart; his children's affection was weaned from him; the boy he idolized would be perverted and dragged away from the shining path his father had marked out for him; Clare whom he had loved so devotedly, had withdrawn her heart from him, had given her deepest confidence to his enemies, had put her very love for him into the hands of his foe!

The dissensions to which popish interference gave rise in the household of the Warings, were not unknown to their relatives. Violetta and Alice, the whilom bridesmaids, now married, took sides with the priests, and declared that Brian was cruel, wicked, and shameful; and, if they were Clare, they would not yield to him, oh no, not for one moment. Madame Bently onewhile shrugged her shoulders over the whole affair; again, was a partisan of her niece and, said she did very

right; and presently, terrified at the idea of a family scandal, besought Clare to pay no heed to the venerable mischief-makers in orders, but to effect a complete reconciliation with her husband, lest matters should go from bad to worse, and the public should begin to gossip; why it might even get into the newspapers!

Mr. Bently had never been afflicted by any internecine wars, originated by priests; his whole soul now and ever had been given to stocks, per cents., and mortgages; in these lay his love and honor, and with these the holy fathers did not meddle, save to claim a share of the profits. Young Ben Bently was, however, in a different case; he had married a very pretty girl, and was furiously jealous of a gaunt, fierce-eyed priest, who haunted his house to such an extent that he had become, in absolute truth, the family skeleton.

"Oh," said Ben to Brian, "it is a confounded shame about these priests; heretic fellows have a deal better time of it: there's no holy father, no better than he should be, hanging round their wives, having the run of the house from the garret to the cellar, and laying down laws to all of the family, from the wife to the little blackey that runs the cook's errands. I wish there was a law requiring the priests to marry, rather than forbidding it."

"So do I," said Brian; "for that would cut at the roots of some of the vilest errors of the popish system. Their own authors admit that the celibacy of the clergy is the bulwark of the confessional, and that, if priests married, the tribunal of penance would be abolished."*

"Yes," cried Ben, scowling blackly, "there's the rub! Confession—that is the cruellest part of it. The very time when I feel most urged to give my whole confidence to my wife, to treat her, in very truth, as my other self,

*Abbe Martinet, *Religion in Soc.*, p. 210. Also see *Genie du Chretien*, liv., first chapter, 8th.

comes to me the horrible knowledge that the words love utters to her are, in very deed, being whispered into the ear of the priest. I shouldn't be at all surprised if, some day, I committed the sacrilege of kicking that priest out of doors. My home would be paradise, and my wife fair as Eve unfallen, if I hadn't him to contend with. Truth is," concluded Ben, ruefully, "it seems to me that old story of the garden is a parable of a home, with a jolly young couple in it, and the old serpent tricked off in gown and book, that slips in and gets the wife's ear. If you were to step into *my* house, any time of day, I reckon, you'd find him there prating."

Brian felt like advising Ben to go over to Protestantism, and take his young wife with him; but he recalled the long and hopeless strife in his own home, and was silent.

For some years Cora and Bella Waring had been day-pupils at the school of the Sisters of St. Sacrament, but now the time of their first communion approached, and, that nothing might be lacking to their thorough instruction, their mother, at the command of Father Garren, had them remain two months at the convent, to be prepared by the nuns for the great occasion. He who instituted upon earth the family type of His eternal Church, ordained the Christian parent as the first and best religious instructor of the child; but Rome, subverting every divine law, and thwarting every heaven-implanted impulse of our nature, boldly denies the God-given right of the parent, and intrudes a stranger as the guide and first friend of son or daughter.

The two girls gone, great loneliness settled over this family. Clare was worn and feeble, and had lost her relish for society and amusement. Brian was wrapped in a stern regret. Young Allan having spent the hours required with the tutor whom his father had engaged to come daily to instruct him, found his mother melancholy, his father, when not absorbed in business, despairing; his sisters were gone, the moral atmosphere of his home was

chilling—on every side was antagonism or contradiction. Did his father give him a book, he suddenly lost it; what the priest gave him his father loftily condemned. The child's vexed spirit found a welcome rest in the honest, genial soul of Allan Rowe, who, for his little namesake, became a child again; but companionship so dear was forbidden by priest and mother.

And now young Allan was taken to a new resort. There was a brotherhood school not far from his home, and here, under order of secrecy, he was frequently taken by Priest Garren. *Here* the lonesome boy found friends, flatterers, playmates, games, amusing books—a thousand things to charm the eye and beguile the heart. Here, then, he was happy; here deceit was inculcated in the fair guise of virtue; here, by example, by precept, by self-interest, he became obedient to the priest; here the priests and brothers blessed him in mellow tones; and when he went thence to his home, a smile of comfort crept over his mother's face, she called him to her arms, and welcomed him as if he had come to her from the celestial gate.

We may wonder why Brian, knowing the dangers that beset his idolized boy, did not place him in a good school, distant from the evil influences of his home. But the boy was young and tender—the father's heart trembled at the idea of parting with him. He knew nothing of the secret visits at the Brotherhood house, the mother wept at every hint of his absence, and Brian's heart was filled with a great compassion for the wife he had loved so fondly, but who, withdrawing herself from his love, seemed fading like a flower uprooted from the soil.

The girls had made their first communion, and had come home. Nurtured in the very bosom of Romanism, Belle, by virtue of some subtle law of inheritance, developed daily the characteristics of her father. Though to her he had breathed no word of his sorrow, she *felt* that he was lonely, disappointed, heart-chilled in his dearest

loves; and constantly her sympathy for him increased. Slowly she was learning, from observation, the secret cause of the desolation of her home, and was comparing that home with others she had seen, with the ideal home, even, depicted in books devoted to her own religion, in which books, sometimes, the irrepressible voice of nature spoke.

Quietly the girl was ranging herself on her father's side; was nourishing for him a profound filial devotion; was dreaming of days to come, when her affection and care could be balm to his pained and wounded soul.

As yet this sympathy and tenderness were voiceless; but the girl was laying up in her heart memories which, one day, should appeal to her with a power beyond all speech.

Though seldom permitting himself to leave his endangered home for any length of time, Brian was now compelled to be absent for some weeks.

No sooner had he gone than Clare, ordered by Father Garren, dismissed young Allan's daily tutor, and sent him each morning to the Brotherhood school, permitting him only to return at night. We mention the order of Father Garren. He was now inquisitor-in-chief over Clare's household, for Father Leroy was dead. Cora Waring's first communion marked the last living appearance of Priest Leroy in the cathedral. There was no one, now, to suggest, even through motives of policy, patience, prudence, or prayer. War—war to the death—war, cruel and open, was all Father Garren's cry.

It was Allan Rowe who first discovered the attendance of his namesake at the Brotherhood school; and his discovery he immediately made known to his friend Brian. This hastened the father's return. A new tutor was engaged. It was useless to storm or upbraid.

"Clare," said Brian to his wife, "if this tutor is dismissed by other than myself, or if our son is sent any more

to the Brotherhood, I shall feel it my duty to put him away at a boarding-school, and not permit him to return for five years."

Clare was sullenly silent.

"How unhappy father looks," cried Belle, as she watched him passing down the street. "He is not so old as Mr. Rowe, or a good many others that we are acquainted with, and see how his face is lined and his hair made gray. Oh, mother, what is the matter with our home! It seems as if never a ray of sunlight entered it."

Clare turned a pained, amazed look on her child; her heart acknowledged the force of her words, and, burying her face in the sofa cushions, she sobbed passionately.

Cora lifted her eyes from her music copying, and a troubled look swept over her usually impassive face. Cora, from very infancy, had been called *devout*. Carefully instructed in her religion, scrupulously obeying its dictates, reticent of speech, and with a strange calm of temperament, perhaps, after all, the dominant feelings of this girl's nature were those impulses of a lady, which demanded the most exact delicacy and and deference in all treatment of others to herself; in all her own conduct in life; the most rigid adherence to forms of etiquette; and the most lofty contempt of avarice, meanness, or malice.

Quiet in speech, dainty in attire, and minutely polite, Cora seemed the very genius of order in her home; while from her more impulsive younger sister flashed swift intelligence, and speech going home to the heart; while intuitions of sympathy gave, at times, a strange grace to her look or manner. It was a family that might have been wonderfully happy, but for the galling yoke of Rome.

Young Allan was now nine years old, and the fact of his pupilage at the Brotherhood house had greatly excited his father's fears. Considering how he could guard the heart and life of this cherished boy, Brian's better impulses awoke. He called his son, one even-

ing, to the library, and, drawing him fondly to his side, said:

"Allan, my mother died when I was but an infant. I never knew her love and care. I have left of her but two remembrances: they are equally dear to me. One is for myself; the other I give to you, my only son, charging you to keep it sacred for my sake and for hers, who has been, I trust, these many years in heaven."

Brian took from the table an ancient silver case, and, opening it, showed a miniature on ivory, the semblance of a lovely face, that long ago laid down in the dust, awaited yet the first resurrection of the dead. It seemed strange to the boy that those girlish features, the smiling mouth, the tender blue eyes, and straying rings of golden hair, could represent his father's mother. He looked from the fair countenance that had never grown pinched or weary, to the care-seamed face that now belonged to Brian Warning.

"My mother, and God's saint," said Brian, with new emotion in his voice. "Here, Allan, beloved boy, is the Book she loved the most; the guide and ornament of her life—my mother's Bible. My command to you, Allan, is to keep it as your most sacred treasure; yield it to none; read it; model your life by it, and I believe in my soul you can never go wrong. It teaches no false morality; it is pure and perfect; and I do not doubt, Allan, that it is the very voice of God."

Oh, why had not this trouble-tossed man adopted this Bible for the guide of his own life!

Allan took the book with interest and pleasure; his sympathies were moved. From the dimmed covers seemed to smile at him the face of the treasured miniature. He had learned to say little of any of his father's gifts, advice, or confidence, and now, conveying the new treasure to his room, he locked it up safely, and, as time passed on, devoted many hours to reading it, with all the zest of romance. It was more enchanting than any thing

at the Brotherhood school, and like that had the sweetness of bread eaten in secret.

We pass over a year.

Brian, returning home one evening, heard his children singing. Cora was at the piano, and the sweet, boyish tones of Allan joined with the clear notes she lifted in praise of *Mary*:

"Then list to me, then list to me!
Oh, mother, purest best!
And be to me, and be to me,
The harbinger of rest!"

There had been these several months unusual quiet in this distracted home. The words of his children's song awoke in Brian his fears for his son. They rung in his ear at the tea table, and when, afterward, the family had adjourned to the parlor, the echoes would not die away. He laid down the evening paper, and called his boy.

"Allan, come here, my child! I have not asked you this for some time—what have you done with my mother's Bible?"

With the words a thunderbolt had fallen. Cora turned from her globe of gold fish. The Bible! he had mentioned "the root of all sedition and heresy," as being in child Allan's keeping.

Belle's look was simple curiosity.

Clare, however, turned pale, and her breath came in swift catches. Allan drew near his father slowly.

"Answer me, child! Have you grown tired of it? Is it a dull book to you? Have you neglected to read it? Speak up, man—what have you done with my mother's Bible?"

Still no answer. The boy's eyes are downcast; his cheek is pallid; he half stretches out his hand to his mother, and Brian perceives that there is something wrong. He cries out:

"Answer me, Allan! Good heavens! have I been such a monster in my family that they are afraid of me? Am I such a savage no one dares tell me the truth?"

No; he has been neither a monster nor a savage, and now Belle's look

changes swiftly to intense sympathy, and her father catches it with a strange glad bound of his heart amid its pain. What! one to feel with him and for him at last?

"Answer me, my son; are you afraid, say?"

"No, father—that is—I'm so sorry—but, but, I could not help it, indeed; and—it is not my fault—I—I."

"Speak English, sir! Give me an honest sentence, an answer plain and true, even if it flings my book back in my face."

"It can not, father," says Allan, literally, "for it is gone. There, mother! he told me never to tell, but you see I must tell, since my father asks me so plainly. I must, father; it is gone! It is burned! Father Garren took it from me; I told him it was yours—and hers, you know"—he looks at Belle, and lo! the fair face of the miniature is hers! and he goes on, "I told him, but he took and burnt it up."

The child is not fashioned of the stuff martyrs are made of, he cries and quivers, but the lightning of his father's wrath passes beyond him to that cruel priest. None of those now present saw his transport on the day when Allan was baptized. They shudder now at the white fury of his face when again his enemy has crossed his way, has stabbed and robbed him in the dark.

It was gone, the sacred book, chosen palladium of his boy; best legacy of the beloved dead. In that tremendous passion he might have cursed, in awful words, the priest, the wife, the child, his hapless fate, when suddenly before his blazing eyes, into the distant shadows of the room, grew the girl face he had known only on the ivory miniature—the face of the young wife and mother early lost, that had been the holiest dream of his life—grew out of the darkness before him as in living beauty, pleaded with tender eyes until her passion-tossed son, man as he was, melted into a rain of tears, and Brian Waring hastened from the room.

There was no Christ to meet him in the library with potent consolation. Brian had never bowed his neck to the yoke which is light; but the heavenly compassion is infinite, and moved by some divine affection, went after the unhappy man the child in whose face the lineaments of the fair young grandmother and the distracted father were strangely blended. She came up beside him, struck the heaped-up papers on the library table with her little clenched fist and cried, "It was cruel, and I *hate* that man!"

"Oh! my child," said Brian, feeling a gleam of hope, "if only always you would love and pity me!"

Wretchedly unhappy—grieved, oh! so heartily for her husband, tremblingly and vaguely angry at her oppressive priest, and awfully apprehensive of the future, poor Clare went to her room, and wept all night.

Brian must work rather than weep. Quietly, in the midnight, he aroused his boy, and the two went out into the starlight to the home of Allan Rowe. An hour later, and at the railroad the father parted with his son.

"Good-bye, my poor boy. Don't think I am angry with you or blame you. I am taking this means to make you good and happy. Give all your confidence to this true friend, who has never failed me."

Then he went homeward, and young Allan was an exile from his home, placed under the wise and loving care of Allan Rowe.

Here are these two playing against each other—Brian and the priest.

"Mate!" cries Brian, when he sends away his son.

"Checkmate!" cries the priest, for now he has robbed Brian of both his girls.

"The only way to get back that boy is to banish those girls; and I command you to do it," says Father Garren to Clare. "And, until he reveals the boy's hiding-place, you must conceal the girls."

So one day, while the father was

busy in his office, the priest took the daughters somewhither, and days passed and they came not again; while in the desolate house the father and mother faced each other, a pale anguish written over either countenance.

"Tell me what you have done with my girls!" said Brian.

"Give me back my boy!" answered Clare.

"Let us take them all back and be rid of the priest!" said Brian, in miserable entreaty.

"Flinch from your duty and you are lost!" said the priest to Clare.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETHE.

BY CLAUDE IRIS.

LOW shores, down sloping to the river's brink,
And guarded by a wall of wizard pines,
Slow, tranquil waters—stirless, you might think—
Whose surface dark a ripple ne'er defines.

A desert-moor beyond it—stretching on
In utter, dismal desolateness drear;
A leaden arch above droops thick and dun,
No bright blue sky, no sunlight flickering here.

The noiseless current shows no waving trees,
Nor song of woodland bird the silence breaks;
Silence eternal! save when ghostly breeze
Sweeps through the pines, and doleful moaning makes.

Lo! on the banks are shadowy spirit bands,
Wild-eyed and ghastly, with unmeaning stare,
In pale robes clad, wandering with folded hands,
Or vaguely searching by a torch's glare.

Searching the sandy bank, the gloomy moor,
For what the river's sullen blackness keeps;
The bleak, chill wind sobs on for evermore,
While weird tones shriek, "What each one sows, he reaps."

And ye, pale throng, that erst in mood so rash,
Quaffed of the oblivious wave—bade Memory fly;
Now, though the thunders of Eternity should crash,
Lost, lost forever all your treasures lie.

Those balmy blossoms that so sweetly shone,
Through the long summer of your youthful days,
Crushed, broken, faded—hue and fragrance gone—
In vain for their return the sad heart prays.

Perished those gems, that once with glittering sheen,
Illumined all the darkness of your night—
Their changeful, brilliant ray no more is seen;
Forever quenched that liquid shimmering light.

All griefs are gone—a weary, heavy load;
 With them, the love that made e'en sorrow sweet;
 Alone, in blank despair now lies your road—
 Dead to remorse, to woe, to passion's heat.

Wild, shuddering specters, vanish from my sight!
 Leave me the sharpest sting of Memory's dart,
 Her keenest anguish, if the soothing light
 Of bright hours past but gleam upon my heart!

SIDEREAL SYSTEMS.

BY PROF. DANIEL KIRKWOOD.



IT is well known that many stars which appear single to the naked eye, or even in small telescopes, are found, by an increase of optical power, to consist of several components. The number of *double* stars hitherto observed is about six thousand. In some cases the duplicity is merely *optical*; in a large majority, however, the bodies have, doubtless, a *physical* connection. In numerous instances their motions have been observed, their periods computed, and the forms of their orbits approximately determined. The number of triple and multiple stars is comparatively small, and their periods, with one or two exceptions, have not yet been ascertained. A brief account of some of these binary and multiple systems will not be destitute of interest to the general reader.

I.—BINARY STARS.

The star *Alpha Centauri*, in the southern hemisphere, is the most remarkable binary in the heavens. The principal component is of the first magnitude; the smaller one, of the third. They are "both of a high ruddy or orange color." The smaller star, or sun, performs an orbital revolution round the larger in about seventy-six years. *Alpha Centauri* will always be distinguished as the first of

the fixed stars whose distance from our system was mathematically determined. This important achievement is due to the combined labors of Maclear and Henderson—commenced in 1832, and continued through several subsequent years. The distance of this binary system is over eighteen billions of miles. Consequently, light, which traverses the interval between the sun and the earth in a little over eight minutes, is more than three years in coming from that star to our planetary system.

When we know the distance of a binary star we are enabled, by observation, to determine the orbits of the components, and also the sum of their masses. The companion of *Alpha Centauri* moves round the principal star in an orbit whose plane is but little inclined to our line of vision. Its apparent motion is, therefore, nearly in a straight line from one side to the other of the larger component. The true eccentricity of the orbit is greater than that of some known comets. The mean distance between the two components is greater than the distance of *Saturn* from the sun, but less than that of *Uranus*. The sum of their masses is about equal to two-thirds of the sun's mass.

The bright star *Castor*, or *Alpha Geminorum*, has been characterized as

"the finest double star visible in the northern heavens." It is of the second magnitude; the components being nearly equal, and their apparent distance between five and six seconds. According to Sir John Herschel, this system completes a revolution round the common center of gravity of the two stars in about two hundred and fifty years. The orbits are quite elliptical; less so, however, than that of *Alpha Centauri*. The distance of this binary system from the earth has not been determined. Consequently, we know neither the mass nor the true distance of the components.

Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens, was regarded as single till 1862, when a small companion was discovered by Mr. Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Certain irregularities in the proper motion of this star had been previously noticed, and it had been suggested by Bessel that the fact might be explained by supposing the body to be a member of a binary system, its companion being opaque. The observed satellite is of the ninth or tenth magnitude, and its distance from the principal star is ten seconds. Admitting it to be identical with Bessel's obscure component, its mass must be nearly equal to half that of *Sirius*. Should this identity, therefore, be fully established, we must conclude that the physical constitution of the newly discovered star is widely different from that of *Sirius* itself.

The distance of *Sirius* from the earth is about six times that of *Alpha Centauri*. The duplicity of this star has been, however, so recently discovered, that a trustworthy determination of its period and mass can not yet be obtained from the observed motion of the satellite. But, as its light is four times greater than that of *Alpha Centauri*, while its annual parallax, according to Peters, is less than one-sixth of a second, its intrinsic splendor is one hundred and forty-four times greater than that of the last-mentioned star, or four hundred and thirty-two times that of the sun. If, therefore, the light emit-

ted by these bodies is in proportion to their surfaces; that is, in proportion to the squares of their radii, it must follow that the diameter of *Sirius* is seventeen million miles, and its volume nine thousand times that of the sun.

Great variety has been observed in the periods of double stars. Thus, *Zeta Herculis* completes a revolution in thirty-six years—but little greater than *Saturn's* period—while *Gamma Leonis* requires twelve hundred years—or nearly eight times the period of *Neptune*. But there are probably binary stars whose periods are measured by thousands of centuries. The late Professor Nichol, of Glasgow, supposed, with some reason, that the stars *Mizar* and *Alcor*, in the Great Bear, form a binary system. These bodies have the same proper motion, and in the same direction; while almost in a straight line between them is a telescopic star which does not partake of this motion. These facts are undoubtedly indicative of a physical connection. Dr. Nichol estimated their probable period at nearly two hundred thousand years.

That binary stars are, like the sun, the dispensers of light and heat to opaque planetary orbs, has long been a favorite hypothesis. "In reference to systems like these," says Sir David Brewster, "the argument in favor of their being surrounded with inhabited planets, is stronger than in the case of single systems." This statement, we think, is hardly sustained by the facts of observation. Let us briefly consider the case of *Alpha Centauri*. The mean distance of its components from each other has been stated to be somewhat greater than that of *Saturn* from the sun. As the orbit, however, is very eccentric, the *perihelion* distance of the smaller member is even less than the radius of *Jupiter's* orbit. The intrinsic splendor of this double star is about three times that of the sun; the light of the larger component being about fifteen times that of the smaller. Let us now suppose the latter surround-

ed by a train of planets, the distance of the most remote bearing the same ratio to the interval between the two stars, as the distance of the eighth satellite of *Saturn*, to the distance of the primary from the sun. What then is the result? The outermost planet of this stellar system can be little more than one million miles from its central sun. Consequently the amount of its light and heat is several hundred times greater than that received by the earth. The planets of the larger member may have a considerably greater distance without danger to their stability. The facts, however, as in the case of many other binary systems, seem hardly compatible with the *present* habitability of their dependent planets.

II.—MULTIPLE SYSTEMS.

A very moderate telescopic power separates the star *Gamma Andromedæ* into two beautiful components of the third and fifth magnitudes; the color of the former being orange, that of the latter, green. The distance of these bodies is a little over ten seconds. In superior instruments the smaller star is again seen to be double; the distance between its two members being about half a second. *Epsilon Lyrae* has been sometimes recognized as "a naked-eye double" by persons of good eye-sight. A good telescope shows each of these stars to be itself double; the components of one pair being of

different colors—light-red and yellow; those of the other, both white. Between the two pairs are three very faint stars, which may, perhaps, be physically connected with the others, thus forming a septuple system of suns. *Sigma Orionis* is seen to multiple in ordinary telescopes. Viewed with the highest magnifying powers, it is found to consist of eight components. Some members of this beautiful cluster are observed to be variable. *Theta Orinis*, the troperium as it is commonly called, is seen to be quadruple in instruments of moderate power. The largest telescopes, it is said, exhibit nine stars, all members, perhaps, of the same wonderful system.

If the several components of such sidereal clusters constitute in reality so many suns, each attended by a cortege of planets, and these, in their turn, surrounded by satellites, how various must be the scenery of their ever changing aspects; how intricate the motions of their "mystic dance;" and how far transcending human skill and ingenuity the calculus required to unfold the laws of their mutual perturbations! In view of the complicated mechanism of systems already explored, and of the ever widening sphere of telescopic research, we may well adopt the exclamation of Laplace, uttered shortly before his death: "That which we know is little; that which we know *not* is immense."

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE FAIRY UNDER THE PULPIT.

BY AMELIA LEFFERTS.

A WHITE and blue bundle, all made up on the outside of chinchilla cloth and cashmere, and plush, and feathers, and ermine, came dancing out of the door of a fine house, with a brown stone front, one clear, cold Sabbath morning in December. A very funny looking bundle it was. It did not dance on one rounded end, as bundles generally do when they dance at all, but on two dainty little feet, snugly encased in little Arctic rubbers, with ankles and legs attached, wrapped up from bottom to top, quite over the knees, in fleecy gaiters, or rather "leggings." That is not a pretty name, I know; I used it because the other is ambiguous, and is generally given to a kind of boot. Am I making matters worse now, by bringing in a hard word of four syllables? Well, look it up in the dictionary. That is the way Sir William Jones became a learned man. To his never-ending questions his mother kept answering: "Read and you will know." And so he read, and came to know more than you or I need ever to expect to know in this world. But we shall certainly learn something, if we give as good heed to Mamma Jones' good advice as her wise son did.

But about the white and blue bundle. The upper end, too, has rather a queer look for a bundle. Why, it's a child's head! To be sure; it is nothing but little Alice Gray, after all. But "dancing," "dancing;" a little girl dancing on Sunday. How is that? Oh, it was not

a naughty kind of dancing, not week-day dancing at all; besides, she "didn't go to do it." Her little feet just danced because they couldn't help it; for wasn't it her birthday, and hadn't the earth traveled round the sun just eight times since she opened her hazel eyes on this bright world, full of pure happiness for her thus far? I will not let you blame her. If you want to, just let me say, that if you can find in all the great city a happier or a better girl of eight years old than Alice Gray was on that self-same Sabbath morning, I will write my next story about her, and send it round as a present to all the little children I know.

She had had her birthday presents the day before; every thing that her heart could wish—dolls, and books, and a china tea-set, and a new paint-box, and a sled, and a pair of skates, and a furnished work-box, and a dollar from papa, and another from mamma, and a half-eagle from Uncle Ben, and a whole one from grandpa. Alice was always delighted with presents of money, because all her charities and contributions depended on her own private purse, and she liked to give liberally, and the gifts of her friends were her only sources of income.

'Happiness ran away from the little darling one day, and hid for almost half an hour, because a good woman, of somewhat severe ideas, told her that the money she gave away was not hers, as she had not earned it, nor denied her-

self any thing for the sake of giving it. She didn't see, then, how she could *ever* give any thing away; for "without her care and payment all her wants were well supplied," and all she wanted the money for was to give it away. The poor child could not see how she could contrive to make any sacrifices, nor how the money would do any more good if she did. But she could cry over it; and she went right to work. *Such* a shower of tears! Suddenly she wiped her eyes, and exclaimed:

"*Now* I know. Mrs. Grumps thought I wanted to be praised for giving. I never thought of such a thing. She never would have known I had any thing to give but for the dollar I gave her for her mission school. I think it was cross in her to scold me so. It's no matter, after all. The poor people and the missionaries get the money all the same; and it's real good in papa and mamma, and grandpa, and Uncle Ben, to give it to me to do what I please with. And I can't help liking to give it. And I do believe the poor people and the missionaries are a little better off for my being born. I am sure *nobody* has any thing but what God has given to them. So Mrs. Grumps is right, after all. But it's the same with other people as well as me. Nobody but God gives any thing. I don't see why I was so silly as to cry about it. I am glad He gives money to papa and mamma, and Uncle Ben, and lets them give some to me, and lets me give it to the poor people and the missionaries. But I don't think Mrs. Grumps is very agreeable."

Quite sensible reflections for a little girl only eight years old. I think the one about Mrs. Grumps no less true than the rest.

But, all the while we are gossiping about little Alice's financial circumstances, and discussing theories of giving, the dear child herself would freeze on the sidewalk, if she had not been made up into such a comfortable bundle. Her

little hands wore blue cloth gloves, and were, besides, hid away in a tiny muff, matching the tippet which tenderly hugged her throat. Boreas, if he had been about that morning, could not have done much harm to Miss Alice, as she tripped along to the church three squares off. He might, perhaps, have pinched her round cheeks, and have bitten her mite of a nose if he had been so cruel; but he would have had hard work to do even as much as that, for the wee muff was large enough to serve as a shield, and many a sharp wind had it kept at bay, both on Sundays and other days, while this little damsel was drinking in health and happiness with the wintry air.

Papa and mamma were a little way behind. Fred walked with Alice, carrying her Sunday-school books as well as his own, and answering oracularly her incessant questions and exclamations. One who did not know, might easily suppose she had never been out on a Sunday morning in her life before, instead of going regularly every week, unless there was a great storm.

Before them slowly crept an old woman, coarsely dressed, and leaning on a cane. She was quite far along when our party left the house, but they overtook her as she reached the end of the block. Just before they came up with her, the cane suddenly dropped on the pavement, and she began to stoop to recover it, when little Alice ran forward, picked it up, and put it in her hand. The old woman seemed bewildered for a moment, then looked sharply at Alice and said, "ugh," which, perhaps, meant "thank you." Else there was not a word of thanks.

Alice ran back to Fred's side, with a satisfied look, and said, "that's a real nice old woman."

"Why, do you know her?" asked Fred.

"No, I never saw her before."

"I don't think she's nice. She never once thanked you."

"Didn't she? I never noticed that. But it was real nice to pick up her cane. I liked her eyes. I shouldn't wonder if she was some good fairy old woman."

"Oh, that's the reason you were so ready to help her."

"No, indeed, I never thought of it till I saw her eyes." Alice looked back, and then said, "I wonder what has become of her. She isn't behind us."

"She must have turned up the other street."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I thought she was going to our church, and I meant to ask mamma to let her sit in our pew, if she hadn't one of her own."

"Well, I'm glad you haven't the chance. I shouldn't want such a queer looking thing in our pew."

"I should. I think she's nice."

When they got to the church, Alice wished they had twice as far to go. She did not want to leave the fresh, bright sunshine. But she went in, of course, with the rest, and took her seat demurely, as she thought the proper thing in church. A warm and comfortable place it was. A subdued light came through the stained glass windows. Alice's redundant spirits became quiet under the soothing influence of the soft atmosphere. She looked around with a pleasant recognition upon acquaintances here and there, and then composed herself to await the services. The organ pealed out its rich notes in the glad overture. The choir and the great congregation hymned forth the grand doxology. The little heart swelled with adoration and praise, as the little voice joined in the full acclaim. Then the minister uttered words of prayer, and blessed the waiting people, and read from the Book of God. A hymn was sung, another prayer made, another hymn, and then the sermon. Now Alice rather dreaded the sermon. It was so long. Really, not often much over thirty minutes; but it seemed hours to her little restless mind and body. All the more because she had some con-

science about listening and trying to understand. If she could only ask what the hard words meant, she might get along. She had sometimes tried that in a whisper to mamma. But the answer always was, "Ask me when we get home." How could she remember all the hard words till they got home? So she seldom got much from the sermon but the text. She would hunt it up in her Bible and commit it to memory, and have it all ready for her Sunday-school teacher. That accomplished, her active little mind occupied itself either with its own imaginations or with the objects she saw about her; the latter, however, often merging into the former. Her little eyes wandered over the architectural adornments of the pulpit. The church was a fine one, in the Gothic style; grand and true, not bedazzled with bewildering frescoes; but real in all its points; fit to be approved by the stern integrity of Ruskin, for all of sham there was about it; just the study for a fresh young mind, getting its first glimpses of the majesty and power and truth of Him to whose worship it was dedicated. Alice loved to follow the various tracery, counting the interstices, weaving the interlacing twigs, peeping through the trefoil openings, carving the miniature crosses. And again, she would number the rounded mouldings on this side and on that of the pointed arches, and people the high dim recesses with birds and cherubs.

On this particular Sunday her thoughts lingered long about the beautiful front of the black walnut pulpit. It was a portal to fairy chambers beneath. Such rich panels were surely doors, hiding from common sight wonderful treasures, rare metals, precious stones, priceless amulets and charms. Musing thus, the dreamy notes of the last interlude overleaping the episode of learning the text, and blending curiously with the somewhat monotonous sound of the preacher's voice, lulled our little damsel into that quiescent state in which the strangest

events seem real and natural. Answering to her wish, the Gothic doors parted. A flood of light disclosed splendors such as the little brain had never dreamed of. Brilliant emeralds, lambent sapphires, sparkling rubies, glistening pearls, flashing diamonds, shot forth from a thousand points a thousand radiant stars. A floor of pure gold reflected these rich gems from its polished surface. It took some minutes to accustom little Alice's eyes to the sudden brilliancy. Then she saw a fairy figure beckoning to her from the open portal. Not fairy for exceeding smallness, for she was, perhaps, a little taller than Alice herself, but fairy for delicacy and symmetry of form, and gracefulness of movement, and exquisiteness of complexion, and daintiness of dress. The velvet petals of unnumbered violets formed her robe; a ray of sunlight served for a girdle, a gossamer scarf for enveloping drapery. For the rest, she wore slippers glistening with pearls, a crown flashing with tiny diamonds, a necklace of dew-drops, from which hung low, just resting over the place where the heart is in mortals, a cross of pure light.

Alice was much excited by the beckoning gesture. Could it be for her? She looked to the right, to the left. Mamma saw nothing. Brother Fred saw nothing. She looked behind. The people in the next pew were listening to the sermon, like good Christians. In all the pews nobody seemed to see this wonderful vision in front of the pulpit. One grave old lady (it was Mrs. Grumps) shook her head at Alice, in reproof for her inattention. So the puzzled child turned back to look once more at the strange sight. It was no mistake. There stood the beautiful fairy, still waiting, still beckoning, with a sweet patience and expectation on her illuminated face. "It must be me she is calling. There is no one else who notices. She certainly will not harm me. She looks too lovely, too kind. Her eyes are just like the eyes

of the old woman who dropped her stick." The pew was the third from the front; so the distance was not great. Alice slipped from her seat, glided past her mother, past her father. They did not heed her. In a moment she was before the fairy. She cast a quick look over her shoulder, to see what mamma and the people thought of it. No one noticed her. Then she forgot every thing else, as she went in with the fairy.

It was a beautiful room, with its glittering gold and diamonds. Many little girls near her own age were there, seated on low *fauteuils*. Their faces were bright and loving, and full of welcome to the new-comer. Some of them were handsomely dressed, and some very plainly; and there was such purity and brilliancy in the light playing about these last, that Alice thought them more splendid than those in rich garments. The fairy gave her a front seat in a *fauteuil* more elegant than the rest. Then, taking her own station in front of the whole company, said in silvery tones, "I have brought you a new friend. This little girl's name is Alice. She is pretty good, as mortals count goodness. She means to be *very* good, and I am going to help her. The excellent sermons preached in the grand church above us are rather too much for her little brain; but she shall get some good from them, as you have all learned to do, since I have undertaken to help you. I would have brought her here before if I had known her; but I never saw her until this morning, when, as I was walking along the slippery street, in the disguise of an old woman, she picked up the cane which I had dropped, and looked at me so pitifully, and, at the same, so brightly, that if I had been really an infirm old woman, I must have been made happy by it."

Alice thought it strange, that she did not feel at all uncomfortable at being talked about before so many. It all seemed quite natural, and she was only conscious of being very much delighted

that her old woman had really turned out to be a fairy. She wondered what Fred would say, when he came to know it. She was not in the least discomposed when the fairy addressed herself, and said:

"These little girls have been here many Sundays, and have had many sermons made clear to their little minds. Each one in turn has sat on this front seat, and has listened to me, and asked me questions, and heard my answers, while the rest have sat by and learned with her the lessons of eternal truth. Tell me the text, and I will give you the sermon."

Without the least hesitation Alice recited the words, "Come unto me and be ye saved."

The fairy smiled benignly, and said:

"Dr. Bradford is at this moment preaching an excellent sermon from this text. And you will be glad to know that some people are listening to it whom it will help to become Christians. This is the substance of it. Alice, you may ask, at any moment, whatever questions you want to. Don't be afraid to interrupt me. I shall like it."

All at once the fairy seemed to take the form of Dr. Bradford, and to be in a pulpit like his: only the figure and the face and the pulpit seemed to be more delicate—etherealized, as one might say. The voice was the minister's, but more musical and tender, as it went on to say as follows:

"These words contain God's loving invitation to you to embrace the gospel."

Alice—"Oh, dear me! I don't understand that at all!"

Fairy—"Well, I am going to help you understand it. 'Gospel' means glad tidings—good news."

Alice—"Yes, I know that. Mamma told me that ever so long ago."

Fairy—"And she told you, too, I am sure, that the good news is."

Yes; but, please, I wish you

would tell me, so that I shall be sure to understand all about it."

Fairy—"Listen, then. The good news is that Jesus takes you in His arms, and blesses you, and says that for His sake all your naughty words and actions and feelings will be forgiven, and you shall go to heaven some day, and be treated as if you had always been good."

"Oh, how nice that is!" exclaimed Alice. "I've heard it a great many times, and it always makes me happy; and it seems nicer than ever to hear you tell it. But, I am sure, I don't know how to embrace it. I can embrace my mamma, or my little sister, or any body I love, but I don't know how to embrace the gospel."

Fairy—"Why, darling, just believe it. Believe, first (you know that sermons almost always have firstlys and secondlys and so on), that Jesus has a place for you in heaven, and will take you there when the right time comes. Then, of course, you will want to act so as to please Him, and so as to suit such a good place as heaven. So that, second, you must believe that Jesus will help you to be good, and you must often ask Him to help you, especially when you feel you are in danger of being naughty."

Alice—"Oh, then, to embrace the gospel is to believe it, and to act as if I believed it."

Fairy—"Yes. You see, it is not, after all, a very different thing from embracing your mamma. To embrace the gospel is the same thing as to embrace Jesus Christ, the Saviour; that is, to have the same kind of feeling toward Him in your heart as that which makes you love to clasp your arms about your dear mamma. Only, as you come to understand better the fullness of the meaning of the 'glad tidings of great joy,' you will learn that the love of Jesus for you far surpasses that of even so excellent and loving a mother as yours, and your love for Him will grow and grow, until it will get far beyond any love it would be possible

to bestow upon an earthly friend. Now I will give you some reasons for embracing the gospel."

Alice.—"Oh, I don't want any more reasons. I do embrace it!"

Fairy.—"I believe you do, my little darling; but everybody does not. Sermons are for those who are slow to embrace the truth, as well as for those who are prompt. It will strengthen your faith to hear what reasons are used to persuade these slow hearts. Besides, the sermon in the pulpit above us is not done yet. I must follow it through, you know."

Alice.—"Well, I'll listen; but I don't think I shall want to ask any more questions."

So the fairy went on:

"First. You believe what the gospel says, therefore you ought to embrace it.

"Second. You feel that it is thoroughly good in what it requires you to do, as well as merciful in what it does for you. It offers you heaven and help to be good, and it requires of you to wish and try to be good.

"Third. You feel that you are doing wrong not to embrace it. That is, that you are sinning against God in not accepting His gospel.

"Fourth. You feel that the gospel is just what you need. For, *first*, you need its forgiveness, because you are a sinner; *second*, you need it to comfort you under trials; *third*, you need it so that you can think of death without being troubled. Jesus has robbed death of its sting.

"Fifth. And, added to all these reasons, you have another in God's invita-

tion in the text, 'Come unto me, and be ye saved.' Can anybody refuse?"

Alice.—"I shouldn't think anybody could. I will just pray that the Holy Spirit may persuade everybody who has been listening to Dr. Bradford's sermon to embrace the gospel."

Then the simulated pulpit disappeared. The fairy cast off the likeness to Dr. Bradford, and, in her own proper person, kissed Alice, and said:

"You may come here every Sunday, when you see the doors of this chapel ajar. I may not beckon to you again, but you will know by the bright light that I am here, expecting you."

The fairy waved her wand. At the signal, the children left their seats, and came flocking around Alice, kissing her and welcoming her. Suddenly a peal of music burst upon her ears. The children vanished. The fairy was lifted on the tremulous air, and borne away through the opening dome, into the distant æther. The gold and flashing diamonds and brilliant sunlight melted away, and Alice found herself by her mother's side, in the family pew, just conscious that the choir was singing the last hymn.

Alice never could bring herself to tell any one of this adventure. Notwithstanding her frank nature, she was quite sensitive, and did not like to be laughed at, nor run the risk of being told that it was all her imagination, or only a dream. So not a word did Fred hear about it, until years afterward, when they were both grown up.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

HOW mean of mamma not to kiss me,
Nor even to wish me good-night;
Of course I was ugly this morning,
And—all things considered—quite right.

Why couldn't mamma have allowed me
That candy I wanted for lunch?
There's nothing so lovely in school-time
As cocoa-nut candy to munch.

But no; I could have bread-and-butter
And sponge-cake, and not a thing more,
And so I marched off in a tantrum;
I never was so mad before.

Mamma has been grim as a grave-yard
From that time to this. And to-night
Just think of her not having kissed me;
She's acting with horrible spite.

She looked very sad the whole evening;
Her eyes seemed so mournful and deep;
(There's something all wrong with my pillow;
I somehow can *not* get to sleep.)

It's horrid to lie in the darkness
And think of how sad matters are;
Suppose I slip down to the parlor
And say a few words to mamma.

Suppose I just tell her I'm sorry;
I know she'll forgive me, the dear!
Perhaps, when I come back, my pillow
Won't feel half so hot and so queer.

BATTLES OF ENGLISH HISTORY. No. II.

BY "ROUND O."

BANNOCKBURN, A. D. 1314.

TWO hundred and fifty years had passed away since the Battle of Hastings, and England was scarcely the same country which William of Normandy had conquered. The Norman race furnished four kings to the land, but were superseded in 1154 by Henry II, of Saxon lineage, who was called Plantagenet; and this surname was preserved till thirteen of his descendants had occupied the throne. It is of a battle which took place in the reign of the sixth Plantagenet, King Edward II, that we are now to speak.

During all the years between the conquest and the Battle of Bannockburn, England knew very little of the blessings of peace. Crusades, wars called

holy, because they were undertaken for the recovery of the sepulchre of our Saviour from the hands of the Turks; wars of the barons, struggling to secure relief for the people from the tyranny of the kings; attempts to subdue entirely Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; resistance to the invasion, or attempted invasion of foreign foes—all these had, at different times, been the occasion of much bloodshed, and large outlays of money.

Scotland was a particularly troublesome neighbor for many years, and England's repeated endeavors to reduce her to the condition of a fief, holding her own rights subject to England's will, had utterly failed. During the reigns

of John and of Henry III, however, the two portions of the island had been on friendly terms, and there had even been intermarriages among members of the royal families; and, in the time of Edward the First, a union of the infant Queen of Scotland to the Prince of Wales was planned, in hopes that the two kingdoms would thenceforth be one politically, as they had ever been geographically. Most disastrously for the nations, the little queen died during her journey from Norway, her father's kingdom, to Scotland, her own, and left the country open to the fierce contentions of no less than thirteen rivals for the crown.

Of these, Robert Bruce and John Baliol were the strongest; and they, when the land had become weary of strife, agreed to refer the question to the King of England, and to abide by his decision. He had settled a similar dispute in Sicily, and having no personal interest there, had acted so wisely that all eyes turned towards him hopefully now; but, alas! his answer proved him to be utterly selfish, and wickedly ambitious with regard to Scotland. Finding that John Baliol could easily be made his tool, he declared him king—having first taken good care to fill the country with troops enough to enable him to seize all the strongholds. Baliol was a weak man, and very soon he was king only in name—Edward I was the true monarch. He treated Scotland like a conquered province, and in spite of many efforts of the people to throw off his yoke, he was still holding them beneath it, was even on the way thither to subdue a new "rebel" who had taken up arms against him, when illness mastered him, and in a tent by the wayside he spent his last strength, commanding his son and successor to employ all his might in completing the work he had begun, of thoroughly trampling Scotland under foot.

In less than ten years Edward II had

learned that the Scottish people had blood in their veins which would gladly pour itself out for the overthrow of a tyrant; that the stuff they were made of did not include the element of submission to despotism; and the "rebel" whom Edward I had fondly imagined he could crush, had written his name on the roll of true patriots, and would ever afterward be dear to every free man as "Robert the Bruce (grandson of Baliol's competitor), the liberator of Scotland."

Had Edward I lived, the struggle might have been longer, although no American believes that tyranny could have prevailed at last; but Edward II cared little for the possession of greater power, and even less for the dying commands of his father. In idle pleasures, drinking and hunting with his favorites, who were generally low-lived men, he spent his days; while his barons first quarreled among themselves, then united against their king and his chosen companion, neither king nor nobles taking any notice of the growing strength of Robert the Bruce, though there were not wanting some wise men to warn them that there was danger that England might, at least, lose what she had with so much craft gained in Scotland.

Not for several years, did the King of England appear to arouse, and then it was to realize that Robert Bruce was wearing the crown of Scotland, and that the English had been obliged to retire, step by step, till they had lost every fortress but the castles of Stirling, of Dunbar, and of Berwick. Even then he laughed at the "would-be king," who had been forced to wear a plain gold circle on his head, because the ancient crown had been carried to England by Edward I, and who had received that circlet from a woman, because he who should have placed it on his head was numbered among Edward's courtiers.

At last he really went so far as to declare war; but his barons at home were

to him more formidable than the Bruce at a distance, with whom he soon concluded a truce. It could not last long; the year 1314 came, and with it came the decisive day of Bannockburn. Stirling Castle was most gallantly defended by the English under Philip de Mowbray; but they heard of no victories outside to inspire them with fresh courage, and were, at last, obliged to pledge themselves to surrender to Edward Bruce, the king's brother, unless relief were sent to them by midsummer.

The news of this promise nerved the King of England to put forth all his strength for a final effort. He gathered vassals from Gascony, from Ireland, from Wales; he enlisted men in Flanders; he collected all available English soldiers; and when the whole force was assembled, it numbered a hundred thousand men. Meanwhile, Bruce, knowing that Edward's first effort would be to relieve Stirling Castle, had made up his mind that a battle must be fought in that vicinity. Although he had only thirty thousand men, yet they were brave, true-hearted loving subjects, who felt that every thing was at stake, and who were ready to follow their leader, if need be, to the very death. Robert was sanguine and hopeful, yet not foolhardy. He was not a man to rush unprepared to the battle. One advantage he knew that he could secure, that of position, and he was determined to make the most of that.

He posted himself, accordingly, at Bannockburn, two miles from Stirling Castle, with a hill to his right and a morass to his left, while in front of his army flowed a little brook. On the banks of this rivulet he dug pitfalls, in which he planted sharp stakes—these he carefully covered with turf. The servants and the camp-followers in general, he sent around behind the hill. Towards evening, on the 24th of June, the English army came in sight, to find Robert and the gallant Scotchmen waiting for

them. A skirmish between some of the cavalry took place that evening, and Robert, with his battle-ax, slew, in single combat, Henry de Bohun, an English gentleman.

The stars looked down that night upon the two armies sleeping by their watch-fires, almost as calmly as if they had come together for the sports of a tournament. But, in many a bosom, were throbbing hearts, and both parties confidently expected to win renown and victory. Some there were, who, on the morrow, hoped to gain the favor of their sovereign; others were urged to deeds of daring by the expectation of light that might gleam from ladies' eyes, if they could lay captured banners at their feet. Many an Englishman longed to crush an insolent foe; many a Scotchman, though his manly eyes were not ashamed of tears, as he thought of a possible widow or orphaned bairns, was yet willing to trust them to his country and his God, if that God would only grant freedom to that country.

The next morning the banners streamed, the horses pranced, the nobles and the gentlemen, the squires and the pages, displayed their colors, and the monarchs rode along their lines urging their men to their best endeavors. Some of the English observing the Scots at prayer, exclaimed, boastingly, that they were kneeling in fear. "They kneel, indeed," replied one, "but it is not from fear of us; not to an earthly monarch do *they* bend the knee."

Edward opened the attack with his cavalry; boldly they dashed forward to the brookside, conscious of their vastly superior numbers, expecting an easy victory. But the first horses tumbled over the loose turf, and fell into the holes which Robert had prepared. Those which followed, not only prevented the already fallen ones from rising, but shared the same fate themselves;

"Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial
blent!"

This advantage at the outset, however, would hardly in itself have been sufficient to win the day for Bruce. An incident, whether accidental or pre-arranged has never been fully decided, occurred just at this juncture, which made the issue no longer doubtful. Over the hill, to the right of the Scotch, the English saw, to their great dismay, what they supposed to be a second army marching to reinforce Robert. To the already terror-stricken men, they seemed to be coming over the brow of the hill in great numbers, their pennons catching the breeze and their weapons flashing in the sunlight. Even now that hill is pointed out as the "Gillies" or servants' hill, for the motley crowd was composed only of the servants, whom, as we said, Robert had sent behind the elevation, that they might neither embarrass the fighting men, nor be in the way of danger themselves. They did quite as much good, however, as the heavily-armed knights, for a panic seized the English at the sight of the supposed fresh troops, and they fled precipitately.

For ninety miles, the brave Scots followed—the enemy in their flight dropping treasures and arms, provisions and banners, losing many slain and more as

prisoners—even Edward himself narrowly escaping capture. Great was the rejoicing that night in the Scotch camp, and indeed there was ample cause.

It is a fearful thing to think of war between two nations speaking the same language, living on the same island; but the results of the Battle of Bannockburn gave an impulse to Freedom that shall never cease to be felt while the world endures. Robert, the man who dared to resist with his handful of free men, the boasted forces of a tyrant, was seated firmly on his throne; the English had received such a blow as had never been felt, as has never been repeated—for centuries the English could hardly be persuaded to take up arms against their northern neighbors, whom they considered almost supernatural in their strength.

Scotland had already proven herself worthy of the principles which made her afterwards resist religious oppression; and from the spirit of Bannockburn's heroes to that of our forefathers, the Covenanters, from Robert Bruce, the soldier, to John Knox, the reformer, the transition was easy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR MISCELLANY.

"BE SHORT."—*Cotton Mather.*

THE MEMORIAL YEAR.—Yet a month remains till the end of our Memorial Year. Will our Reunited Church lay the thank-offering of full *five millions* on the altar? It seems probable that it will. But much remains to be done, and, dear readers, we must have our share of this blessing. What better memorial of God's goodness to us can we offer, than a certain sum set apart as a standing fund, whose yearly increase shall be devoted to some religious end? An endowment of a scholarship in a college, or theological seminary—helping to endow a professorship—these offerings, like the planting of a tree, will bear fruit from year to year. The building of a parsonage—the payment of a church debt that eats up interest—this is laying up store for Christ. Such alms, consecrated by our prayers, like those of Cornelius, will "come up for a memorial before God."

Money invested for the future in such a manner that the income from it will help on the poor, sick, ignorant, and fallen to higher and purer conditions of life, becomes our best monuments. Such are the best memorials we can raise for our dear departed. The thousands and tens of thousands of dollars that sleep with the dead, beneath the costly marbles in our cemeteries, might have been made equally significant of our respect and affection for our lost ones, and at the same time have become serviceable to God as instruments of good. Free education in the name of a departed son, husband, or parent, is a worthier memorial than a column of weather-beaten stone, that works no good. We ought to pay respect to the memory of our dead. But if we leave in the monuments what will sufficiently denote our re-

spect and love for them, and take away what merely represents our own pride and self-satisfaction, we shall have saved enough to build our colleges, and endow our theological schools. We should think every Christian would prefer such a monument, that will live and work for Jesus after he has long fallen asleep; for thus will his name be remembered by the good his investment continues to do. Which is the best memorial—Vanderbilt's autobiography in brass at the Hudson River ferry, or the Presbyterian Hospital founded by James Lenox? As a memorial simply, which serves the best? Which one of these men will future generations rise up and call "blessed?" Mrs. Brown's memorial church in Baltimore, or Brown Hall in Princeton, will accomplish more good in the name of the departed than all the outlay of Greenwood, and will be a better monument than the costliest stone. The Peter Cooper Institute, the Philadelphia Hospital, all the endowments of asylums, and charities, and places of Christian education, come up for a memorial before God, as well as stand for memorials before men. That good man who built the Jews a synagogue needed no written epitaph—it lived on every tongue, and parents taught it to their children. It is better to write our names in men's hearts, and on their approving consciences, than to grave them on a stony tablet before the world's inconsiderate eyes, where men will read them merely as they glance over the city directory.

What is one name among so many in the cemetery? "A fine monument!" they say, and drive on to the next. What boots an empty compliment to the dead? But a poor

youth is supported in his education by the interest of your memorial fund, and he blesses your name, and thanks God that you lived. Or one, assisted by the fund you established, goes out to preach the gospel, and you have helped to preach Christ through him. Let us put our money into help for the needy and aspiring, to live in the future, and not into quarried shafts, to die in the present. We may make it a millstone tied about our neck, to sink us into the sea of oblivion; or we may make it a living tree of righteousness in the garden of the Lord that He may be glorified.

SUSPIRIUM.

Come from the North, O wind of night!
Bring wrestling storm, bring whirling rain,
Bring wintry vigor in thy train,
And leave me stronger at thy flight.

Come from the South, O wind of peace!
Drop from thy wings some vital balm,
Pour through my soul thy holy calm,
And make my summer bloom increase.

From North—from South—O wind of grace!
Come in thy might, or come in rest,
Bring summer—winter—to my breast,
Yet bring me to some heavenly place!

M.

THE FARMER'S LOT.—Prosperity, unmingled with adverse influences, is not the lot of any class of men; and it was in a perfect knowledge of the human heart that this was so ordained; for, accustomed to a constant enjoyment of the *gifts*, man would be apt to forget the *Giver*. The farmer has his share of disappointment with others, but he is the least liable to it, and the least disastrously affected by it. The first, because of his dependence for success, in his business, chiefly and directly upon God. The second, because no ordinary calamity to his crops, in a single season, can reduce him to want, or involve him in ruin. If he does not think himself blessed above others in being thus circumstanced, it is because he does not prize aright the fortunate exemption he enjoys, and because he is not

fully aware of the losses, reverses, and ruin attendant upon other pursuits.

There is not, I have often thought, a more pleasing view of the farmer's comparatively happy lot, than in the consideration of his *direct* dependence chiefly upon the beneficent provisions of the Almighty, for prosperity in his occupation. In depositing the seed in the ground, he looks to the genial influences of heat and moisture for its germination; and in all its after stages, from the tender plant to the ripened grain, he looks to the sun of heaven, and the rain of heaven, as the sole agencies, seconded by his own industry, through which his labors can be crowned with success in a plentiful harvest. When either of these indispensable agents is withheld from exerting its influence for an uncommon period during the vegetation, growth, or ripening of his crops, his prospects are shrouded in gloom, and he is awakened to a livelier sense of his dependence on Him in whose power alone it is to send the needed blessing. And when at last his fears are dissipated, he acknowledges, if not by his lips, in his heart—if that heart is not incapable of gratitude—the unmerited goodness and provident care of Him who notes even the sparrow's fall.

Standing in this near relation to the Giver of all good, thus dependent on His beneficence, and constantly observing evidences of His wisdom, goodness, and power, the "undevout" farmer, no less than the "undevout" astronomer, must be "mad."

The farmer's condition is enviable. If he knew the condition of others, in other pursuits, he would deem it so; let him believe it so; let him teach his offspring so; and, loving his occupation, and honoring his occupation, let him teach his children to love and honor it, and to cultivate their minds, and school their hearts, so that they may be an honor to it—for it is *not the business which ennoble the man, but the man which ennoble the business*. Let him believe himself, and teach his children to believe, that there is no occupation more honorable, more honored, more useful, than the culture of the earth, and that it is a privilege and a

blessing to be able to eat the bread which he has brought out of the earth by his own honest industry, knowing that "it is cankered by no fraud, wet with no tears, stained with no blood."

J. H. D.

CALVIN OR COPPERFIELD.—A prominent minister of the sect of Campbellites, whose creed is probably the narrowest and most inconsistent in Christendom, being simply that of immersion, without any other faith than with which "the devils also believe and tremble," lately took Calvin to task in a printed discourse. And, in discussing what was proper for Sunday reading and reading in general, the eloquent and learned divine boldly braved the verdict of the centuries, and declared that, as for himself, he preferred David Copperfield to Calvin. We should have known as much from the rest of his sermon, but it is satisfactory to have the statement so definitely before us. This strikes us as a lofty intellectual height for a minister of the gospel! The points upon which the great mass of the Christian world have differed from Calvin are comparatively few. The greater part of his works are acceptable to all religious thinkers. But even scholars who have disagreed from him most widely have loved to study his writings, and with undisguised admiration have drunk from the fountain of his genius and inexhaustible learning. It has been left to heads where the *odium theologicum* has crowded out the faculty of appreciating great thoughts and brilliant reasoning, to cast their sneers at his name. Such men prefer David Copperfield—a novel of Dickens. Peggotty bursting her buttons is far more entertaining to them than a logical discourse on Scripture doctrine, or the quaint and searching passages of a commentary. Why prefer Copperfield? The criticism of the day exalts Dickens above all modern writers for his knowledge of human nature. But any student ought to know that there is more searching and comprehensive analysis of the human heart, the key to human nature, in any one of Calvin's commentaries, aside from his learning, than in all the stories of Dickens, powerful as they may be.

The comparison was unfortunate, for, taken on his own ground here, Dickens becomes a child. But we do not suppose this worthy minister is to be blamed for his preference for Copperfield. He can't help it. A teacup is not to be scolded for not containing a gallon. It holds all it was made to hold. There are different gifts and different capacities. Weak brethren rather invite our pity and sympathy. If any good simple minister prefers Copperfield, why let him have Copperfield, on the old principle of milk for babes. Strong meat is indigestible for infants. "Learning is but darkness to the ignorant," said an old author. We must not quarrel with such taste, but with some, must "have patience." A.

ALICE CARY.—This sweet poetess has fallen asleep. For many years her gentle melodies have soothed and encouraged many hearts. Her writings bear this characteristic of helpfulness. She had an aim, a loving, sisterly hope, to lift burdens, to strengthen the weak, to cheer the oppressed. Taking up her writings this will arrest you at a glance. What quiet dependence she seemed to have in God—what broad charity for mankind! Some of her hymns are worthy to supplant many in our modern collections. Though her belief may not chime in with ours in all respects, yet her spirit does, and that is enough for this life in judging her. We are to be counted among the mourners at the grave of this gifted and heart-touching singer of truth and beauty. One of her sweetest faculties was that of condensing a sermon into a poem of one or two stanzas. We can not help recalling this one as we read of her departure:

"What comfort, when with clouds of woe
The heart is burdened and must weep,
To feel that pain must end—to know
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

"When, in the midday march, we meet
The outstretched shadows of the night,
The promise—how divinely sweet!—
'At eventime it shall be light.'"

Two others, containing but a single verse each, we should memorize:

"Apart from the woes that are dead and gone,
And the shadow of future care,
The heaviest yoke of the present hour
Is easy enough to bear."

"Too much of joy is sorrowful,
So cares must needs abound:
The vine that bears too many flowers
Will trail upon the ground."

HILL-TOP LETTER—*Extravagant Living.*
MY DEAR MISCELLANY: Some of your readers will inwardly smile on reading the subject of this letter. Far off in the Western prairies, or on the hills and valleys of the East, in retired spots, they chuckle in heart at the thought of their extravagance in living. They have a cow, a few chickens, a garden-spot, a few neighbors, plenty of work to do, and little to get, except what will keep them well and gain them simplest dress. Their hearts and minds wander off and are full of yearnings for the distant villages or cities where people have a chance to be extravagant. But, dear friends, don't think you would be better off or happier there than here. If you have contentment, you can afford to be extravagant in that, and in peace, and restfulness. That other kind of extravagance for which you thirst, drains the life of the soul. Just see how people work to gain the means of such liberal living! The men-folks scarcely have time for their meals. They drive off as if half-crazed as soon as they can get their breakfasts, and rush into the whirl of business, and are tossed about on its exciting waves all the day long. Goods to sell, bills to pay, notes to meet, accounts to keep, letters to answer—oh, this awful bane of life! it rests one's mind to think there'll be no letters to answer on the other side. And then the men come home at night, their bodies worn out, their minds exhausted—scarcely fit to speak to a body—with just energy enough left to read the papers they have been unable to glance at through the livelong day. It's too bad—

it's provoking! Now, what have we women been doing all day? Well, our household cares are very heavy—three or four servants, to start with, are more constant trouble than a class of mission scholars. Then, the superintendence of a large house, to keep it ready for company. And then society. Society is sweet, you rural lasses think, I suppose. Yes, a little of it. But city-folks make society a business, not a pleasure. It is reduced to a science, like the machinery of a mill. You have to receive calls from all your set—fifty, sixty, a hundred, two hundred. Think of it! Then you must pay them all back, and though it doesn't seem to amount to much, as one doesn't stay long any-where, or say any thing solid or sensible often, yet it eats away an enormous quantity of time going and coming. Getting ready, too, is a job in itself. Why, we can't dress in a minute, put off our calico and put on our merino and sun-bonnet, and run across the lot to see our next-door neighbors. We must be dressed up—*just so*; we can't help it. Putting up our hair, alone, takes more time and gives more perplexity than one could imagine. Why, if there is any thing more bothersome than this, except joints of stove-pipe that won't fit, I don't know what it is. Then, getting home and having tea ready for your husband when he comes, and waiting for him when business keeps him late. Well, you had better try it if you don't believe it is any bother. We *have* to do all this; we can't get out of it as things go at present. But I do wish we could get back to simplicity of living. All this keeping up of style costs amazingly, trifles away time and comfort, and makes life too busy and anxious to be useful. This system compels extravagance. Why can't we return to the old style of things when simple manners, simple entertainments, society with more of heart and less of form, simple dress, simple conversation, made lives peaceable and productive of good? What room is now left for usefulness? Besides, all this lavish expenditure is wrong. God does not give us time and means to be squandered thus thoughtlessly. Never was there more

need of practical activity in life, and large gifts to help the needy, lift the fallen, and educate the masses. Yet small fortunes are poured out, year by year, in needless and vanishing outlay, in sustaining large establishments, in pandering to pride, and ambition, and fashion, and indulgence, that satisfy not. And what is the result? Life is stripped of its pure sweetness, and the votaries of society sicken of it like those who would live on dainties and sweetmeats. Reform must economize our modes of fashionable life, or true pleasure will die, and the world will grope onward; cursed like the dyspeptic with restless nights and burdensome days, living the life of a slave. Is it not so?

STIFF BREEZE.

THE SMITTEN ROCK.

In Massah's thirsty vale I stand,
And hear the wild, despairing cry,
From fainting thousands on the sand,
"Oh! give me water, ere I die"—
I see their hoary leader, bowed
Amid their mocking, cruel jeers;
And hear again, his pleading loud,
Sent up to God, 'mid bitter tears.

From out the cloud I hear command,
"Go forth, and stand, thou man of God,
On Horeb's rock; take in thy hand
Thy rod—thy wonder-working rod."
With reverent feet, to Horeb's height
I climb; I see, uplifted high,
The weary arm; I hear it smite
The flinty rock—so bare, so dry.

Oh, wondrous sight! beneath the blow
Out gushes full, a stream, all pure,
All free; and in its healing flow
The dying host find blessed cure.
For man and child, with eager haste
Bend low to quaff the cooling stream—
They drink; they live; and as they taste
They sing for joy, and drink again.

I stand, and gaze; the smitten stone
Seems strangely changed to cross of wood,
On which I see God's only Son,
Smitten beneath His Father's rod.
I hear, for me, the pleading cry,

"Father, forgive!" The pierced side
I see—the healing blood—and I,
E'en I, may drink the living tide.

Forever full—forever free—

That fountain flows, for me, for all;
Oh, haste, my soul! and thither flee;
Oh, haste! the dying ones to call.
Each day, each hour, with joy proclaim
That all may drink; that all may live;
Whoever will—the boon may claim;
The smitten Son can all forgive.

THAT PAPER!—This brevity is to be read to husbands by their wives, in some calm and peaceful moment, when those bears have nothing to do, and seem happy. Reading the morning paper is a fanaticism. It comes over man as soon as he is ready for breakfast, and charms him wholly away from the wicked world. The call to breakfast moves him not until it is several times repeated. Then the spell is not broken, for he brings the paper with him. While he eats he pores over it. What are wife and children? What are the pleasures of a social meal? The cakes and butter disappear, and the coffee and sausage, and know not where they go. That paper absorbs every thought, every grain of attention. Even the barking and scratching of the pet dog at the door, which is enough to move any man ordinarily, touches him not. "My dear, do tell me what is in the paper that interests you so much?" This only awakens a grunt of half-recognition. The remark is repeated with a little more impatience in tone and emphasis of sound. "What is in the paper, d'you say? Why, nothing, particular." And that is all the comfort one gets. But there he sits fascinated, spell-bound, riveted, charmed, and all those things; I had almost said *married* to that old paper. Men are not selfish creatures. They haven't long to stay at home, and while there they want to enjoy themselves. They will have no time to read the paper during business hours. So they let their dear wives and children enjoy the few moments of society allotted to them in sitting around and seeing them read the morning news. If

they would read aloud it would be more entertaining; but that spoils the pleasure of the thing. So wives get silent comfort, children are told to be quiet, while the husband and father lovingly reads the paper through himself. What a happy breakfast! What a joy-bringing parent! Home, home, sweet home. There's no place like home, with the morning paper.

BE CHEERFUL.—It doesn't hurt a body to smile and be cheerful once in a while. It wouldn't destroy one's religion to practice such a life all the time. Even the absurd and ridiculous has its place and its useful end; especially when a thing is naturally funny and can't help itself. Nothing is more humorous than nature in some of its forms; and human nature does not fall behind the rest of creation in this respect. The mere copying of men, in their habits and modes of life, affords as droll scenes as the wit of the imagination could invent. Sancho Panza would never have been ridiculous, had the character not have been copied from some "born-fool." Nature always outvies art. Art is highest when nature is set forth most truly. The things we do are much funnier than the things we imitate. The joke is better in the original performance than in the copy. All which is preliminary to the following contribution, which is a picture to the life, too absurd to be wholly fiction:

DISAPPOINTED.

It was night time, and all was still,
Silence brooding on valley and hill,
Frozen the river and quiet the mill.

Quiet the street and still the house,
Nought from the lightest sleep to rouse,
Scarcely the grating tooth of a mouse.

Only the sick, where the lamp burned low,
Moaning and tossing to and fro,
Felt the dark hours were passing slow.

Out through the window shines a light,
Ah! from what sick and sorrowing wight,
Who wakens through the dead of night?

He sits alone, his head on his breast,
With his thumb in the armhole of his vest,
And dressed all out in his very best.

Why sits he there? He came to see
His Mary Ann (as he hopes she'll be),
He came quite early; just after tea.

But he's used to going to bed at nine,
And that's the reason, I opine,
That he cut this very singular shine.

His words were few but his thoughts were
deep,
And, spite of himself, he couldn't keep
His head from bobbing, but went to sleep.

And she, indignant, has gone to bed,
And left him there, such a sleepy head,
She wouldn't marry him—so she said!

And there he will sit till the fire burns low,
And he feels a cramp in his biggest toe;
Oh! wasn't it cruel to leave him so?

He slips away as soon as he can
In the early morning, a wiser man;
But he'll never marry his Mary Ann.

KATE.

OUR LEGISLATORS.—There is room for reform, we imagine, in the character of some of the persons chosen to our State Legislatures. Ignorant, weak, and bad men are not fit to make our laws and rule our land. It is too easy for the ambitious and scheming to gain places of power. This fact renders the State liable to be sold out at any time by those who make merchandise of the trust committed to their hands. Evil men will not rectify this matter. It falls, therefore, to the lot of good men. If they neglect it the reform fails. We must carry our Christian principles far enough, at least, into our civil duties to vote only for pure, good, and worthy representatives. If we choose bad men to represent us, is it not reasonable to expect the Lord to punish us through them? These remarks are suggested by a letter of a member of one of our State Legislatures, which has been laid before us for perusal. An extract from it will show that though a man may be virtuous, he may still be illiterate and scarcely a worthy lawgiver. The following sentence is printed as the writer indited it: "Having bin Elected to ths States Legislator I will leav for ——— on next Monday." We suggest that this "Legislator," in a body, take spelling lessons.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

The Two Brothers and Other Poems. By EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETT, M. A., author of "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever." New York: Robert Carter & Bros. For sale by Sutton & Scott, Cincinnati. Price, \$2.

This is a collection of poems written at different times during the last twenty-seven years, and now first grouped together. The extraordinary favor with which "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever" was received, warrants the belief that these (for the most part) earlier poems by the popular author, will receive a wide and appreciative welcome.

We do not regard the leading poem from which the volume takes its title—"The Two Brothers"—as by any means the best. The sentiment is, however, tender and beautiful, and the expression, though not always the happiest, is in the main graceful and pleasant. The Greek and other footnotes add nothing to the poem either in emphasis or explanation. Some of the Scriptural verses are very fine painting, and the hymns breathe a pure, deep religious aspiration.

On the whole, while these poems can add nothing to the reputation of the man who wrote "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," we thank the author for gathering them together for us, for we would not miss one sheaf from the rich field that could bear such a royal harvest. When a man has given us proof of poetic, or any other kind of lofty genius, we have room on our shelves for every line the gifted pen ever traced, and we will not feel quite happy till we have it.

We make room for one of the hymns, which will give our readers an idea of the devotional spirit that breathes in nearly all

these pages. It is entitled a *Confirmation Hymn*.

"Thine—Thine forever"—Blessed bond
That knits us, Lord, to Thee;
May voice, and heart, and soul respond
Amen—so let it be.

When this world strikes its dulcet harp,
And earth our heaven appears,
Be "Thine forever," clear and sharp,
God's trumpet in our ears.

When sin in pleasure's soft disguise,
Would work us deadliest harm,
May "Thine forever" from the skies
Steal down and break the charm.

When Satan flings his fiery darts
Against our weary shield,
May "Thine forever" in our hearts
Forbid us faint or yield.

Thine all along the flowery Spring,
Along the Summer prime,
Till Autumn fades in welcoming
The silver frost of Time.

"Thine—Thine forever"—body, soul,
Henceforth devote to Thee,
While everlasting ages roll,
Amen—so let it be.

In *MOSES THE MAN OF GOD* (Carter's) we have a posthumous work of that prince of writers, James Hamilton, D. D. It consists of twenty-five lectures on the life and work of the great Hebrew law-giver, which were originally delivered to the congregation of Regent Square during the winter of 1859-'60. These lectures are in Dr. Hamilton's happiest style, and the volume needs but to be known to take rank with the author's other popular works. Dr. H. possessed, in rare degree, the faculty of setting forth the commonest Scripture themes in a poetic prose of singular purity and beauty. There is no labored effort on these pages.

The thought runs peacefully on in a quiet, limpid stream, seemingly easiest when really most difficult of imitation. Like apples of gold in pictures of silver are the ideas of these lectures in their graceful setting of mellifluous sentences. The royal preacher follows the King in Jeshurun, from the slime-pitched ark of bulrushes and the quiet Nile-bank, to the top of Nebo and the vision of Canaan. Over every scene in Egypt and in the wilderness, he throws the charm of his inimitable pencil; and through all combines the instructive and the pleasing as is done by few writers of this or any age. Long live, say we, the memory of Hamilton.

ONE of the most evident results of the commercial closeness of the present year, is the comparative dearth of really valuable new publications. Even of those we have, a fair proportion are English publications re-issued in the name of American publishers. The same monetary pressure has also stimulated the production of manuscripts in all quarters. But our publishers are grown very cautious in accepting any, except the creations of authors whose previous fame will insure their wide advertisement. The number of useless works now offered for publication, we are informed, is without parallel, and book-writing is become a mania. The market is already well supplied with standard works, and general literature can well afford to remain for a while without increase, except in the offerings of decided genius or thorough scholarship. Readers are now bewildered with the vast array presented to their thirsty eyes, till they scarcely know from what fountain they had better drink.

THE CARTERS, in a quiet, steadfast way, are offering the best and most substantial selections from foreign authors. One of their latest books is *MEMORIES OF PATMOS; or, Some of the Great Words and Visions of the Apocalypse*. By J. R. McDUFF, D. D. The great popularity of this author is evident from the fact that his previous works have attained such a wide circulation, his *Memories of Gennesaret* having reached its twenty-first thousand, and his

Memories of Bethany its forty-first thousand. The present volume does not profess to be a thorough discussion of the Book of Revelation, or the exposition and defense of any of the various prophetic theories of apocalyptic students. It is a selection, as themes for sacred meditation, of some of the most practical and stimulating scenes and predictions with which that book abounds—glimpses of the heavenly blessedness hereafter to be realized in the coming of the Prince of Peace. This selection is mainly from the opening and closing chapters of this last prophecy, and the object of the writer is "to stir in us more fervent aspirations after spiritual good, and urge us forward on our pilgrimage with better hope and heartier energy."

The volume constantly discovers the results of close exegesis and wide consultation of the highest authorities. And the richness and warmth of poetical imagery render the work one of uncommon interest to the general reader. The glow of fervent piety pervades it from beginning to end, and we do not hesitate to predict for it a merited popularity equal to the author's former works.

HOME RELIGION, by the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, is a little gem from the same publishers, containing chapters on the Happiness of Home; Home Discipline; Home Government; Prosperity in the Home; Religion in the Home; The Christian in Every-day Life, and Thoughts on Prayer. The style is simple, direct, and very pleasant. This book has been read aloud in our Home with great appreciation of its fresh and original thought.

LONELY LILY, by M. L. C., is a pleasant volume for youth, from the same house. Carters' books are for sale by Sutton & Scott, Cincinnati.

GEO. CROSBY, 41 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, is agent for the American Sunday-school Union, and keeps a full variety of the choicest publications of all kinds, which our friends will find it to their interest to inspect. From this house we have received *Penny Rust's Christmas*. By Mrs. C. E. K. DAVIS, author of "No Cross, No Crown." Boston: Henry Hoyt. Hoyt's

books are handsomely printed and illustrated, and he has taken a prominent position in furnishing our youth with valuable reading. The closing sentences of this book will indicate its character: "I'm going to try to be a Christian, and I hope you'll all pray for me. I've been an awful bad boy; but I mean to be a good man if God will help me." And God did help him, you may be sure.

Culture and the Gospel; or, a Plea for the Sufficiency of the Gospel to Meet the Wants of an Enlightened Age. By Rev. S. McCALL. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Price, 75 cents. For sale by

This little book touches upon a theme of growing interest. It is no reflection on the book or the author, to say that any attempt to overtake that subject in one hundred and twenty-three pages must be unsatisfactory. As far as it goes, the relations of culture and the Gospel are pleasantly set forth in this volume, and will stir up thought in directions it has not tried to travel. But it is one of the coming questions. The Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is the world's historic center, and we can no more have a true philosophy of history without a recognition of that fact, than we could have a true theory of the solar system till the sun was taken as the center. As all attempts to harmonize and unify the movements of the planets until their motions were regarded from the sun proved futile, so there is no order or law or unity in the development of human thought till it is looked upon and measured from the Christian center.

Blunt's Coincidences and Paley's Horæ Paulinæ. Robert Carter & Bros., New York. For sale by Robert Clarke & Co., 65 W. Fourth street, Cincinnati.

The argument for the veracity of St. Paul's Epistles from internal evidence and undesigned coincidences—first clearly drawn out by Paley, though not entirely

original with him—as a mere piece of reasoning, is worthy of the closest study. An eminent jurist has said that every lawyer should make it a point to read "Horæ Paulinæ" once a year. Blunt's *Coincidences* is an application of the same form of argument to the other books of Scripture. The union of these two works, in one volume, makes a book of Christian Evidence, so compressed and yet comprehensive, as to claim a place in the library of every intelligent Christian.

The Moravian Indian Boy: A Tale of the Pilgrimage of the Moravian Indians from the Susquehanna to the Muskingum. By the author of "The Berry Pickers." Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication. For sale by Sutton & Scott, Cincinnati.

The Child Captives: A True Tale of Life Among the Indians of the West. By MARGARET HOSMER, author of "Chinaman in California." Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication. For sale by Sutton & Scott, Cincinnati.

Both of these books are sufficiently full of adventure to be fascinating to the young, and sufficiently full of religion to prevent an evaporation of the influence of the story with the last chapter of the adventure.

Astronomical and Commercial Discourses. By DR. CHALMERS. New York: Robert Scott & Bros. For sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

A new edition of an old and valuable work, familiar, doubtless, to the majority of our readers. Astronomy has made great advancement since the days of Chalmers; but the argument of the great Scotchman is not yet out of date: it is immortal. The commercial sermons are also still in point.

Our Only Brother. American S. S. Union, Philadelphia. For sale by Geo. Crosby, 41 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, O.

A well-written story of an orphan brother's wanderings and reclamation. The narrative is full of interest, and the plot and characters of the tale very natural.

OUR GLEANINGS.

BAYARD TAYLOR, who has given us a translation of the first part of Goethe's immortal work, is every way fitted to translate Faust. His culture—his long and loving study of Goethe—and his own poetic appreciation and fire combine to give him very especial fitness for the grand work he has accomplished. This is the first attempt to translate this tragedy in the original meters. The irregular construction—the frequently compressed and highly intense dramatic action rendered the task no light one. It is not enough to say the work is faithfully performed.

The translator has caught the fire of the original and reproduced it. In only a few places have we had time to compare it with the German, but the impression produced upon us is that very little has evaporated, and that as much of the *esprit* of the original has been preserved as it is possible to preserve in a second language. No matter how rich the new language that receives the poem, nor how well handled, poetry is an essence too volatile not to suffer diminution in the change.

This translation will probably stimulate the American study of Goethe. In a very large sense the study of Faust is the study of Goethe. The poet himself intimates that its development of character is subjective; and that the struggle of good and bad in Faust, is only the struggle within himself projected upon the canvass of the tragedy. The conception and plan of the drama is very fine; but the filling up in much of it falls below the level of that conception. The insight into character with which it opens is, of course, masterly; the picturing of the struggle, is most of it, worthy of the idea; and the end of it is Shakespearian. Nothing could surpass the pathos and the passion, and the gleam of glory and the awful despair in which it culminates; but there are many and glaring faults in the body of it. A good deal of

irrelevant, diverting and therefore weakening, matter is introduced, as the Witch Scene and the Walpurgis Night. There are sudden and rather unaccountable moral transitions in the character of Faust. A good many of these imperfections may be understood, perhaps, by remembering that Goethe began Faust among the first of his literary conceptions, and worked at it, off and on, up to near the end of his long life. It is not wonderful that there should be inharmonious things in a character, some of which was drawn at thirty and some at seventy. As for his Devil, we regard him as altogether the poorest Devil in all literature. Not literal and matter of fact and dreadful like Dante's; not shadowy, immense, and ambitious, like Milton's; he is a weak, contemptible, sensual being, a cunning magician rather than a "prince of the air," whose wickedness is too grovelling to be alluring, and whose power is too full of chicanery to be dreadful.

Margaret is not very much of a woman. Simple, weak, and loving, she rises into grandeur at the last, only under the pressure of despair. But altogether, for vividness and distinctness of portraiture, for variety in giving glimpses of so many characters, and especially for the central thought of the meeting in human life of the above and below, Faust will always be regarded as one of the world's great tragedies.

PROF. JOHN TYNDALL is so eminent an authority in physical science, that his words are well worthy of a candid and serious attention. We have before us three scientific addresses delivered by him on the Methods and Tendencies of Physical Investigation, on Haze and Dust, and on the Scientific Use of the Imagination. The materialism in the first of these is hardly veiled. We give our readers a few of the sentences in which this address culminates.

"Phosphorus is known to enter into the

composition of the human brain, and a courageous writer has exclaimed in his trenchant German, 'Ohne phosphor kein gedanke.' That may or may not be the case. But even if we knew it to be the case the knowledge would not lighten our darkness. On both sides of the zone here assigned to the materialist, he is equally helpless. If you ask him 'Whence is this matter of which we have been discoursing? who or what divided it into molecules? who or what impressed upon them this necessity of running into organic forms?' he has no answer. Science is also mute in reply to these questions. But if the materialist is confounded and science rendered dumb, who else is entitled to answer? To whom has the secret been revealed. Let us lower our heads and acknowledge our ignorance, one and all. Perhaps the mystery may resolve itself into knowledge at some future day. The process of things upon this earth has been one of amelioration. It is a long way from the Iguanodon and his contemporaries to the President and members of the British Association. And whether we regard the improvement from the scientific or from the theological point of view, as the result of progressive development, or as the result of successive exhibitions of creative energy, neither view entitles us to assume that man's present faculties end the series—that the process of amelioration stops at him."

Concerning all of which we are moved to ask: What would be the measure of scientific scorn of theologians, if they were to ignore the theories and facts of science as smoothly and loftily as many scientists ignore Revelation? Mr. Tyndall says that materialism is dumb in the presence of the questions of the origin of life, and the "amelioration" of man, along that long way that separates the Iguanodon from the President of the British Association, and that *no one else is entitled to answer*, and that we must confess our ignorance as to *who* or *what* impressed upon "molecules the necessity of running into organic forms;" which, we suppose, means ignorance of *who* or *what* gave to matter the law according to which it moves.

We suggest, as a style of reasoning exactly parallel, the following: Galileo said, "It moves, nevertheless." It may or may not be so; but if the world does move it is impossible to say in what lines, at what rate, or by what law, since Revelation says

nothing on the subject, and if the theologian is silent, who then is entitled to answer?

Let us lower our heads, one and all, and confess our ignorance of the movement of the earth.

It were no more unscientific for us to ignore their science of physics than it is for them to ignore the science of theology, based upon a Revelation as well established as any fact of the material world.

ROOT & CADY, the well known music publishers of Chicago, have just issued a rallying song and chorus, by Geo. F. Root, entitled "Hear the Cry that Comes Across the Sea." It is dedicated to the Producer's French Aid Organization of Chicago. Of course it is very opportune. France needs help. New York some time ago organized for the relief of the suffering French non-combatants, of whom there are probably fifty thousand at the verge of starvation. Later, Cincinnati and Chicago have joined in the noble work. The political problem in that unhappy country hastens to its conclusion—whether a peaceful republic, or an Orleans throne established in blood, it is impossible to say.

But the great war is ended, having brought to France two things that she needed—humiliation and riddance of the house of Napoleon. But it has brought, in addition, untold suffering and desolation to a beautiful land. It becomes all philanthropic people to give these starving peasants seed for the spring-sowing, and bread for their empty tables; so the footprints of the terrible war, whose duration in proportion to the results was, perhaps, shorter than any of modern times, will sooner be hidden under the flowers of returning prosperity. If, then, the French shall fail of the political advantages that are within their grasp, or the Germans of the free unity within their reach, it will be by their own folly alone. The civilized world having given medicine to the dying and bread to the starving, will have done its duty and may calmly leave the large results to Him who holds the nations in his hand.

OUR MONTHLY,
A
RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY MAGAZINE.

MAY--1871.

UNDER THE YOKE.

BY MRS. JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

AUTHOR OF "ALMOST A PRIEST," "PRIEST AND NUN," ETC.



CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE YOKE OF CHRIST AND THE YOKE OF
ROME.

A GIFT neglected shall be withdrawn. That mother's Bible had lain, these many years, unopened in Brian's desk; but now that its sacred pages had been given to the fire, how doubly precious it became!

Far away on the Island of Cedars, the boy Allan lived with a tutor and Allan Rowe, in a queer, easy, safe, bachelor establishment, set up there by Rowe for his own accommodation. Here the pupil of the Jesuits, the cowed serf of the priests, learned that he had a mind and soul of his own. His nature expanded, he was free from spiritual bondage, and his father's high, ardent disposition began to be developed in him. The days passed gloriously; he studied, he roamed about; he enjoyed the sports of the woods; he was taught to form opinions; to argue them; to be a reasonable being. The higher element of

faith, of reliance on an infallible God and His infallible Word, was, thus far, left out of his education; but over the night of gloom rose the clear dawn of day.

Allan Rowe frequently left his young charge and the tutor, and returned to the city. We do not here stop to explain the dealings of God with Allan Rowe, by what path he led him, by what discipline he instructed him: enough that He who went abroad at the sixth and the ninth hour to bring laborers into his vineyard, saw Allan Rowe standing idle, spoke to him with the voice of mastery, called him, and Allan obeyed and followed Him.

Andrew, being found of Jesus, went first for his own brother Simon. Allan Rowe, having no brother in the flesh, went after the man who was the brother of his heart, and preached Christ unto him. He knew whereof he affirmed, and testified that which he believed; and Brian Waring, tossed with doubts and fears, robbed of domestic happiness, disappointed in his dearest hopes, seeking rest on earth

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by the PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE COMPANY, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

and finding none, listened assenting to the good news of Grace to sinners, and took upon him the yoke that is easy and the burden that is light. In him was worked the Spirit's miracle of transformation; he was the same; and yet how different! He had suffered, and now by that suffering came to him humility and sympathy; the bitterness of his soul was gone; anger gave place to a profound compassion. In his desolated home there was but one to receive the benefit of this Divine tenderness, of these sanctified hopes; but how greatly was that one in need of consolation!

Clare was, indeed, bereaved. Her health was gone; her children were gone; she had been driven by her spiritual advisers to rebuff and trample on her husband's love until she believed that, too, was gone; happiness was lost; hope had perished. No words can tell how this poor Clare longed for peace, for affection, for the society of her son and daughters, for all the sweet amenities of domestic life; yet these longings she concealed in her heart. This unhappy slave of priestly bondage, with more than Spartan resolution, hid in her bosom the gnawing grief that hourly destroyed her; she would die and give no sign.

But now came this change in Brian; his eyes were opened; he saw the ceaseless and perfect love which God had ordained between husband and wife; he appreciated, for the first time, his wife's spiritual anxieties; he realized her darkness, her danger, her blind craving for soul-safety; he could now comprehend her anxieties for what she deemed the religious training and spiritual safety of her children; she believed in her false gods; indeed none other had ever been presented to her. Brian had hitherto given no evidence of religious feeling; but the priest had addressed himself to the eternal want of the soul, and to him her awakened conscience had woefully turned for instruction and satisfaction. It might be now too late to retrieve the past; but Brian must do now what

was evidently duty, and had suddenly become pleasure.

Mr. Rowe being now in the city, young Allan, through him, sent frequent letters to his father, full of loving messages to mother and sisters, and animated details of boy-sports and discoveries. Brian carefully erased the address and took the letters to the lonely mother.

"I hope, dear, that our daughters are as happy."

Clare made no reply, though she grasped Allan's letters as a hungry man grasps food. Once this silence would have angered Brian, but now his new sympathy perceived that this withholding of confidence was painful to her, but that she was forced to it by a power she did not dare to resist. His only emotion now was tender pity, and he redoubled his efforts to comfort her. Again she heard the loving compliments of the days of old; he brought her gifts once more—books, flowers, or trifles of dress or ornament—that would please her taste. He had plenty of time now to spend with Clare, to walk with her, to ride with her; he broke down the barriers of reserve that had slowly risen between their hearts, and resumed the merry or earnest converse of the days gone by. Though the children were gone, Brian would not let the home be gloomy; he would not suffer his wife to go pining and heart-broken to her grave, leaving to his future only a long regret. Clare noted the happy change—as it continued days and weeks, she brightened visibly; her words were freer; her eyes shone with something of the old love-light; she no longer held herself angrily aloof. In her hours of musing the faded ideal of wedded love, which once she had cherished, was retouched to beauty, which persuaded her to strive after a reality as fair. For the first time in her life Clare began to wonder if that religion was of God which put discord between those whom He had indissolubly joined together. But had not Father Garren told her that religion came to set at variance kindred

hearts, and that the *Church* proclaimed in Scripture, "he that loveth father or mother, son or daughter, more than me, is not worthy of me"? No wonder that Clare did not desire to read the Bible; the fragments of it doled out and explained by Rome, had made it seem, indeed, a bitter book.

It was evening, and Clare sat by the open window of the drawing-room. Brian came in, brought a shawl, folded it carefully about her, placed a cushion under her feet, and then fondly stroked the soft golden hair, still her chief beauty.

"Brian," said Clare suddenly, "how different you are lately. What has made the change?"

Another man might have been suspected of changing his manners to gain an end in view, but not the sturdy, outspoken Brian Waring. The time of speech had come; there, as the twilight deepened, Brian told his wife in simple, earnest words, how old things had passed away and all had become new.

This self-abnegation, this casting away of works of righteousness that we have done, this reliance on Jesus, this nearness and direct application to Christ a Living Head, was, to Clare, a revelation. She had never before imagined that there was any such experience possible, but the calm, assured words of her husband fixed it in her mind as an absolute fact. She envied the experience, and had a new respect for him. He seemed to be very much nearer God, and, therefore, more godly than Priest Garren, and it would be so much more encouraging to find in her husband a spiritual adviser and friend, than in the priest who was personally so repugnant to her.

The keen eye of the family inquisitor, Priest Garren, soon detected Clare's softened feelings toward Brian: divided, he might conquer these two; united, they could defy his power. Arrogant domination was this man's natural element. He sent his servant one day to Clare, desiring her to call upon him at his house, he had import-

ant business. Clare did not wish to—did not dare refuse.

"I tell you, Mrs. Waring," said Priest Garren in his most imperious tones, "this matter about your boy must be settled. He is the property of the Catholic Church, and he must be delivered from the keeping of infidels. It is your duty to find where he is, and how he is to be got; and I command you to do it."

"But, father, I can not," remonstrated Clare.

"There is no can not about it; you are weak and traitorous; you are becoming tinctured with this accursed heresy; you are in danger of eternal destruction which ever awaits apostates."

"You misjudge me, father," faltered Clare; "I am entirely faithful to the Church."

"Your obedience will prove that," quoth the priest. "I have marked out your plan; it is yours to pursue it. You will leave that man and retire to a convent to pray for yourself and your children, lest you be delivered over to the devil. If you thus separate yourself from him, he will appeal for a divorce, and you can obtain alimony and very likely the custody of your children. At all events we could procure an order that the boy be produced in court; and once we knew where he was, we could be pretty sure of seizing him. What is that obstinate heretic to you in comparison with the everlasting salvation of your children, or your and their eternal perdition?"

But Father Garren had overshot his mark. If there was one thing above others which Clare Waring held sacred it was her marriage bond. Divorce! The priest had overrated his authority; this heart, which he had crushed and wounded, and ruthlessly trampled upon so long, turned on him in a fury:

"Divorce, father! Brian would never seek for that, nor would I. Does not our Church call marriage a sacrament? Does it allow a civil marriage? If the court can not make a marriage



can it abrogate one? If we must appeal to His Holiness, my husband will not recognize his jurisdiction, nor will American law. I tell you I stand before God and men as Brian Waring's wife, and such I remain until death divides us. Dare you, a minister of the Church, lightly esteem the sacrament of matrimony, and lay it at the mercy of a court of justice!"

This was one of the few times, in his life, when Father Garren was forced to condescend to flattery and entreaty.

"Daughter Clare," he said smoothly, "you are, indeed, a most faithful and well-instructed child of the Church. I was but proving you, as the Lord proved our first parents in Eden. You are truly the wife of Brian Waring, and on you God has laid a care for his soul and the duty of his conversion. You have waited long, but you must have faith that your works will be rewarded. Does not the venerable Abbe Martinet call these heretics our *separated brethren*? Are we not to expect their return to the bosom of the Holy Church, drawn thither by the persuasive power of Mary, true mother of mankind?"

Clare had favored her priest with glances of that blue lightning which she had sometimes flashed upon Brian, but these guileful words calmed her rage, and she turned again a submissive ear to his instructions.

"I ask a sacrifice of you, my daughter, but only for a little time. Retire, as I told you, to the convent, to pray for the conversion of your husband and the reunion of your family. I shall unite my prayers with yours, while, immediately upon your arrival at the convent, the Sisters will commence a Novena of thirty days to the Blessed Virgin to intercede for the accomplishment of your desire."

Clare mused: here lay duty in obedience—joy also in seeing those two dear girls—some hope for Brian and family reunion. She spoke one thought and:

could then be with my daugh-

"Clare Waring," spoke the harsh voice of the priest, "a sacrifice is worth nothing unless it is *perfect*. Hold back from the Church no part of the price. You will not be at St. Sacramento with your daughters, but at St. Bridget's."

Cora and Belle Waring had been sent about among several convents, but, as their father apparently made no effort to find them, they had at last been settled at St. Sacramento, on the footing of pupils. Father Garren's plan for Clare, was to divide her from her home and restrain her affections; far be it from the priestly despot to put the weary-hearted mother where domestic ties would grow stronger in the sunshine of her children's smiles.

While Clare's heart had inwardly renewed some of its tenderness to Brian, she had felt it her duty to give no outward sign of concession. To him she seemed hard as Job's wife who would not be entreated—no, not even for the children's sake. It was, therefore, with more of anguish than surprise, that he found himself apparently deserted. When he returned home, one day, his wife was absent. The servants professed to know nothing about her, though one maid, compassionating his anxiety, said that she had heard "something about her mistress going to make a retreat for the good of her soul."

Among the letters dropped in the box at Brian's office was found, next morning, one from Clare—merely this:

"Do not seek for me. Duty calls me away. I go to pray for your conversion and my son's safety."

No kind form of address—even no signature; just the well-known writing—traced once on such loving letters. Its short, cold lines cut Brian to the heart.

This letter had been ordered and examined by Father Garren. It was three days before the heart-sick husband found a brief note in his dressing-case, slipped there in some blest moment by his unhappy wife:

"My Brian, I do not want to leave

you—I will come again. Oh, Brian! my love, my love!"

Father Garren would have anathematized Clare if he had known of that note; but, to Brian, it came like a voice from Heaven.

The priest's aim was to force Brian to sue for a divorce on the ground of desertion, but he had mistaken his man. This was something Brian would not do; he had the strength of patience. Brian used every effort, quietly, to discover his wife's whereabouts. The Bentlys, evidently, did not know of this new move. Aunt Bently said she was scandalized; but that a Retreat or a Novena might be Clare's motive, and neither of these would last over thirty days for the most devout *secular*.

But, alas! the month passed, and Brian was yet in his deserted home, robbed of all his dear ones. He dared not bring back his boy; he could not find his wife or girls. He finally dismissed all the servants, brought in two or three Protestant domestics, and in his lonely house lived on through dreary days, yet comforted through the darkness by the strong consolation the Spirit brings the children of the heavenly kingdom.

Meanwhile what, in the Convent of St. Bridget, were the feelings and occupations of the truant wife?

During her interview with her priest, Clare had come to a determination—this seclusion in the convent was to be the last effort she would make to Romanize her family. These many years she had struggled and suffered, and laid her best affections a sacrifice on the altar of her faith. A secret anger had grown up within her, against the saints who would not come to her aid, even towards the Virgin Mary, whom the Church styles "the sole extirpator of all heresies," and yet who had, in spite of his wife's prayers, suffered Brian Waring to go on for years with every drop of his blood a determined and distinct heresy against the Papal Church.

Clare yearned for the love of the

days gone by, and for the happiness of her ideal home, with a longing grown in these last few months stronger than her Romish zeal.

Clare now made up her mind to keep this Novena with the utmost devotion; if the desire of her heart was given her, well and good, peace would thus be achieved. If Brian still maintained his position, yet patiently welcomed her home after absence, then the children should be brought home, and there would be friendship and fair-play in spite of Father Garren; for these last few weeks of loving kindness had done more to destroy Clare's fanaticism than had been accomplished in all the former years. It was not that Brian had, in the least, yielded his convictions of duty, nor his maintenance of his rights, but he mingled sympathy and affection with steady adherence to an honest purpose, and this union of gentleness and sincerity made fair contrast to the arrogance and double-dealing of the Irish priest.

Clare could not, without a great final struggle for success, relinquish the chief object of her life since her acquaintance with Brian Waring. One more effort was to be made, and as was natural to a Romanist, she turned with strong crying to the Virgin.

Romanism is not God-worship, but Mary-worship. Says the Abbe Martinet: "Admirable instinct of the Christian family! Shepherds and their flocks seek an asylum in the Immaculate Heart whose ineffable purity is never tarnished; they are not satisfied with pressing round their Mother, but they throw themselves into her bosom."

So Clare, calling the Sisters of St. Bridget to the rescue, flew to Mother Mary and began her Novena.

"Be instant in prayer to the Mater Admirabilis, daughter," said Priest Garren; "her prayers are ten times more acceptable to God than ours."*

Then came to Clare her husband's words, that "Now in Christ, God him-

* *Challoner's C. C. Ins.*, p. 231.

self loved Brian Waring, and had said, in scripture, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you: ask and ye shall receive, for the Father himself loveth you.' Most blest assurance!

Was it the first germ of a higher knowledge, springing in her soul, that made Clare ask:

"And father, that is as high as we can go, to the Mother of God?"

"Surely," replied the priest. "In the plan of regeneration the woman occupies the first rank. She did not come forth from the God man, but he was born of her. It was not from the new Adam that Mary beatissima learned her destiny; she conferred on him his name, and commended him for thirty years. She offered Him as the victim of propitiation on the altar of the Most High, and how could her presence at the crucifixion be explained if her place there had not been designated for the accomplishment of the great mystery?"*

"Then I may address my prayers to her with entire confidence?"

"Certainly. Rest assured that you will be heard and answered."

Vigils, fasts, and prayers, were now the order of the day. Night after night in the dim candle-light of the chapel the slender form of Clare might be seen, she keeping, on her knees, the *consecrated hours* in memory of Gethsemane; while Nocturnes, Vespers, Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext and None, and Complins, found our devotee praying still. Then into the chapel, with its taper-lit gloom, came the Sisters of the order, with the Litany of the children of Mary.

"Mother of God the Son, protect thy children. Daughter of God the Father, govern thy children. Spouse of the Holy Ghost, sanctify thy children. Mother of strength; Mother full of zeal; Mother ever calm; Mother most faithful; Mother most meek, assist thy children."

* Abbe Martinet, *Religion in Soc.*, pp. 255-258.

Then the organ pealed, and one voice, far off in the choir, wailed: "O, Mother, hear us!" And again the Sisters pleaded:

"By thy immaculate conception; by thy heart pierced with a sword of grief, O, Mother, hear us!" And so long ago, on Carmel, some called on Baal unhelping and unheeding.

Day after day lapsed and no miracle of assistance came. Instead, Father Garren learned what he did not tell Clare, that Brian had made, among the heretics, public profession of his faith in Jesus.

There were some hours each day when Clare lay down in her own room to refresh her exhausted frame. These hours were insupportable, and to relieve their tedium she besought Father Garren to bring her some devotional books.

The holy father possessed a magnificent library of some thirty or forty volumes, as "The Three Kings of Cologne," "Purgatory," "The Lenten Manual," etc. As he looked them over to find pabulum for the famished mind of his daughter Clare, he came to a small volume of extracts from the Roman Missal, "Defects Occurring in the Mass." He put that with the others intended for Clare. As it happened, this was the first book selected by her for reading, for it had never been suggested to her that any defects could be in that "Most Holy Sacrament."

The statement of an ex-Catholic is as follows:

"What first revolted me, and forever drove me from Romanism, was a study of 'Defects Occurring in the Mass.'"

This was something like Clare Waring's experience. Her eyes were opened. She read: "If rose or any distilled water is used in the bread, it is doubtful if it is a sacrament!" Doubtful, the eucharist—object of implicit faith!

"If the wine be putrid, or made of unripe grapes, no sacrament is made." But mark it, ye honest souls! "If suitable matter can not be had, to avoid a scandal, the priest must proceed."

A sacrament and no sacrament—a holy farce!

"If the intention of the priest fails, there is no sacrament; to take a false sacrament is damnable idolatry." But to this damnation are the faithful liable through lack of intention of the priest, or to avoid a scandal!

Furthermore, "If poison fall into or on the true blood and body, they are not safe to use, and too holy to be thrown away. They must be burned." "If a spider, fly, or bug, fall into or on the blood and body, these intruders must be swallowed with the rest."

The remaining errors are too disgusting to enumerate, and they disgusted Clare. The doctrine of the Real Presence in the Mass stood before her in its bare deformity. She began to sift her faith and found more chaff than wheat. She lived her Novena through, but she was suspicious of her religion, and angry with unheeding virgin, saints, and angels.

But, leaving Clare, we must turn our thoughts for a time to Cora and Belle, pupils at St. Sacrament.

Their mother had been in the habit of visiting them once in three weeks. She retired to St. Bridget's a few days before her usual time for a visit, and as the Novena dragged its slow length along, they were left for some time without hearing from or seeing any one of their family.

Brooding in silence over her memories, Belle's heart turned pitifully, lovingly to her father. Such yearnings did not disturb the placid Cora, but she also found *casus belli*, and she found it in Father Garren, who was constant in his visits. While this priest's appearance was repulsive to a dainty taste, his manners were even more repugnant. Avarice and insolence were this man's prevailing traits. He was a type of the worst, and not the best, of the Romish priesthood. As a reasoner he was an equal of him who, in Rome's mighty reminiscence of Babel—the recent Ecumenical Council—argued that the Pope was infallible, because St. Peter was cruci-

fied with his head downwards, "which shows," said he, "that the Church stands on its head"!!* He might have proved that the Church stands on its head by the inverted views she takes of every thing.

In matters of science our priest was of the order of Cardinal Cullen, who, in 1869, admonished his flock that a belief in the rotary motion of the earth was an infernal heresy, and an opposition to the utterances of the infallible papacy.†

A violent, ultra Montanist, a dogged believer in every tradition, miracle, and doctrinal deliverance of the Papal Church, he had reached his present position of one of the priests of the Cathedral, having great authority over the crowds of poor foreigners who worshiped there, sullenly accepted in his ministrations, by the more refined, who cherished the memory of Father Leroy.

Only two incidents of the girls' life in the convent we will give. The first, a trifle "light as air," which, nevertheless, angered the beautiful and haughty Cora. Cora and Belle had been called into the parlor to see their priest, and seated themselves together on a fauteuil near the window. The priest, sitting near by, took the long curtain cord with its pendant tassel, and as he talked kept swinging it into Cora's face, laughing each time that it struck her cheek or neck. She repressed her vexation for some time, then said sharply:

"Don't do that, father!"

He persisted in his elegant recreation, and Cora remarked stiffly:

"Your manner is inconsistent with the reverence of your profession."

He gave a loud laugh, and swung the tassel fairly in her face. Burning with rage, Cora sprung up to leave the room, when, stooping forward, the priest grasped her dress. Cora turned,

* "Pio Nono and his Councilors, *Harp. Mag.*, Dec., 1870, p. 28.

† Cardinal Cullen's Pastoral Letter for 1869. Dublin.

in a fury, and promptly hammered the reverend *gentleman's* fat hand with her little fist. He released her, and Cora swept from the parlor, followed by Belle, who, as this scene was perfectly consistent with her idea of her priest's puerile character, was laughing.

Only a few days after the priest called on the girls again. Cora did not wish to see him, but Belle, eager for news from home, urged her to do so. There were now a nun and two German pupils in the drawing-room. It was the age of gold and silver money, and as Cora sat down some coins rattled in her pocket.

"Daughter Cora!" Cora turned; Father Garren was holding out his hand to her pocket.

Vexed, Cora took a quarter of a dollar and dropped it in his outstretched hand; then turned away, ashamed to see him keep it.

"Cora!" She looked about. The hand was held forth again. Flushing, she laid a half-dollar in it.

Again that "Cora," and still the begging hand.

"For shame, father!" cried the girl passionately.

"Think how much credit you can gain in heaven!" said the priest.

"I have given enough. I don't wish to give you all my money!"

"Daughter, can you refuse the *Church?*"

Still the persistent hand; and Cora reluctantly relinquished a gold dollar. "That will end it," she thought.

But no! The fat hand was instantly extended again.

"Do you want *all?*" cried Cora, looking into his eyes for a trace of shame.

"Remember the poor, Cora!"

"Remember the priest, you mean,"

Cora, for once stirred out of her

Father Garren did not seem discomfited, neither did he abate his demand. Cora handed him a five-dollar piece, saying coldly:

"That is all."

During recreation hour Cora and Belle, arm in arm, walked to a distant part of the convent garden. Said Cora, in a low tone:

"I'm sick of this place; I want to go home."

"So do I," said Belle; "we are much happier there, and we are old enough to go into society. I do not see why mother has not been here this long while. Father Garren says all are well, *but there's no telling* any thing by his words; they may mean half-a-dozen things. Let us go home."

"It would be useless to try unless some one came for us. Father Garren would say we were sent here, we are not of age, and must stay until we are taken out."

"Then," said Belle boldly, "let us send for father to come after us."

"How can we do it?" asked Cora with animation.

"Have you any money?" asked Belle.

"No; *he* got it all," said Cora, grieved for her priest's shameless greed.

"I have a three-dollar piece. Little Nell Jay's black nurse comes for her Friday afternoons, and you know I often dress up the child and take her to the sacristy. I will have ready a note for Mr. Rowe, and slip it and the gold in the girl's hand. She will think it a love letter, pity my forlornity, and deliver it as directed. Then father will come for us. Now, Cora, don't vex yourself any more. The holy father is neither a saint nor an angel, and I never thought he was. Let us be happy. I will send the note; and, any way, we are not badly off. They are kind to us here; we are quite favorites."

Belle went dancing off to pet little Nell Jay. Cora took "A Visit to the Holy Sacrament" from her pocket, and sat down to read.

The garden was fair—a bower of flowers and greenery—but it was no Paradise to Cora. Her Dagon had fallen and was broken. Her priest, God on earth, to whom in the confes-

sional she had bent the knee, was—beneath contempt even. Had she not been taught of her priest, "he rules all conditions by the elevation of his character, and embraces them all in the circle of his charity?"* And that "Christianity has elevated the priest to the incomprehensible dignity of the *coadjutor of God* in the redemption of the world?"† Had she not seen this very man create Christ on the altar? Had she not learned that that "hand had received power by holy unction to consecrate and dispense the body of the Son of the Virgin?"‡ And now she had fairly loathed that fat hand when it impudently swung tassels into her face, and greedily begged without shame. It was a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, and she could not endure it.

Poor Cora; she thought nothing of going home, forgot Belle's plans, dropped her book, and lying down on the seat began to cry.

"What is the matter with my little sister?" asked a nun who was passing by.

"Everybody is so wicked," sobbed Cora.

"Catholics are not wicked," said the nun.

"Yes, indeed, sister; a good many of them.

"Oh, no, Sister Cora," said the smiling nun, "you are mistaken; a Catholic is regenerated in his baptism, and so can not sin; the Church says so. For my part I never commit sins, nor am wicked."

"What does it mean by venial sins, mortal sins, sins against the Holy Ghost, and all that is in the Catechism?" asked Cora astutely.

"O—why—ah, that must be to instruct us, or to fill up the Catechism, or to give us something to teach these idle children, or for some reason. My little sister knows she must accept all truths whether they agree or not; the

agreement is not our business; and now my little sister will wipe her eyes and come to the refectory."

While writing her French exercise in the school-room, Belle wrote her note and sealed it unobserved. She did not know that Allan Rowe was now much on the Island of Cedars, and she had no doubt that the missive would reach him at the Astor House. Nor was she to be disappointed. Allan Rowe was now in the city. When Belle playfully conducted wee Nell Jay to her waiting nurse, and slyly slipped a note and money into the black maiden's hand, that maiden scented a love entanglement, and became sympathetic. Besides, if the lady would give three dollars postage, the gentleman would surely give as much more. The sable messenger, with admirable secrecy, executed her mission, and Mr. Rowe was called from the supper-table to speak with some one in the hall.

"I have a note," said the girl, "from a young missey, with black eyes, who wears shining gold braids piled up like a crown."

Allan Rowe recognized this description of Belle Waring, and tore open the note. Only this:

"DEAR MR. ROWE—We are so tired of St. Sacrament we want to go home. Can not you get father to come for us?"
"BELLE."

"What are you waiting for?" asked Allan of the girl.

Then recollecting that he had given her nothing he slipped an ample reward in her ready hand, saying:

"Keep quiet, my good girl!"

"What an old lover young missey has," thought the girl, going home. "I hope there'll be more letters."

Next day Brian Waring and his friend Rowe went to St. Sacrament, demanded to see his daughters, and announced that they must go home, which the girls were only too ready to do. On Saturday, therefore, they were safely established at their father's house, and Ben Bently and his

* Abbe Martinet, *Religion in Soc.*, p. 215.

† *Ibid.*, p. 209.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 210.



wife were sent for to keep them company.

On Saturday Clare Waring's Novena had ended, but the Sabbath was the fifteenth of August, the great festival of the "Assumption of the Holy Virgin," "the greatest of all the yearly festivals in honor of the Blessed Virgin," "when the Heavens were opened and the Son of God himself descended to receive the pure and stainless spirit of His forever Virgin Mother," as says the author of "Catholic Festivals and Devotions." It would have been very improper for Clare to leave the convent on that high day; she must consecrate it as a holy after-thought to the Novena; and she did it, hoping against hope, believing against belief, tossed to and fro between old prejudices and new doubts.

On Monday morning Clare summoned her priest:

"Father Garren, I am now going home."

"Had you not better wait until your husband wants you enough to come for you?"

"No; I went without his knowledge, I shall return without his invitation. I have tried to save his soul, father, but I feel that, in this desertion, I have done him a great wrong. I shall now return, and try to be a good wife to one who has always been faithful to me."

"Suppose he will not receive you, daughter?"

"He will," said Clare quietly.

"If he does not will you leave him?" asked the priest, furious because Cora and Belle had gone home, a fact which he had concealed from Clare.

"Do you ask a wife to separate from her husband?" demanded Clare indignantly.

"I want to see a daughter of the Church properly treated, and not ill-used by a heretic."

"Father Garren, I am going home."

"Will you rest it here?" cried the priest; "there is my black boy on the steps; will you tell him to go to Mr.

Waring's office and bid him bring the carriage for you, and not go till he does bring it?"

"Very good," said Clare, with firm faith in her Brian; "you *stay here*, father, and I'll go and give the message in just that form."

The priest winced at this lack of confidence, and Clare went out. She gave the order to the boy, bidding him hurry with his errand, and returned to the parlor.

Father Garren then told Clare that "he wished to call her attention to two texts; one was that 'Catholic Christians must not be unequally yoked with unbelievers;' the other was that 'the Catholic Christian must come out from the world and be separate;' and he was in doubt whether both these texts did not mean that Clare should not be married to Brian."

"That question belongs to other days," said Clare; "I can not discuss it now. Holy Church has blessed my union with Brian; my marriage is an irrevocable sacrament; I can not annul it."

She presently excused herself, left the room, and returned in a little time in her carriage-dress.

"What now!" cried Father Garren.

"I must be ready for Brian," said Clare.

She took her position by one of the windows looking into the street. The priest promptly posted himself at the other. The shutters were closed, of course, but in them there was a peephole where all true Catholics could view heretics passing by.

The priest now tried to stir anger against Brian in Clare's heart—now to encourage all her Romish views. Clare, too excited to speak, stood tapping the window seat with nervous fingers. Presently came the rattle of wheels—the Waring carriage drew up before the door! The priest gnawed his thick lip. But worse, the carriage door opened, and Brian Waring stepped upon the pavement. Clare eagerly unbolted the shutter, knocked on the

pane, and Brian, lifting his hat, gave her courteous greeting. Clare ran into the hall and pulled the bell for the portress. The Mother Superior and the priest followed her to make the best of defeat, by shaking hands with and blessing their departing daughter. They knew that their case was hopeless when they saw the loving meeting of the husband and wife.

"Brian," said Clare as they drove off, "I left you to try and save your soul."

"Dear Clare, your effort was needless; Christ has saved me."

"I hoped, dear Brian, that my prayers would draw you to enter our Church."

"My wife, I have already united with the Church on earth, and trust one day to join the Church in heaven."

Clare was silent for a time.

"I shall never leave you again, Brian. Let us be united, and love each other."

"With all my heart," said Brian.

"Stop a moment! Tell the coachman to drive to St. Sacrament for our daughters," cried Clare, laying down her last weapon.

"They are at home anxiously waiting for you. They sent for me, and I went for them on Saturday."

How Clare's face lit up! There would be a home and a family once again. Then the shadow—where would young Allan be?

"How soon can you and the girls get ready for a journey?" asked Brian.

"We must go to get our boy. You are all pale and feeble; I will take you away, until November, to one of the most delightful places."

Delightful! Any place would be delightful to that heart-starved mother, where she could be with her boy—with all her children. Who doubts that the Island of Cedars was to this reunited family like Eden—like Paradise restored?

Brian carefully refrained from any religious controversy with his wife, but he established his household in the fear of the Lord. He said grace at

table and no one interrupted; indeed all looked pleased. He began family worship, in fear and trembling, giving his wife and daughters liberty to withdraw if they chose. But they seemed willing to stay; indeed Belle went with her father with all her heart, from sheer love to him. Cora thought it respectful to attend, and was ready to do her share in maintaining peace. There was a church on the mainland which could be reached by the row-boat in a few moments. Thither, on Sabbath, went Allan Rowe when he was their guest, went also Brian, Belle, and young Allan; there also, in the departing glory of Indian summer-days, Clare and Cora ventured once or twice. But while Brian was wisely silent on disputed points, light came to Clare through her children. Cora detailed her vexations and doubts at the convent, and, in hours of confidence, Clare whispered her own doubts. The boy Allan used the new liberty of free speech; so also did Belle.

"I am a Catholic, but I wish father would move, so that we need not meet Father Garren," said Cora.

You may be sure Brian was willing to change his residence; and so, after these many years, there came peace to this troubled home; the oil of healing had been poured on the waters of strife. Young Allan and Belle avowed themselves Protestants; Cora and her mother were nominal Roman Catholics, but of the liberal party in action, so plots and counterplots that had only worked woe were laid aside. With returning content health came back to Clare; when her heart was light the rose bloomed on her cheek once more. By a bitter experience she had learned not to permit priests to meddle with her family affairs.

While Brian was sustained only by pride and prejudice, the strife was hopeless and endless. When he had a faith to maintain, when he had learned alike Christian courage and Christian sympathy, he conquered through Him that had loved him.

But how bitter, during these many

years, had been his bondage! What torture had been his in place of happiness! How cruel had been the yoke of Rome, of which he should bear the scars forever! Only as a Christian could Brian maintain his position against the priests, and hold his own

in the unhappy domestic strife. Had he been a Christian in the beginning of his career, he would never have entered into marriage relations with one whose wishes and whose beliefs were so diverse from his own.

THE END.

ALEXANDRIA OF THE PTOLEMIES. No. V.

BY PROF. J. C. MOFFATT, D. D.

TIME makes some unexpected decisions, and shows little respect for those of any present. A hard-working student, obscure and despised, follows out some imperfect thought to completeness; and the result is accepted by another generation as a new science. A mighty monarch expends his revenues to build himself an empire and reputation; and succeeding ages forget all about him. A little song, thrown off in a vacant hour, is sometimes preserved with affection, while tragedies, which drew the applause of multitudes, are treated by later generations with incurable apathy. The Ptolemæan capital, though bearing most deeply inscribed upon its history the names of great mathematicians and critics, was not without a large number of authors pertaining to general literature, upon whom its patrons especially lavished their favor.

Under this head I do not include the writers of the new comedy. Because they, although of the same date with the first Ptolemies, were Athenian, and because they were the genuine descendants of the old drama, through the changes which had taken place in self, and in the state of society to which it was addressed. The theater of Alexandria was of a different style. Its functions were called forth by an effort to revive the literary splendor of the old times, and consisted of a scholarly and artificial imitation of the old Athenian tragedy. Philadelphus in-

stituted tragic contests, like those of the days of Pericles, and the poets called forth thereby were honored by their contemporaries with a reputation not inferior to any. The tragic poets, honored as the Pleiades, were all of that epoch and of the school of Alexandria. That decision was not confirmed by posterity. It was impossible to reproduce the same conditions of society, and though the means employed were similar, the results were very different. That popular taste, which had fostered the old drama, was not to be found in the mixed population of Egypt. The audience assembled at those royal entertainments was not like the ancient intelligent democracy of Athens, whose religious belief was genuine and practical, and whose native taste judged rightly, without the study of rules. It consisted chiefly of persons of rank and of scholars, who in all their opinions had views to the doctrines of critical parties. In the humbler Egyptian and mixed population, higher art could find neither impulse nor reward. In the continual revolution of ages we often find the recurrence, in human society, of similar but never of precisely the same things. And the attempt to force such an identity can never be better, at the best, than a feeble success.

How far the tragic Pleiades overcame those disadvantages, we can not now determine, inasmuch as not one of their tragedies survives. The same fate has befallen the sixty trage-

dies of Timon Phliones, as well as all the works of Alexandrian comedy and Satyric drama.

Lyric poetry also enjoyed liberal patronage of the court, and was cultivated with a success highly esteemed in its day. But it proved to be only the reflected light of the earlier minstrels. A later antiquity left its most applauded productions to perish. And the judgment of that antiquity, in this instance, is fully sustained by the specimens which have escaped the general destruction.

Alexandrian poetry presents, in the main, a very uniform surface of little elevation, tamely careful, or animated by some desperate effort of artificial conceit. Some of its writers betook themselves to the resources of science, and, like Aratus of Soli, wrote poems on astronomy, or like Apollodorus and Scymnus, versified the lessons of geography and chronology. Didactic poetry is dangerously liable to sink into the prosaic, and topics like those chosen by Nicander, antidotes to the bites of poisonous animals, and to poisons encountered in eating and drinking, would seem to preclude the possibility of rising to any degree of poetry. Of such productions of the Alexandrian scholar-poets the great mass have perished long ago. Nor have I read that any person ever regretted the loss of them. The proportion still extant is more than enough to satisfy all readers.

A still lower level contented the writers of *Griphi*, that is pieces of verse constructed in the shape of some material object—an egg, a hatchet, an altar, or after some other childish fancy.

Others attempted to earn distinction by the obscurity in which they involved their meaning. A surviving example of that style, and the most extreme perhaps of all antiquity, is the Cassandra of Lycophron. It is a monologue of nearly fifteen hundred iambic verses, in which the Princess Cassandra foretells to Priam the destruction of Troy, and the misfortunes of the vari-

ous parties concerned in it; with many other adventures of heroes both earlier and later down to those of Alexander the Great. Whatever may be said of the production as a poem, and it is not likely to be much from any quarter, it is a real curiosity in the art of darkening meaning by words. Consistently with the character of a prophetess inspired by Apollo, the princess maintains throughout that solemn obscurity of style in which ancient oracles were delivered. It is a prophecy in all the ambiguity of *Loxias*. The author adopts every device to render the approach to his meaning difficult. Without the ancient commentaries which accompany it, the whole would be utterly incomprehensible. It was the common fault of a class of literary men of that period, of whom Euphron, Nicander, and Lycophron are the most conspicuous. And no feature more distinctly marks the beginning of decline.

The dark or muddy is easily mistaken for the deep, and the clear for the shallow. And where earnest thought and purpose are lacking it is a mistake almost unavoidable. But it is a mistake never made by true genius working out genially its earnest convictions. A man, who really desires to impress upon his fellow-men something fresh and precious to his own heart, finds out by intuition the way of speaking clearly. One who has looked into the clear depths of a mountain stream, where the white rocky bottom seems so near the surface, is often surprised to see what a journey a pebble dropped into it has to make before coming to rest; so in the best works of the greatest authors every thing seems so simple and natural and easy, dictated by a spirit earnestly craving to be understood, that one scarcely suspects the profundity of their meaning until constrained to sound it with one's own experience. A nascent literature is often, though racy in spirit, rude and defective in form; one in decline exhibits more frequently an excess of polish covering insipid

thoughts, with the artifice of singular subjects, far-fetched imagery, unusual words, and general obscurity to supply the place of power.

Heroic poetry was also cultivated in Alexandria. The polished but unimpassioned elegies of Callimachus find their analogy in the epic of Apollonius Rhodius, the only one of its class which has survived. There is, however, more of the simplicity of nature in Apollonius than in Callimachus. Born in Alexandria and a student under its ablest instructors, Apollonius early felt constrained to differ from the principles of poetry then in vogue, and thereby incurred unpopularity in critical circles. Having read his poem on the Argonautic expedition before an assembly in Alexandria, he was hissed by the partisans of Callimachus, and assailed afterward by the satirical wit of their master. In his vexation he removed to Rhodes, where he resided for many years, received the rights of citizenship, and hence the surname by which he is distinguished. Subsequently he returned to Alexandria, and was appointed librarian in the place of Eratosthenes, whose advanced age had disabled him for the duties of that office.

The *Argonautica* enjoys the good fortune of being preserved entire from the text of the author's latest revision. It consists of four books on the expedition for the golden fleece, an old story, but told with a degree of freshness in design and details, and in versification of a sober beauty. Apollonius has avoided the pedantry so common in his day, and almost universal in ours, of straining after invariable brilliancy—that style which, not content with a discharge of fire-arms now and then where it would effect something, keeps up an everlasting splutter of crackers. This flow of thought and expression is perfectly simple and natural, in accord with the ancient times he depicts, and merits all the credit of good taste and unostentatious scholarship. The poem is not a great epic, but occupies an honorable posi-

tion by the side of the *Pharsalia*, the *Jerusalem Delivered*, and the *Leonidas*.

From the sweeping doom of censure or neglect which has passed upon Alexandrian poetry, more exceptions perhaps ought to have been saved than we are aware of. It is difficult to believe that the tragedies produced under the patronage, and to the admiration of Philadelphus and the men of taste and learning, who adorned his capital, should have been all deserving of the utter loss to which they have been consigned. More likely that in the various calamities which befell the great library, many good works perished in the only copies which existed of them. And one conspicuous exception at least has survived. For to the Alexandrian school belongs Theocritus, a genuine poet, who opened to literary culture a new field of thought.

Directly contrary to the common belief, which holds pastoral poetry to be the native offspring of the earliest ages, history records it as the latest in the long array of Greek invention. It sprang from the same lyric taste of the Doric race, out of which, at an earlier date, came the *Dithyrambe* and the drama. Shepherds both of the Peloponnesus and of Sicily were accustomed, in the festivals of *Diana*, to contend in rustic song. A certain *Daphnis* of Sicily is said to have cultivated that element of poetry in more ancient times, but Theocritus was the first who elevated it to the rank of a popular favorite. And as he was the first to lift it from rusticity to art, so one might almost say that he was the last to inspire it with the true spirit of rustic nature. His successors have, with but one exception, looked more to him than to the sources whence he drew.

Of the twenty-nine extant poems of Theocritus only ten are pastorals. The rest are on miscellaneous subjects, but of the *Idyllic* form. An *Anacreontic* is added to the list, which critics with great unanimity set down as spurious.

The Idyl, which is as truly proper to Theocritus as Tragedy to Æschylus, or the Epic to Homer, is a poem of narrative, or dramatic character, presenting in one scene a brief but complete view of some condition of human life. Those of Theocritus are life-like pictures drawn from the peasantry of his native Sicily and of the population of Alexandria, and bear little resemblance, save in external appearance, to the pastoral poems of later times. They know nothing of the affected sentiment, or primeval innocence, which have been ascribed to the nymphs and swains of a fictitious Arcadia. Faithful to the truth of nature, and to the intuitions of the poetic mind, Theocritus painted the manners as he found them, omitting such elements as fail to subserve the purposes of poetry. Nor does he confine himself to the pastures; the rougher occupation of the fisherman, and the indoor life of women, the sea-coasts of Sicily, and the streets of Alexandria, also furnished subject for his dramatic sketches.

This truest poet of his age and last great poet of his people, was a native of Syracuse, and wrote in the earlier half of the third century before Christ. He removed to Alexandria where he prosecuted his studies and enjoyed the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus, whom he celebrates in his seventeenth Idyl. The fourteenth and fifteenth also bear testimony to the residence of their author in that city under that reign. Subsequently he returned to Sicily, where it appears that he spent the rest of his days.

Bion and Moschus are the only other Idyllic poets in the Greek language who are to be classed with Theocritus; but they are both inferior to him, in respect to simplicity and truth to nature. They are too ornate and ostentatious, and also fail of that dramatic spirit which is the charm of Theocritus. They merit, however, the praise of beautiful description, soft and delicate sentiment, and a style of diction and of versification highly refined and ele-

gant. Few of the poems of Bion survive, and most of those in a fragmentary state. Of Moschus there are four Idyls, of which the most interesting is the funeral song in honor of his poetical instructor. They were both of the Alexandrian school of poetry; Bion, a native of Smyrna, who lived about the same time with Theocritus, and Moschus, their younger contemporary, a Sicilian of Syracuse, and also a pupil of Aristarchus, of Alexandria. Bion also spent the last years of his life in Sicily, which was, by that time, deemed the land of Idyllic poetry, as the Sicilian Doric was its appropriated dialect.

All subsequent Idyls have been shaped after the example of the Sicilian. Virgil's *Bucolics* are imitations of the pastoral Idyls of Theocritus. The pastorals of later times are chiefly imitations of Virgil. In English, Pope's pastorals are merely such; and the so-called pastorals of the latter part of the eighteenth century were imitations of Pope. After so many reflections the light becomes very feeble. The only modern poem in the spirit of Theocritus, and yet independent of his example, is the *Gentle Shepherd*, of Allan Ramsay. But it differs in form, being not an Idyl, but a complete drama, and manifests no consciousness of the great Sicilian's influence, or of the Alexandrian school. It is a picture of Scotch pastoral life, drawn with such docility to the real, as to atone for many faults which greatly need atonement. The revival of the Idyl in its classic simplicity and truth has been reserved for the present poet laureate of England.

History, under Alexandrian influences, received large addition to its breadth, if not to its depth and power. The campaigns of Alexander the Great presented most interesting subject of narrative; and many adventurers entered upon regions of antiquity hitherto unexplored by Hellenic enterprise; while foreigners became emulous of Hellenic reputation, and sought a place for the records of their respective coun-

tries before the eye of the Greek-reading public. It is to be regretted that so many of those foreign tributaries have perished, or have left only a part of their substance in later compilations. Hecataeus, of Abdera, who was educated with Alexander, and followed him on his Asiatic campaigns, wrote several historical works which must have contained valuable information. In his history of Egypt, his book on the Hyperboreans, and his Jewish antiquities, there could hardly fail to be much which we should now be glad to know. Berosus, a Chaldean, and a priest of Bel at Babylon, in the time of Philadelphus, published a history of Babylonia, drawn from the archives of the temple under his care; and Abydenus, one of his pupils, wrote a history of the Assyrians; works which would be of inestimable value now, when we are laboriously digging up broken remnants of Assyrian history from earth-covered ruins. The history and geography of India were treated by Megasthenes, a friend and companion of Seleucus Nicator, by whom he was sent on an embassy to Chandragupta, an Indian prince, who held his court in Palibothra on the Ganges. In a residence of considerable length in that city, Megasthenes collected much information about India, and the manners and opinions of its people, which he published upon his return. No work of its kind awakened more interest, or was more frequently quoted than the *Indica* of Megasthenes. But nothing, save a few quotations, now remains of it.

While Hebrews, Chaldeans, Assyrians, and Indians, were thus presented to the Greek public, the Egyptians also, who had long despised the vehicle of any language but their own, at last submitted their annals to the great literary language of the day. Their historian Manetho lived in the reign of the first two Ptolemies, and was an Egyptian priest of the town of Sebennytus, held in high reputation for wisdom. His history of Egypt, the first in the Greek language by an Egyptian,

and probably the first complete history of that country ever attempted, was composed from the ancient sacred records of the nation. Its great value can not be doubted. The more is it astonishing that it should have been suffered to perish. Nothing remains of it but some extracts and the list of kings. In the attempts now made to piece together the testimony of the monuments, the work of Manetho would have been an inestimable guide.

The same misfortune has befallen Timaeus, who left a large work on the history of Greece, of Sicily, and of the wars of Pyrrhus and of Agathocles; as well as Phylarchus, who composed a general history; Philinus, of Agrigentum, who wrote a history of the Punic wars; Bato, of Syracuse, who wrote a history of Persia, of the tyrants of Ephesus, and other works; Meneceles, of Barca, who wrote on the history of Africa, and many others of high repute, the value of whose works was attested by the use made of them by subsequent compilers. The indolence of mediæval readers contented itself with compilations, extracts, and epitomes, and the great works of antiquity were left to neglect, and saved only by accident, which has happened to comparatively few. It was within the same period that the apocryphal books of the Jews were written, some in Alexandria and some in Syria.

With exception of the Hebrews, Oriental nations evinced little capacity for history. Poetry, theosophy, bald registers of facts, frequently exaggerated, and mingled with adulation, or the self-praise of princes, constitute the staple of their writings. It was Greece which inspired the world with the spirit of history, and furnished it with models for imitation. And in the Ptolemæan times of Alexandria, were those models followed, in more or less of their proper spirit, by writers in almost every nation to which Greek literature was known.

Mental and moral philosophy, as a branch of literary art, was also the product of Greece, and cultivated, but

with only secondary success, under the Ptolemies. In that line, as well as in the new comedy, Athens succeeded in retaining her superiority.

The Greek world, now under the rule of kings, furnished little scope for oratory, and Egypt, perhaps, least of all admitted of it. The contemporaneous eloquence of Rhodes and of Hellenic Asia was less practical than ornamental.

The principal causes which co-operated to form the character of the Alexandrian school were, first, the multitude and variety of books then accumulated to rightly understand and make use of which, demanded classification and selection; for which task the great libraries furnished every facility; secondly, the campaigns of Alexander, which had really the effect of a great scientific exploring expedition, laying open new fields of knowledge in departments subsequently described as botany, geography, zoology, ethnology, and astronomy, as well as history; and mathematics naturally flourished in such a connection; thirdly, Egypt furnished, in those days, a peaceful retreat and safe protection to literary men, which in the endless squabbles of the Asiatic and European successors of Alexander were not to be found elsewhere; and fourthly, the patronage of the best Ptolemæan princes, although extended to industry and commerce, rested with special favor upon letters.

Accordingly, science and criticism enlisted the strength of the greatest minds, and poetry assumed the forms which criticism prescribed, and for imagination followed the steps of science in pursuit of material, new, strange, or interesting; while eloquence became transformed to showy rhetoric, and philosophy began to return into combination with the dreamy speculation of the East. Hellenic art was still beautiful, but no longer unconscious. History was in accordance with prevailing taste, and poured into the Greek language a vast amount of information from all quarters now under

Hellenic dominion, or within the range of Hellenic investigation.

The Greek dialect of Alexandria was based upon the Attic, modified by local and temporary circumstances, and if lacking in the chaste severity of the Attic, admitted a greater variety of forms, consistently with the enlarged circle of thought and knowledge. At the same time, the other literary dialects were still cultivated in those departments of literature to which they were deemed respectively appropriate.

For above one hundred and fifty years, Alexandria maintained her literary superiority, far above the reach of competition. Although Athens had still her philosophers and dramatists, and in Rhodes, Pergamus, Tarsus, and elsewhere, eminence was attained in one branch or another of intellectual effort, none approached her in breadth and variety of production. And nowhere was there an approach to rivalry with her in the field of science, except by pupils of her own.

But ere the end of that time, a new power had broken into the Greek world from the West, destined to absorb all patronage, civil and literary, as well as military. It was in the year one hundred and forty-six before Christ, that Roman dominion was first established over Greece without disguise. In the same year was the succession to the throne of Egypt adjudged by Roman commissioners to Ptolemy VII, with whose reign commenced the first period of Alexandrian decline. It was followed by seven other successive reigns, all more or less under Roman control, and most of them conspicuous only for vice and folly.

The Ptolemæan dynasty consisted of three portions, thus divided: To the first belong the two kings who established and matured it, between the years three hundred and twenty-three and two hundred and forty-seven before Christ. In the second portion fall the reigns of the four Ptolemies, Evergetes, Philopater, Epiphanes, and Philometor, extending to one hundred

years. Although inferior in mental and moral character to their predecessors, these monarchs still maintained the dignity of their throne and the literary institutions which adorned it. The third portion begins with the reign of Ptolemy VII, and literary decline partially repaired in that prince's later days, but recurring under his successors, who pursued a course of unvarying degeneracy, until in the death of Cleopatra the line of the Ptolemies came to an end, thirty years before the Christian era.

The reign of Cleopatra must not, however, be counted as Alexandrian dominion. That had completely ceased in the victory of Julius Cæsar, seventeen years before the death of the too celebrated queen.

Even in their lowest degeneracy the Ptolemies never lost their love for art and letters. In this they were Greek to the last. A taste for literary patronage still clung to them after the means of gratifying it had been squandered, and after they had parted with every thing else which commands the respect of mankind. It shines through the cruelties of Physcon and the weakness of Auletes, and one of the most acceptable gifts which Antony laid at the feet of Cleopatra was the magnificent library of Pergamus.

Alexandria revived again, and continued for many centuries to be a distinguished seat of learning—Jewish, Heathen, and Christian—but it was henceforth under the patronage of

Rome. By that means her influence was greatly extended westward. Greco-Egyptian ideas were copied in Rome, and thence found their way into the provinces, took their place in the Roman learning and culture of Europe, and had subsequently no little to do in the statement of Christian dogmas.

A similar influence was extended eastward, although in that direction, by Syria as well as Egypt. For more than two hundred and fifty years after Alexander's invasion of India, a part of the Punjab remained under the government of Greek kings. An active trade with India by sea was carried on through Alexandria, until the Saracenic conquest, in the seventh century of the Christian era. Greek literature, art, and philosophy, never obtained the same footing in India as in the West; the conservative character of the Hindu mind forbade it; but they have left their marks. The oldest Sanskrit literature is much older than Alexander's time; but the era of its clearest historical import, and of greatest prosperity in Sanskrit science, especially astronomy, was subsequent to it, and bears indubitable evidence of Greek instruction. It is difficult to account for the form of the Sanskrit drama otherwise than from Greek models. And the influence of Alexandrian schools of later date upon India appears even in the vestiges of Christian dogma and worship, which remain to this day, entangled in the jungles of Hindu mythology.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER.

BY REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.

OUT of the ground, a crimson ball,
The sun slides up at the morning's call,
And the shadows before his burning eye
Like routed hosts from the battle fly,
And the Prairie Farmer comes out to see
The boundlessness and the mystery
Of the sky and the plain and the leaden rim
Of the vast flat world that girdles him;

He wakes to the shimmer, frosty-keen,
Of an April morning dropped between
The wind-tost beard of March, and the gray
Young down on the rose-bright cheek of May—
And is far afield at the sunrise hour,
Rich, if he thinks his plow will "scour."

There's a rain-browned wagon beside his door,
With slough-mud spattered and crusted o'er;
Ten rods to the north, a dozen poles
Are stretched on a dozen forked boles
With one end sunk in the rich, black mold,
And they dumbly stand and patiently hold
Some tons of rotting and moldy hay,
Whence the rain drips drearily night and day—
Drips upon horse and harness down,
Or threatens in icicles sharp and brown;
Close by, a mule, a colt and cow,
In the lee of a straw-stack's ragged brow,
From dawn to dusk with tireless jaw,
Are solemnly pulling straw after straw,
And trampling three in the bubbling mud
For one that is turned to bone and blood.

His corn-crib shows just forty rails
Pierced by the snows and rocked by the gales,
Brown oaken rails piled ten on a side,
Through the chinks the large ears roll and slide,
While, fearless of pointer, trap, or cat,
Keen-eyed and numberless, sleek and fat,
Burrowing, frisking and peering about,
The rats run in and the rats run out.
In the whole of his realm you can not see
Mountain or rock or any tree;
But hale and happy he well may be
For lord of a quarter section is he,
A span of mules, a planter and plow,
And his head is clear and his hand knows how.

Just round the corner the night-wind sobs
To a pile of coal and another of cobs;
Fifty chickens fly down at morn,
A dozen pigs crunch the dented corn,
And the fop may scorn and the world may fret,
He is lord of his realm and out of debt.
From the breezy slope behind the house
Comes by the boom of the strutting grouse;
He hears the piping cry of the brant
Whose wings to the nearest corn-field slant;
The call of the wild-goose, round and loud
From his reeling tent in the windy cloud,
And he looks for the spot in the sky in vain
Whence drops the clang of the sand-hill crane.

And the farmer will down his pleasant dream,
And golden visions around him beam.
For the Years will roll and a day will come
To deluge his lands in a sea of foam:
And there, where the withered and wiry grass
Stands hard and dry on the feet that pass,
He sees with feelings he can not name
The gladiolus and tulip flame.
And quietly incidents are bending down
In whose looks and features he sees his own.
Sunbeams his acres of clover lave,
And his stately groves of walnuts wave
In the Autumn wind, and their fruit is rolled
To the ground in bushels of gilded gold,
And the breath of a bland May morning blows
Bliss of apple and scent of rose.
He sees the bloom of the peach expand,
In jet and amber his cherries stand.
The Black-caps glisten at every turn,
And Early Scarlet and Wilson burn:
Yonder his Pippins and Sweet Boughs bend,
And Swaar and Rambo and Wine Sap bend
With tint of orange and scarlet glow,
In many a long and well-pruned row,
Whilst Adirondac and Concord run,
Bloomy and black in September's sun;
And he lifts to his lip, with a kingly air,
The richest blood of the Delaware;
On arbor and trellis the sunbeam falls,
Six "blooded" horses paw in their stalls,
And his hedge-rows glisten in goodly lines
Of Arbor Vitae and Norway Pines.

Turns his box-like house to a mansion fine,
Where mantels of clouded marble shine;
A costly Brussels glows on the floor;
A bell is fixed to the oak-grained door,
And he hears in the sound of his growing corn
The tread of multitudes yet unborn,
Sweeping away to the distant West,
And hills by the white man's foot unprest;
Till the earth becomes one mighty grave,
Ashes of monarch and dust of slave,
From which new realms and nations rise
To a richer faith and to purer skies.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A VILLAGE DOCTOR.

THE CONTRAST.

No. IV.

A FEW days subsequent to my visit to Harry, of which I have already spoken, I was riding in the immediate vicinity of his residence, and as I had a leisure hour, called at the cabin, impelled to do so by a desire to hear the remainder of his narrative. I found him sitting up, engaged in the instruction of his boy; and encouraged him to go on until he had finished the lesson; my purpose in doing so being to determine whether the bright features of the lad correctly indexed superior mental endowment. My first estimate of him was a correct one. His was a brilliant intellect; and I could not but observe the gratification my notice of him gave to Harry. He had a father's pride in the promise of his son; and he had a father's weakness, too, in the exhibition of his accomplishments. But this was not singular; for we parents all—white and black, learned and unlearned—possess alike this weakness, if we do not also manifest it alike. Harry was still comfortable, and, as he could talk without difficulty, I asked him to resume the story of his own life. He commenced at once:

"Before the close of the meeting, of which I told you in our former conversation, an invitation was given to any of the anxious, desirous of doing so, to call upon the pastor or either of the assistant ministers, for further instruction upon the subject to them, at that time, of absorbing interest. I availed myself of this privilege; and, on the next day, waited upon Dr. Wilson, at his own residence. I was received with the utmost kindness. The face of the good man beamed with be-

nignant pleasantness, tempering his usual look of majestic dignity, which, more or less, awed every one who came into his presence. He first asked me of my home and my associations; and was pleasantly surprised by the information I gave him concerning these; and told me that he knew and highly esteemed my master—that he had formed his acquaintance during some of his visits to his own brother in our State, and that he had, more than once, partaken of the Kentucky hospitality of Mr. Russell's home.

"There is something awful, doctor, in the institution of American slavery. But yet an attachment often grows up between the good master and the faithful slave, exceeded in tenderness only by that between husband and wife; and thus to have my master's praises spoken in this far distant city, and by a man whom I had learned to love and reverence so much, broke me down. I was unmanned, and wept like a child. And he was the brother of our neighbor, too—that man of strict honor and upright character—that fine specimen of the old-time Presbyterian elder—a man who would stand in his tracks and be cleft in twain before he would sacrifice a single principle of God's most blessed truth.

"Dr. Wilson first examined me as to the grounds of my hope. He seemed to be satisfied. I then introduced the subject of my social status. I was a bond slave. I will never forget what he said upon this subject: 'Art thou called being a servant, care not for it; but if thou mayest be made free choose it rather. Never use unlawful means, however tempted you may be to do so,

to procure your freedom. Glorify God in that station of life in which your lot is cast. Commit your ways unto the Lord, and he will effect your enlargement. When your business here is done, go back to your home. Commend me to your good master—your friend and mine. You are now his brother in the Lord. Do not, therefore, despise him; but rather do him service, because he is faithful and beloved, and a partaker, with you, of the benefit.

“That advice has been my rule of action from that day to the present time. It has brought me safely through many a trial and difficulty; and, if I have no other heritage to leave my boy, it will be my advice to him to make it his polar star throughout the life upon which he is just entering.

“On the succeeding Sabbath a great crowd was admitted into the communion of the Church. The applicants for admission, of whom there were hundreds, were seated together. The rite of baptism was to be administered to all of those whose parents, during their infancy, had not taken upon themselves the vows of the Lord for their offspring. As the name of each unbaptised person was called out, he or she came forward, and received this Christian seal of the righteousness of faith. The officiating minister, at this ordinance, was the Rev. David Root, pastor of the only other Presbyterian church then in the city. He was a man of angelic sweetness of countenance—one faithful and zealous in the performance of his sacred duties. During the progress of the revival, thus far, he had been upon a sick bed. And, now, he had arisen from that bed, to assist in opening the doors of the fold, for the reception into it of those returning wanderers. His friends protested against any active participation, by him, in this ceremony. But he esteemed it a labor of love, and his joy of heart imparted to him an unlooked-for energy. He went bravely through with the service; and his weakened frame, instead of sinking

under the labor, was toned up by the pleasant work.

—After the sacrament of baptism was over, and the great crowd of new members were quietly seated again, the old members of the church arose to their feet, and welcomed us to their fellowship, by singing these lines:

“Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we, together, now partake
The joy, which only he can give.”

“I believe there were hundreds there—I know there was one—who felt that we had been brought into the King’s own banqueting house, and that his banner over us was love.

“When ready to leave for Kentucky, I called upon Dr. Wilson to bid him farewell. He received me as kindly as he had done before, and bade me an affectionate good-bye. I never saw him afterward; but I watched his course with intense interest during the troubles of the Church, and which ended in its division. It may be truly said of him, as was said by the pilgrim preacher of the first governor of Plymouth colony, when standing over his remains, ‘He was a good man, and a holy one, and died in sweet peace.’ When informed that he had been called to his reward, I involuntarily exclaimed, ‘My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.’

“I returned to my home. My mind was completely revolutionized. I had new views of life, new aims, new desires. Heretofore my views had been bounded by an earthly prospect—now my range of vision was a heavenly one. Kindly as I had ever been treated, still I was fretted by the chains of slavery. Now I was willing to wear them for the good which the future would bring. ‘Art thou called being a servant, care not for it.’ I would care no longer; for among my fellow-bondmen there would be work which no other man, bearing the relation to them which I did, could do so well as myself. This was the emancipation of their souls from the thralldom of error; and to the

performance of this work I would consecrate my life. By it the Master would be glorified, and at last it would constitute the measure of my own reward. These were my fixed purposes, when I reached my home again.

"After I had told Mr. Russell how I had transacted his business, and had heard the expression of his approbation, I informed him of my changed views and feelings. He was affected even to tears at the recital of them. I told him what were my desires and purposes. He approved of my scheme for the good of my fellow-servants, and pledged himself to bear what expense their accomplishment might necessitate. I will not enter into a detail of those plans; but will say that our work was blessed beyond our highest hopes. I believe that I will meet in the Paradise above those brought there instrumentally by what was then done for their good."

Harry had, by this time, warmed with his recollections. He lost sight of his infirmities, and, enthused as I had not seen him before, he rose to his feet, and, breaking off his narrative, said, as his stalwart form straightened, and he moved freely about, while his feet once more pressed firmly the floor, and he gesticulated with grace and dignity:

"O, doctor, those were glorious times. I was a man then. I made my mark upon those about me. My strength was not my own, I know; and I am glad that it was not. I was a bruised reed; yet one that was strengthened with a strength not inherent in itself—but now"—and his enthusiasm and action subsided at once—"now what am I, and what can I effect—broken down and laid aside; a burden to myself, and useless to others!"

I stopped him abruptly:

"My friend," said I, laying my hand kindly upon his shoulder, "stop just there. Leave unsaid what you are about to say, and reconsider what you have already said. There is a good work for you even in this poor old room. You have already done more

here than some of us effect in our whole lives. Do you know that your patient enduring and hope of the future good were influential in leading that sweet woman, Mrs. Bourne, into the paths of peace? Yes, she is a trophy to your 'unconscious influence,' my sick old friend. Be encouraged then; and still live on, as best you can, though gasping out your suffering life. You think that life to be a useless one; but yet live on. Still sow your seed; and sow it, too, beside all the waters you can reach. The harvest time will come at last; and then, with voice made clear again, you'll join to 'shout the harvest home.'"

His spasm of depressed feeling passed away as I was speaking, and he became himself again, and resumed the thread of his narrative:

"Nothing worthy of mention occurred to me for several years. Every thing went on smoothly and pleasantly. My age, at the time of the occurrence I am about to relate, was about thirty-eight years. I had never been reproved, much less chastised by my master. About this time he made a visit to his relatives in Virginia, leaving the management of his plantation and people in the hands of a nephew, a namesake of his own, who had come to take this charge during his absence. The nephew was different from the uncle. He was an exacting, tyrannical man, with no regard for the rights or the welfare of his uncle's servants; by all of whom he was dreaded and disliked.

"On one occasion he ordered me to do some work, which I was proceeding at once to do, but not so rapidly as to please him; and he struck me with a cane which he always carried in his hand. The blow itself did little injury; but I was infuriated by the indignity that I had suffered. Without reflection, with no care of consequences, I seized him by the waist, lifted him to the height to which my arms could reach, and dashed him to the ground. He was stunned, and his collar-bone broken. I cared not. Passion had

taken possession of me, and I felt as if I was hardened into stone.

"I had no fears of any immediate ill-result to myself from this affair; for, although when young Russell recovered from the first stunning effects of his fall, he would have murdered me outright, yet he could do nothing in consequence of the fracture of his shoulder. My fellow-servants would not act against me, for I had the sympathies of all of them; and when my master should return, no one doubted that he would do justice to all concerned. Still, I was miserable. I lost my cheerfulness and became petulant and gloomy. My soul was torn by conflicting emotions. I justified my act to others, and strove to do so to myself; but my reasonings would not quiet the upbraidings of conscience. I felt that the Master would not have acted as I had done had he been placed in my position, and the servant should be as his lord. My better feelings prompted submission to the injured man; but pride forbade this humiliation.

"Although not apprehensive of bodily injury as the punishment of my offense, I knew that the session of the church of which I was a member would take cognizance of the act; and I had an awful dread of its censure, not, however, so much on account of the disgrace to myself as of the injury which might result to the cause of Christ. But I resisted the influence of even this consideration. I was arraigned and tried, but was kindly and leniently treated. Our old pastor affectionately exhorted me to acknowledge my fault and preserve my standing. But for this I was not yet prepared. Then, but not without tears, the sentence was passed, and I was suspended from church privileges.

"Such was my relation to the church at the arrival of the communion season. I attended upon that occasion. There sat the congregation, indiscriminately mingled together, communicant and non-communicant; but when the separation would be made,

and where would I be then! I could scarce endure the thought. The perspiration stood in great drops upon my forehead, not from the warmth of the day, but in consequence of the agony of my feelings. Still the hardness was in my heart, and I could not yet acknowledge my offense.

"The Scripture upon that morning was the twenty-third chapter of Luke. Never before had it sounded to me as it did then. Possibly the Spirit then shone upon the Word for my peculiar good. As the preacher proceeded in reading of the shameful transactions recorded there, I forgot both myself and my troubles, and where I was—and I stood on Calvary, and was before the cross of Christ. As he read on, disclosing how the sacred sufferer was sent from one unjust upstart ruler to another, and then sent back again, meanly mocked, and ridiculed, and beaten, bearing all with the meekest dignity ever seen on earth—even then the mediator, though an involuntary one, between two wicked men—my heart swelled with scorn of the baseness, but with love of the nobleness; and then, when the reading still went on, and the sublime climax was reached in the utterance of those strange words—the strangest the world had ever heard, and which yet are echoing around the earth, and, at the last, will change it from a field of strife into a scene of love—'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!'—what was my frozen, hardened heart to resist the melting, softening influence of such a sun! It did not—it could not—and my tears and sobs told to all that I had relented at last.

"In the interval between the sermon and the distribution of the elements the session met. I made my acknowledgments and was welcomed back to the fellowship of the Church. The old pastor announced the fact with far different feelings from those manifested by him when he pronounced my sentence of suspension. O, that was a sweet communion season to me! Doctor, I believe that the fall of Peter,

in the end, became a good to him. I am sure that mine became so to me.

"I was now ready to make any submission, consistent with right, which would be required of me. I was very circumspect in my conduct, and very distrustful and watchful of myself. My master was daily expected home, and I determined to refer to his decision what should be done to compensate for the injury inflicted upon his nephew.

"Mr. Russell was received upon his return with the noisy demonstrations of welcome which the grateful slave always extends to a kind and generous master. And he enjoyed his welcome home, and manifested that enjoyment in a manner characteristic of himself, and so as to make his household love him even better than before. It was not long until he was informed, candidly and fully, of the difficulty between his nephew and myself. This deeply grieved him. His nephew was his namesake, the son of his twin brother, and he dearly loved him. But his decision was worthy of himself—just and equal. His nephew was the aggressor, and I was the inferior. Although both were grievously at fault, and each deserved punishment, for his wrong-doing, yet, as between the two offenders, the violence of the one had been offset by the violence of the other; and there should therefore be mutual forgiveness, and forbearance, and good will.

"Young Russell soon left for his own home again. He had never heartily forgiven me; and his departure freed me from the annoyance of his petty persecutions.

"Soon after my restoration to church privileges, I consummated my marriage engagement with Ann, which had been postponed on account of my suspension. My master had as high a regard for the sacredness of the marriage relation among the black people as the white. We were married in his parlor, and our own good pastor made us husband and wife. She has been a loving, faithful helpmate to me; and

is, I trust, a fellow heir of the good that is to come.

"When I became the father of this boy, I was visited by an intense longing for his emancipation. I could not endure the thought that he should be made an article of merchandise, to be bought and sold at public outcry, as an ox or a horse; or that he should be subject to the beck, and whim, and caprice of another, as likely to possess the disposition of a brute as of a man. My master was made acquainted with my desire, and he immediately offered to me the freedom of myself, and wife, and child, upon condition that we should remove to a free State. This condition was made in consequence of the legal obstructions, in all the Southern States, to the emancipation of the slave.

"We left our old home; but we did not go out empty-handed. Mr. Russell supplied us generously from his basket and his store, and had my health continued as sound as it was when I left Kentucky, I would now possess enough to commence the world anew in a comfortable and respectable manner.

"Mr. Russell was my master, and I was his slave; but he was my friend and I was his, and it is a cherished hope of mine that we will meet again where the distinctions of earth are unknown."

I thanked Harry for his narrative; and much as I already respected him, I esteemed him more highly after its recital than I had done before. After promising to see him soon again, I left the cabin.

When I reached the house of Mr. Whitehurst I found his wife and Mrs. Bourne ready to mount their horses for a ride. As I approached them, Mrs. Whitehurst said:

"Well met, doctor. We are about to ride to the house of our neighbor, Mr. Turbeville, whose invalid soldier-son is a patient of yours. As you will go by his farm on your return home, shall we have the favor of your company there?"

"With pleasure, ladies; and if our visit there shall prove to be as pleasant as mine has just been to Harry, I will have had more enjoyment than often falls to my lot in a single day."

"Really, doctor, you have become quite enthusiastic in your admiration of that poor man; and my good sister Bourne is almost as fond of his society as you are yourself."

"I am glad that such is the case, for no one can be injured by a proper association with Harry. It is true that he is a negro, and has been a slave; yet his sentiments are as pure and exalted, and his expression of them as proper and elegant, as are those of any one with whom I am acquainted."

"Well, doctor, that poor old negro is certainly an extraordinary man, and I believe that every word you say of him is true; and more, if ever I have met with a sincere Christian man he is one."

By this time we had reached the point of confluence of the two branches of the river. Here was the very gem-spot of the beautiful landscape. Mrs. Whitehurst was a woman of refined sentiment, with a keen and correct appreciation of the beautiful. As she looked with a pleased eye upon the exquisite scenery, she commenced, almost unconsciously to herself, to sing the words:

"O, there is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet," etc.

I looked at Mrs. Bourne. Her eyes were filled with tears. She was drinking in the beauty every-where around

us, and at the same time her thoughts were far away. I rode toward her. She noticed my approach, and, smiling through her tears, said, with a sweetness peculiar to herself:

"And he shewed me a pure river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

"Yes, my dear friend," said I, "and this is the welcome to its waters: 'And the Spirit and the bride say come; and let him that heareth say come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will partake of the waters of life freely.'"

"I have heard the invitation," said she, "and have drank of the crystal stream; and I will never again thirst for the feculent waters of this world."

I looked upon her intently as she spoke, and I looked with a professional eye, and saw that which made my heart sink as I looked. And I thought, must you, too, be taken? Is there nothing lovely upon the earth that will be spared to us? Alas! alas! I must say of you as I have so often said of other cherished ones of earth:

"The trail of the serpent is over you all!"

But there should be no complaint; for reverse the picture, and then a cheerful view is shown; the serpent's tail will soon be all erased, his fangs be drawn, and dust alone shall ever be his food. As well might the unsightly worm complain that the law of nature makes it to weave its own burial-case, and, for a time, to lie entombed within its narrow bounds; but then to burst its tiny casements, and soar away, a thing of beauty, to enjoy a purer and a higher life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH.

BY GEORGE LEE.

CHAPTER XIII.

A DAY'S PLEASURE.

I DO not propose to describe at length the amusements with which we refreshed ourselves, and fatigued ourselves no less, but only to speak of them so far as they bore upon and aided in developing the chain of events running through the past of our lives, and making the present what it is in consequence. For I hold that in the providence of God apparently trifling circumstances determine the courses of men's lives; and that, as in the field of thought, great truths are sometimes stumbled upon, no less to the finder's surprise than to the world's enlightenment; so, in numerous instances, the comparatively unimportant pursuits of our leisure moments bring about results which diligent research might never have obtained.

It happened, while we were casting about in our minds, one day, for some novelty with which to interest ourselves—something which should be worthy of our powers and intellectual attainments—we hit upon the idea of organizing a literary society for our common amusement and recreation. I think Agnes originated the idea. It proved a popular one, and was acted upon immediately. We called ourselves the Quintette Society, because there were five of us, including Lottie, whom we were kind enough to constitute an honorary member, with full rights and privileges. She made it a point to attend all the meetings, which were held the first Wednesday evening of each month, and her contributions were gratefully and admiringly re-

ceived. The excellence of the literary performances soon struck us so forcibly that we conceived the project of founding a magazine, which should be published monthly, and which should contain the best of our productions. But here a serious difficulty arose: How meet the expense of publication? Mrs. Fielding came to the rescue with a proposition which was unanimously accepted. It was, in brief, this:

"Get all the subscribers you can at a dollar apiece, and I will be responsible for the rest."

We made desperate efforts among our acquaintances, both in Hampton and New Haven, and succeeded in securing quite a long list of paying subscribers. To our inexpressible joy, a few business men, friends of our respective families, agreed to advertise with us, paying liberally for space, on condition that we would distribute copies freely on the cars, or cause them to be distributed in those and other public places. The first volume of the "Literary Quintette," neatly printed on unexceptionable paper, was prepared with great care, and launched upon the public with fear and trembling. It was pronounced a decided success, although I fear its contents "tickled the popular taste" in more senses than one. I am certain that the stories were sufficiently highly spiced, and the poetical contributions wonders of versification. But boys and girls liked the magazine and older people treated it good-humoredly, and it flourished for a year. In the autumn of 1856, Elisha and Tommy entered college, and the editorial corps, shorn of two efficient members, felt unequal to the task of conducting the enterprise.

and it was discontinued. At the last regular meeting of the society, Tommy rose and moved that the editorial corps celebrate its dissolution with a picnic.

"I second the motion," said Agnes, not having the fear of St. Paul before her eyes. The motion was unanimously carried. The spot selected for our purpose was ten miles from Hampton—a shady dell, duly furnished with a spring of water and a broad flat rock, as all picnic grounds should be. It was not far distant from a certain county seat, where an agricultural fair was annually held.

"Good-bye, children," said Grandma Prime, as we drove away early in the morning. "Mind what I told you, Elisha."

"What did she tell you?" I asked, when we had got under way.

With a comical expression on his face and a sidelong look at Agnes, Elisha whispered:

"Don't commit yourself."

"O!" Grandma P. was becoming suspicious of Elisha.

We spent a happy day, dined comfortably from the contents of the baskets, and when the shadows began to warn us of approaching night, Elisha proposed that we should crown the day's pleasure by visiting the fair, which was then in progress.

"It is too late," said Lottie. "The sun is already far down the west and we have a long drive before us."

"There'll be a moon to-night, though," said Elisha. "I heard grandma say so this morning."

The others of the party were not averse to seeing the fair, and the prospect of a moonlight drive afterward, was enticing. So Elisha carried his point and the horses' heads were turned toward the fair-grounds. As we neared the town the sound of music met us.

"Listen!" said Tommy. "Who would have thought we were to be escorted into town by a brass band? Hurray for the Quintette! It deserves the honor. By the way, I've brought along some extra copies of

the last edition for general distribution, to please our advertising patrons, you know. But I'm not going to peddle 'em. Johnny's the man for that business. Look here!" producing pencil and paper. "I've got my fixings, you see. Member of the press, come to make sketches. Admission free."

We had now arrived at the grounds, and as Tommy was in earnest about his sketches, we left him to himself, on his agreeing to meet us at the wagon at sundown.

"Be on hand, Tommy, sure," said Lottie.

"All right, Lottie. Don't fret yourself about me," he answered, perching himself on an empty barrel, pencil in hand.

We rambled about, enjoying the sight of so many farmers with their wives and babies, and entertained by the various objects on exhibition. So absorbed were we, that he hours passed unnoticed and it was sundown before we thought of our appointment at the wagon. We hurried thither, expecting to find Tommy already on the spot, impatient at our tardiness.

He was not there. We waited, but he did not come. Leaving the girls in my protection, Elisha went in search of him. He returned in half an hour, alone.

We were now thoroughly alarmed and at a loss what course to pursue. There seemed no other way but to wait until he should come. The sun was now below the horizon, and, to our additional dismay, the sky was becoming overcast with clouds. They did not promise immediate rain, but they would undoubtedly shut off the light of the moon and render the ride home a dark and cheerless, if not a dangerous one.

"O dear!" said Lottie, in despair, as the darkness gathered and Tommy did not come. "He is to blame."

"No," said Elisha. "I am to blame. It wouldn't have happened unless I had insisted on coming."

Agnes glanced admiringly at her

old friend and snuggled closer to Lottie.

"He will come after a while," she said, "and I am not afraid to ride home in the dark. Elisha is a splendid driver."

"Suppose you call him," some one suggested.

The place was now almost entirely deserted. Within the enclosure were the night watchmen, pacing to and fro, or conversing gravely in knots of twos and threes. Outside the grounds and ranged along the roadside on the grass, were a few tents and booths, occupied by side-shows and refreshment venders.

Elisha called, rather timidly at first, but gaining courage by repeated effort, sent out his voice in a cry that was clear and strong, "THOMAS HEMENWAY!"

There was no reply, but from the farthest tent three figures were seen approaching. One was that of a man, very tall and dark. Holding to his hand was what appeared to be a child, dressed in light clothes, with a cloak thrown over her shoulders.

"I beg all your pardons," said the third figure, in a low but familiar tone, "but I forgot the world and all that therein is. Don't scold, Lottie, please."

"I'm too glad to see you again for that. Where have you been, you scatter-brain boy?" said Lottie, giving him a motherly hug and kiss.

"First," answered Tommy, "let me introduce to the company my friend Goliath, *alias* Mr. Jack Bigelow."

The giant, for he was little less, being considerably over six feet, and broad in proportion, made a profound bow and said, in a deep bass voice,

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen."

It was impossible to distinguish his features, in the dim light, but his eyes, hair, and beard appeared to be as black as jet.

"And this," resumed Tommy, leading forward the child, if the tiny, fairy-like figure was indeed that of a

child, "is Miss Margaret Logan, popularly known as Zella, the Elfin Queen."

She dropped a pretty little courtesy; but, before she could speak, Agnes, moved by some sudden impulse, exclaimed:

"Why, you sweet thing, you," and kissed her. The clouds cleared from before the moon, as if her curiosity was excited also, and she was determined to see what was going on.

"Queen of the Elves! and by nature's birthright, too," I thought, as the silvery light fell upon the graceful girl and made her more fairy-like than ever. Her skin was like pink satin, and her hair, almost white, was in short curls and apparently finer than the finest wool. Her eyes were of a lovely blue, and her hands and feet were so small that Cinderella's slippers would have been too large and baby gloves hardly small enough. We stood staring at our new acquaintances in amazement, not knowing what to make of them and unwilling to ask outright who they were. In this difficulty Tommy came to our relief.

"This gentleman," referring to the tall figure, "is the Scottish Giant, one of the natural curiosities in the show tent yonder. He plays the bagpipe, sings songs, dances, etc., plays with hundred-pound weights, and performs a great variety of feats of strength and legerdemain which I haven't time to mention. Don't you, Mr. Bigelow?"

"I do," answered that gentleman, with brevity. His voice was so very bass, that, coming in contrast with Tommy's treble, the effect was quite startling.

"Mr. Bigelow," continued Tommy, "is a blacksmith by trade, and means to follow it as soon as his time is out with his present master, the man who runs the tent yonder. What did you say his name was, Mr. Bigelow?"

"Pym," rejoined Mr. Bigelow, and again we were startled.

"O yes," said Tommy, "I remember: Nicholas Pym. Queer name,

aint it? Don't see how I came to forget it, it's so queer. You see, Mr. Bigelow is bound to this old rascal, Pym, till he's of age.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Agnes, "you don't mean to say he isn't of age yet? I shan't believe you, if you do. I should think he was forty."

The giant smiled, as if amused. "Not half that, Miss," he said.

"On my word and honor, now, Mr. Bigelow is only twenty," said Tommy, impressively.

"Twenty, last November," said the giant, confirmatively.

"So, you see," continued Tommy, "he's got but two more months of bondage before him; but Zella, here, has longer to wait. She's bound till she's twenty-one, also; and how old do you think she is?" concluded Tommy, triumphantly.

It was impossible to tell. She looked like a child and she looked like a woman.

"Twelve," said Agnes.

"Fifteen," said Lottie.

"Nine," said I.

At the first answer Mr. Bigelow smiled; at the second he chuckled, and at the third he threw up his head and laughed outright, such a hearty, honest laugh that we all laughed too.

"Nineteen," said Tommy.

"Nineteen last May," confirmed the giant.

"Why, it says nine on the bill here," I said, anxious to defend myself, with the spirit of a true Yankee.

"Yes," said the girl, "I'm advertised nine, to make me seem more wonderful, you know; and Jack is advertised twelve. We are called Phenomena, Freaks of Nature, and such like. Complimentary, isn't it?" And her blue eyes flashed. "Jack doesn't care, but I do. If it wasn't for Jack I should drown myself."

Such a look of affection and gratitude as the pretty mite bestowed on her tall friend, told quick-witted Lottie the whole story.

"Then you are not happy?" she asked.

"Only as Jack makes me so," the girl answered.

"Is your master cross?" said Agnes.

"Only when he's drunk. He's a regular bear, then. Would either of you like to travel about in a wagon for months together and 'perform' and be stared at by boys and men as though you were some monstrosity? I don't think you would like it, even if your master *wasn't* cross."

"Why don't you run away?" said Elisha, who had been staring mutely from one to the other until reminded that she particularly disliked such treatment.

"Hush!" she said, quickly, looking about her as if apprehensive of being overheard. Satisfied that no one was near, she continued:

"I did run away, once, but I didn't know how to do any thing, and almost starved. He caught me, and I was glad of it. I should have gone back of my own accord if he hadn't."

"Come with us," said Agnes, eagerly, for the case had a romantic look, and she was kind-hearted. "You shall come to our house and my mother will take care of you. You shall be my sister."

But the Queen of the Elfs shook her head. "You are very kind, and I should dearly love to go with you, but I shouldn't be permitted to stay. He would find me, and he has papers which give him authority to take me from anybody in the world."

"I've seen 'em," said the giant.

"Couldn't he be bought off? Mamma is rich."

"Not for a sum that anybody would give. Besides," she continued, with another look at Mr. Bigelow, "I couldn't leave Jack. Jack wouldn't know what to do without me, and nobody would buy *his* liberty. If I should become a fine lady, it might separate me from Jack." She gave a little laugh, as though, notwithstanding her affection for the great fellow, she saw something ludicrous in the idea of people's taking a romantic interest in *him*.

Mr. Bigelow was not in the least sensitive, apparently, for he said, with a chuckle: "Right, Zella, right. Nobody'd ever think of buying *me* free, and making a gentleman of me."

"What do you expect to do when your time is out?" asked Lottie.

"Why, you see," she answered, simply, "Jack's time is out two years before mine is, and *he* knows how to work. He's a real genius at all sorts of things. He's going to get a situation in a machine-shop at good wages, and rent a house—"

"A white box with green blinds, you know," put in Mr. Bigelow, complacently.

"Yes, he has a passion for white houses with green blinds," said Zella, explanatorily. "And when *my* time is out, then we're to be married."

She made this announcement with an air of great pride and satisfaction, danced around to the other side of her lover, and, pausing, steadied herself by hanging to his pocket.

There was a charming air of artless innocence about her, which captivated us all. We forgot the flying minutes, and plied the little thing with questions which she seemed pleased to answer. I suppose it was a new sensation for her to receive the kind of attention we paid her. The giant, in his great voice, occasionally testified to his satisfaction in the conversation, but the glib tongue of the girl rendered his remarks gratuitous rather than necessary, and he contented himself for the most part with watching and listening approvingly. Good nature shone on his swarthy face, and there was a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, indicative of a brain away up there in their vicinity, that was quicker than his tongue. The moon's curiosity was satisfied, though ours was not. She suddenly retired behind a belt of cloud and left us in darkness. But at that moment a light flashed out from a transparency in front of the farthest tent, and, almost at the same instant, a barrel-organ began to roll and flute and fife like mad.

"'Home, Sweet Home,' as I'm alive!" exclaimed Elisha. "We'd better take the hint and be going. Grandma will be worried half out of her wits about us."

The rest of the party appeared to concur in this opinion, and there was a general movement as if to go, on the part of all except Tommy.

"O no, don't go yet," he cried. "They're going to give an evening performance. We must go and see it. We can stay a little while and come out when we please. I'll pay for the crowd."

"O yes, please come," said Zella, cordially. "I should like to have you, very much, and so would Jack. Wouldn't you Jack?"

"With all my heart," said Jack, with all his voice, giving us the impression that the one was about as large as the other.

The temptation was irresistible, and we yielded to it. There was quite a crowd of boys and men, with a few girls, wearing shawls over their heads, sprinkled in, gathered before the transparency, studying it with deep interest.

"There they be!" shouted a small boy, as Goliath and the elfin queen, whose life-size portraits were flaming aloft, disappeared under the folds of the tent.

"Stir around! Lively, now; time to begin in ten minutes!" said somebody within the tent, and immediately the organ became silent, and a little, sharp-looking man, with a suggestively red face and a tall hat, very much the worse for wear and decidedly on one side, emerged briskly from behind the canvas, mounted a dry-goods box with agility, and cleared his throat in the genuinely professional manner. The organ began "Benny Havens, O," and Mr. Nicholas Pym began his speech, as if he were another machine, wound up and necessitated to play a certain tune until run down.

This was the tune, rapid, monotonous, in a high key: "The celebrated, beautiful, and unique entertainment,

ladies and gentlemen, to which your attention has been invited, is now about to begin. Within this tent is an array of talent second to none in Connecticut, and, I am bold to say, not surpassed by any combination of a similar nature in the United States. Mr. Jackson Bigelow, *alias* Goliath, standing six feet four inches in his stockings, and weighing fourteen stone, and having a heavier beard than any gentleman in this crowd, is positively only twelve years old. Twelve years old, and yet such is his muscular strength that he will toss a hundred-pound ball six feet into the air and catch it again, with ease! He will play a variety of Scottish airs on his Caledonian instrument, dressed in the national plaid, and perform a number of pleasing tricks alone and in conjunction with the world-renowned *danseuse* and *cantatrice*, Zella, the beautiful Swedish Albino, and the so-called elfin queen. Popular airs will be rendered during the intervals of the entertainment, which will last one hour; and the admission price is only fifteen cents. The entertainment will begin as soon as the audience is assembled. Walk right up, ladies and gentlemen! This is no humbug, as thousands of people, both in Europe and America, who have been delighted by the performances will gladly tell you!"

Mr. Pym alighted from his rostrum, threw back the curtain, and proceeded to make change with facility and precision.

The organ stopped with a click, gave another click, and went off encouragingly on "Yankee Doodle;" and, moved by the soul-inspiring strains of this magnetic tune, the small boys flocked forward eagerly, while the showman, with a face devoid of all emotion, swept their dimes into his pocket.

Agnes and Lottie felt rather ill at ease among such company as composed the audience, and seemed not especially delighted with the performance itself. They dragged us out before it was half through, and nodding fare-

well to the king of men and his fairy queen, we hastily stowed each other and ourselves away in the wagon, and rattled Hamptonward.

"What a strange adventure!" said Lottie.

"What a lovely little girl!" said Agnes.

"And what a jolly old giant!" said Elisha, cracking his whip.

"They'll make an odd couple when they're married," said Tommy; "but won't they be happy, though? True love there, if I'm not mistaken!"

"How did you stumble upon them?" I asked.

"Don't know; did it somehow! and the little girl told me the whole story. I wrote it down, I thought it was so wonderful. That's what made me gone so long. I forgot all about the rest of you until I heard Elisha call. I was terribly frightened when I saw how dark it was."

"We were terribly frightened," said Lottie; "you're such an absent-minded fellow, Tom! I don't know what will become of you."

"Come, come, Lottie; don't scold! No harm done, and lots of fun."

This assertion on the part of the absent-minded Thomas proved in the end to be a very modest one.

Grandma Prime met us at the door, holding a candle above her head.

"O, grandma," cried Agnes, "we've been to Fable land, and we've seen a giant and a fairy!"

"I don't doubt it, child; you've been gone long enough for that, and more too!" answered the dear old lady, laughing good-naturedly.

But when she heard the story she looked sober and thoughtful.

"Why, grandma, what makes you look so? Aren't you well?" said Lottie, anxiously.

When Grandma Prime was deeply excited or distressed, her hands trembled, and she would have to lay down her knitting until they became quiet again. Her hands were trembling then. She wiped a tear from her cheek, and said calmly:

"I have my thoughts, dear, and sometimes they are sad ones."

CHAPTER XIV.

"GOOD-BYE, ELISHA."

"Elisha, if you will come into the study before you retire, we will talk matters over a little," said Dr. Trowbridge, as he rose from the tea-table, a week after the picnic.

About nine o'clock Elisha duly presented himself. His father laid down his pen, and, wheeling his chair around toward the lounge, upon which Elisha had thrown himself, said:

"You are sixteen, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

Dr. Trowbridge drew a sigh, for it was sixteen years since his wife's death. He looked at his boy anxiously, and seemed to have something to say, but hardly knew how to say it.

"You go up for examination to-morrow, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"You feel well prepared, do you, for the ordeal?"

"Well," answered Elisha, moving himself nervously, "I've read up thoroughly in all the requirements, and if I'm not uncommonly stupid, I hope to pass pretty fairly. It's a hard pull, I'm told."

"I wouldn't be anxious about it," said his father, soothingly. "So far as I can ascertain, you have no reason to fear the result. Be cool and collected; don't get nervous or frightened, or in too great a hurry. Some very good scholars fail on examination from sheer nervousness."

"I don't think I shall. If ever I know a thing I know it when I'm in a tight place."

"I have observed that, and have been gratified at seeing it. A person of real power, is a person who can rise to the occasion which demands a display of power. I have known men who were apparently commonplace suddenly exhibit nothing less than genius, when some emergency called

for all that was in them, and easily command where those of more pretension were fit only to obey. What are Tommy's prospects?"

"To tell the truth," said Elisha, raising himself upon one elbow, "Tom's a little shaky."

"He has recited very well," said Dr. Trowbridge, "and has certainly been over as much ground as you have."

"Yes, but Tom aint like me. He hasn't any brass, and he's already so worried that he can't eat, sleep, or think. He dreads mathematics."

"I think, myself, that is his weak point," said the doctor.

"I don't see," said Elisha, "what his father wants to send him to college for. Tom never will make a professional man. He hasn't reasoning powers enough. He sees and feels, but he never reasons. He mayn't be a genius, but he certainly has taste, and I say he ought to be an artist, or something in that line, and go at it while he's young."

"A college education wont hurt him, whatever he does," said the doctor. "Well, Brother Hemenway has set his heart on having him go through college," he continued, after a short pause, "and I trust that all will be for the best in the end. Brother Hemenway was a self-made man, and feels keenly the want of a liberal education. He is determined Tommy shall not miss it. But to come more particularly to what I wished to talk with you about. When a young man—you are a young man now, Elisha—enters college, he takes an important step."

"Yes, sir."

"When a thoughtful person, as I think you to be, takes an important step, he usually has some motive for it. I have never urged you to go to college; you have proceeded so far of your own free will. I don't deny that I am gratified at seeing this, but still I am anxious that you should go from right and worthy motives. Did you ever think seriously on this point, Elisha?"

don't attempt to deceive your grandmother. Tut! I know a great deal more about it than you do. There, off with you, now, and remember what I've told you." With this parting injunction she slipped a ten dollar bill into his hand, pushed him through the gate, as if he wasn't of the slightest consequence, and his exit from the country parsonage into a great college were of no importance whatever.

The old lady had a quick, off-hand way of dealing with people in certain emergencies, particularly when she suspected them of desiring to express gratitude or any thing of that kind.

"La, what's is the use of having a fuss over it? Do good and run—that's is my way, and it saves an immense deal of time and trouble. I assure you," she once said.

The following letter, received the next morning, was read in family conclave with great interest:

NEW HAVEN CT., Sept. —, 1856.

"Dear Father, Grandma, Agnes, and Johnny:—I take this first opportunity, after examination, to tell you that I passed as slick as a whistle. I will begin at the beginning and relate the whole story, for I know you will want to hear it. I hadn't been in the car five minutes, after bidding J. good-bye on the platform, when a stylish-looking fellow in a plug hat came along, and, seeing half my seat vacant, dropped into it

"Going into town?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Yes, going in for examination," I said.

"Ah, indeed! Academic course, I presume."

"Yes, sir."

"Then he gave me his card, from which I learned that his name was Smith—a Junior and a Linonian he was, also, he told me.

"I had no card, of course, but told him who I was, and he immediately began to show me a great deal of attention. He talked very pleasantly about a great many things and people;

said he had heard my father preach, and regarded him as one of the first men in Connecticut. Don't blush, pa.

"By the way, Trowbridge," he said, after a little, 'which of the societies do you intend to join—the Linonian or the Brothers?'

"I didn't know any thing about the societies, and told him so.

"Well, said he, 'all the students belong either to one or the other. Of course, I don't want to influence you either way yet. There is always time enough to decide after you know whether you're admitted or not. There's no doubt of *your* success, however, I'm quite confident. And if you'd like to be posted up a little as to the relative merits of the two societies, I'm willing to tell you all I know about 'em, and you can think it over at your leisure.'

"So he gave a rapid account of the history of the Linonian, and mentioned any quantity of great men who were members when in college—particularly John C. Calhoun. He said the other side claimed him too, but that there was no manner of doubt that he was a Linonian. The Brothers were an unscrupulous set who would appropriate any available name they could lay their hands on. At present, the talent was decidedly in the Linonian. The Brothers had a few strong men, but the majority of its members were a poor lot, among whom I would hardly feel at home.

"You'll excuse me from a desire to flatter you, I'm sure," he said, 'but to tell the truth I've taken a fancy to you, Trowbridge, and should like to have you with me and among my set of fellows. I don't brag of myself, but for the rest of them I can speak in the highest terms. Say the word, and we'll call it a bargain. I'm confident you'll never regret it.'

"He held out his hand persuasively. He was a very attractive fellow; and while I was hesitating whether to take it or not—for I remembered grandma's advice not to commit myself too readily—a chap in the seat opposite caught

and talent. You know what a lawyer has to do. The world couldn't get along without them."

"Very true. They *are* useful, honorable men, as a class. But do you know of any place where the people are suffering from lack of lawyers enough to conduct all the business necessary to be attended to?"

"Why, no," said Elisha, rather surprised at this view of the case. He did think of a little joke which he once saw in a newspaper, headed, "Wanted, an *honest* lawyer," but this not being in his favor, he of course did not mention it.

"No," said the doctor, "the world is not in special need of more lawyers. The supply is more than equal to the demand. But it is in need, sore, starving need of gospel ministers; and it is for you to decide, my son, whether you will live for your own selfish pleasure and emolument, or for God and your perishing fellow men. 'Choose you this day whom ye will serve;' and may God and His angels take note of your decision."

The solemn import of these words, and the energy with which they were spoken, awed the youth into silence. The doctor had risen from his chair and stood erect. His commanding form and strong, good face, now lit up with light from that source of all divine light, whose witnessing he had invoked, wore an expression such as must have rested upon the prophets when they came out from the presence of Jehovah. The younger man even quailed before him. Infidels and hardened sinners had done the same; for, when this man was roused, he spoke not as other men, but as one clothed with authority.

Elisha retired that night, humbled, startled, and with a new reverence in his heart for his father. But he fell asleep, the hours passed and the morning came, without his having made the important decision. The moment he awoke the coming examination flashed into his mind and absorbed all his thoughts. The question whether or

no he should be admitted claimed his immediate attention. He could think the other over at his leisure.

He was to take the early train for New Haven, so there was not much time to spare. Everybody was rather quiet at breakfast, and Elisha's appetite was a traitor, for the first time in his life, almost.

"Try to make out a breakfast," said Grandma Prime. "You'll stand it better with a full stomach. Food bolsters one up wonderfully."

The doctor's voice wavered a little at family worship, as he prayed especially for his boy; and I think Elisha never joined in a petition more devoutly than he did in that one.

Agnes came over to say good-bye and wish him success. She seemed as anxious for him as any of us were.

"Good-bye, grandma!"

"Good-bye, dear! Don't disgrace your grandmother, and above all, don't forget to pray."

"Good-bye, my son. Keep cool and collected during the examination, and don't try to answer any questions they don't ask you. Write us a line when it is over. The Lord bless you!" said the doctor, pressing his hand.

"Won't you give me a kiss, Agnes?" said Elisha, as that young lady, now in long dresses, smiled encouragingly at her "dear old boy." "Just for luck, you know."

She used to be quite free with her kisses, but she blushed shyly as she gave this "lucky" one. Grandma Prime noticed it, and followed him out.

"You haven't committed yourself, I hope?" she whispered.

"O no, grandma. How ridiculous!" he answered.

"I'm glad you think so. Too young. Try and be worthy of her. She's a likely girl, and it will take a man of some consequence to get her, you may depend on it."

"Why, grandma, I'm not in love with her."

"Of course not. Old women haven't eyes. Nonsense, you little footer!

honor, father? I have been looking at the roll of 'honor men,' and I find there many illustrious names. I hardly dare hope that mine will ever be added to the list.

"Aunt Cynthia and Uncle Hemenway are well. Lottie sends her love to Agnes."

"Affectionately,

"ELISHA TROWBRIDGE.

"P. S.—I haven't forgotten, father, what we talked about the other night. I shall think about it a great deal. That lucky kiss, Agnes, was a great help to me."

"I hope he will think about it," said the doctor, as he folded up the letter. "But I should be better pleased if he had thought more about it before leaving home. Perhaps I ought to have talked to him more."

"I am so glad he is admitted," said Agnes. "I knew he would be."

"To whom do you refer—Elisha or Tommy?" asked the doctor, coming out of a reverie just in time to catch her remark.

"To both," said Agnes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE EYE—ITS STRUCTURE AND USES.

BY E. WILLIAMS, M. D.

IN the February *Monthly* will be found the first article of the series on the Eye. Henceforth I shall try to furnish the papers at shorter intervals.

The *essential part* of the eye—that for lodging which all the other structures are provided, and so arranged as to afford it protection and maintain the most favorable conditions for its functions—is the *retina*. It is a *nerve membrane* of great delicacy of texture, expanded like a cup over the vitreous humor, and forming the innermost of the three tunics of the eye. By this arrangement it is directly and freely accessible to the action of light, through the clear cornea and humors that are lodged in front of it and hold it in position. Viewed with the naked eye, the retina is thin like a sheet of paper, transparent, and delicate as jelly. Examined, however, by the aid of a powerful microscope, it is found to possess a very complicated and beautiful structure. Much of the wonderful progress recently made in the knowledge of the physiology of vision is due to the faithful study of the minute anatomy of the retina.

In all animals the chief elements of this magical membrane are the same, and similarly arranged. It is common to say that the retina is an expansion of the optic nerve. But it is much more than that, else no vision would be possible. The optic nerve is a small cord that connects the eye with the brain, and links them together in their action. It is a very compact bundle of exceedingly fine nerve-fibers, enveloped in a strong sheath, like the wires of the telegraph cable. In the eye, these fibers unfold and expand in all directions, forming the innermost *layer* of the retina. Simple and thin as it appears, the retina is found to be composed of several layers in its thickness when brought under the microscope. The other, or central end of the nerve, is continuous with the fibers of the brain. Indeed, the optic nerve and retina may be viewed, in one sense, as a part of the brain pushed out to the surface, where it can procure light and form the grandest of all the outlets to the soul. Fig. 1 will explain this connection. A, the brain, sends off the bundle of fibers forming the optic

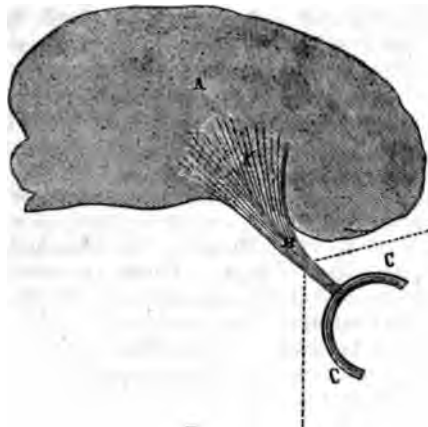


FIG. 1.

nerve, B, which fibers expand into the cup-shaped retina, C C. The unknown X indicates that the fibers of the nerves are lost in the brain. This disposition of the percipient nerve-membrane in the bottom of the clear eye, affords the only instance in the body where a nerve, which is essentially, too, a part of the brain, is exposed directly to light, its natural stimulus, and to direct inspection by the aid of the ophthalmoscope.

But, besides *nerve fibers*, there are *other elements* in the thickness of the retina that exist nowhere else in the body. They are peculiar little transparent bodies, set in there for a specific purpose, and that purpose is the *recognition of light*, with its train of marvelous consequences. They are the *percipient elements*, without which all the brains and nerve-fibers in the world would never perceive a ray of light. Their business is to *receive impressions* from the contact of light, and the nerve-fiber with which each one is connected, and of which it forms the end, is charged with the task of *conducting* or carrying that impression to the brain, where consciousness is enforced—and *we see*. But for the specific endowment of these exquisite little bodies, which are simply terminal expansions of the nerve-fibers into club-like ends, we would be without any means of knowing that such a thing as light exists, and the blackness

of darkness would be universal. No other texture or organ responds in the faintest degree to the stimulus of light. Hence the absurdity of all this crazy nonsense about clairvoyance, and people seeing with their *toes, stomachs*, or any other part *not made to see with*.

"But now hath God set the members, every one of them, in the body, as it hath pleased Him." It has pleased Him to charge the eye alone with the mysterious power of vision. The eye is the *light* of the body, and if *that light* be *darkness*, how great is that darkness? God, the *all-seeing*, and the *totally blind*, alone can give the answer.

The *specific energies* of the retina are better understood by comparison with the peculiarities of the *other senses*. There is a set of nerve-bodies in which the nerve-fibers that supply the pulp of the fingers terminate. They are placed with exclusive reference to touch. We see with the eye, we feel with the fingers. But neither organ can usurp the place of the other; but they simply aid one another. Another order of nerve elements, enclosed in a hard, bony case filled with liquid to give them delicate lodgment, and exposed only to the direct vibrations of the air, are charged with hearing. The ear can never see, nor the eye hear, but each may verify or disprove the impressions received through the other. Still other nerve bodies are grouped in the tongue, and we enjoy taste. Then, again, that insinuating organ, the nose, must smell its way through the world in virtue of its peculiar gift. Each of these parts has its own God-appointed duties, and there is no *vicarious* performance of functions. They are the soul's sentinels, and can sleep only as they rest in the providence of Him who set them in their places.

Not only the eye, but every other organ of the organism, is connected by nerve-fibers (or conductors) with the great *nervous center*, the brain. They are linked together by a system of

telegraph wires, so that messages are constantly passing and repassing between them. There are two sets of nerves, called *sensory* and *motor*—the one gifted with feeling, and the other with the power of exciting motion. To the former belong the five *special senses* above enumerated, and they differ only in their native power of appreciating each its own peculiar stimulus, and reporting to the brain accordingly. While each may be aroused by different stimuli, beside the one for which it is especially attuned, still each reports to the brain always in its own way. Irritation of one gives a flash of light; of another, sound; of another, taste, etc., according to the special endowment of their terminal ends in the organs to which they lead. Yet, under the microscope, the fibers which transmit all these varied impressions are precisely the same in structure and appearance, except a mere difference in size. They are all purely *conductors* connecting the great central battery, the brain, with the differently gifted little bodies at the ends of the nerves. The peculiarities in the functions of different organs are due, then, not to different sorts of conductors or nerve-fibers, but to the specific endowments of their terminal ends in the organs themselves. The analogy, therefore, with the eye, is perfect. An interesting fact in confirmation of this statement has been discovered by a French physiologist. The tongue, being a muscular organ as well as one for taste, is supplied by two sets of nerves. The one is specific and affording *taste*, the other *motor* and *moving* that mischievous member. He succeeded in dividing these two nerves, and in uniting the sensory end of one with the motor end of the other. Then, by pinching the nerves between the cut point and the brain, he produced motion through the sensory nerve and taste through the motor, simply because their peripheral connections had been reversed. This shows conclusively that nerve-fibers are mere con-

ductors of influences to and from the brain, the action being determined by the terminal elements.

It is essential to the healthy action of any organ that it shall be connected with the brain by these conductors. Cut off the optic nerve, and all impression on the retina and portion of nerve beyond the severed point pass unperceived. There is no vision nor perception of light. Pinch the central end that connects with the brain, and a flash of light is the result. Divide the trunk of the olfactory nerve, and all power of smell is gone. Cut a motor nerve, and the muscles to which it leads are instantly paralyzed. So, you see, dear reader, that it is the *brain* that *sees*, and *smells*, and *feels*, and *moves* things generally; these different remote organs being simply keys on which it plays through the nerve-cords! This idea has been quaintly expressed by another Frenchman, in the statement of a *whaling* incident. When the sensitive nerve-fibers in the whale's tail are wounded by the harpoon, a dispatch darts off to the brain—*harpoon in tail!* Quick as thought the brain answers—*strike tail and upset boat!* The buzz of sensations and *dispatches* that follow can easily be imagined. What is true of the five special senses—that each has its own special business to attend to, and has no taste or capacity for any other duty—holds also in reference to every organ of our fearfully and wonderfully-made bodies. They all report their impressions to *head-quarters*, where consciousness takes place, and whence all orders must come.

We come now to the peculiar disposition of the nerve-fibers and percipient elements in the retina. If any one of the fibers that pass from the brain along the optic nerve into the eye be traced to its destination, it will be found to curve suddenly outward and end in an expanded bulbous little body, that stands at right angles to the original course of the nerve-fiber and points toward the center of the globe

of the eye. Of the multitude of nerve-fibers forming the *inner layer* of the retina, each one turns suddenly outward, passes through the thickness of the membrane, and ends in this club-like enlargement that help to form the *outer layer*. Examined under the microscope these percipient bodies appear as an infinite number of perpendicular rods standing on the external surface of the retina, like the

retina. It will be seen that R, the retina, has a considerable thickness; that the fibers of the optic nerve, N, bend outward into the inner layer of the retina and can be traced onward to where the nerve membrane terminates. Then on the outer surface of this inner layer of fibers, is seen the little rods and cones standing perpendicularly and forming the outer part or layer of the retina. The manner in which each nerve-fiber ends in its corresponding rod, is most striking if the figure is viewed with a strong convex lens. It looks as though each fiber and rod form a mud pipe with the bowl of the pipe turned outward. *Each rod* has its own nerve-fiber to connect it with the brain, and may be considered as an individual microscopic organ. Fig. 2 shows some of the rods very much magnified, and Fig. 3 represents them in connection with their corresponding nerve-fibers or conductors.

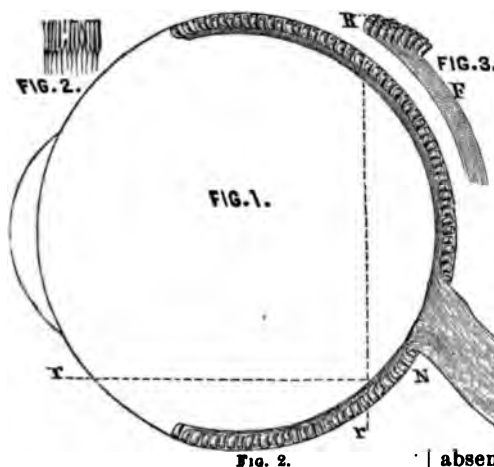


FIG. 2.

Nicholson pavement when the blocks are sawed from the trunks of small trees and set on end. Detach the sclerotic and choroid coats from the

absent on the end of the optic nerve, where it enters the eye. They are seen to terminate on either side of the section of the nerve-disc. Hence there is a blind spot in the bottom of the



FIG. 3.

outer surface of the retina, and look at that surface sufficiently magnified, and it appears as a most beautiful mosaic, the outer ends of these bodies alone being seen, packed as closely as possible.

The cut No. 3 will explain this arrangement of the elements of the

eye, of the exact diameter of the end of the optic nerve. It is blind because the percipient elements being there wanting, light makes no impression on it. By a little experiment, it is easy to place a small circular object so that its image will fall on the blind spot, and it will then not be noticed at

all. Let the left eye be shut and the right one fixed steadily on the little cross at the left of Fig. 3; then by moving the book slowly to and from the eye, the white circle at the other end will completely disappear when the book is about five inches from the eye. To succeed in the experiment, it needs only close attention, keeping the right eye fixed *immovably* on the cross, and the left *closed*.

There are many other ways of verifying this fact, but this is sufficient. It proves at the same time, that the rods are the *percipient elements*, and not the nerve-fibers. The former are deficient here, but the latter are in the greatest abundance. If the rods could be taken out of the retina, leaving every thing else intact, not a ray of light could ever be known. The whole eye would be a blind spot, as is naturally the optic nerve. The ancients thought the retina could not be the *instrument* of vision because it is too thick for a defined, sharp image. Not knowing the *existence* of the layer of rods, on the exact inner ends of which the image must be formed, to be sharply appreciated, they supposed that the thin choroid coat was the visual membrane.

The blind spot passed undiscovered till about the middle of the seventeenth century. E. Mariotte, a distinguished French academician, was the first to detect it. He instituted experiments in order to determine how vision was affected at the end of the optic nerve. He was a believer in the theory of the choroid being the visual membrane. As the choroid is deficient where the nerve penetrates the eye, he argued that sight ought to be also deficient at that point. And sure enough he discovered that it *was* a blind spot. The *fact* was established—the *theory* it was sought to confirm by it, was false. The discovery made a sensation at the time that the author was invited to repeat the ex-

periments in the presence of King Charles the II, of England. This frivolous and dissolute king afterwards amused himself with his courtiers by making them appear to one another *without heads*. At a distance of a few feet the whole head can be blotted out by making its image fall on the blind spot—and the full moon can be eclipsed very easily in the same way. This important discovery of the blind spot led to a long discussion among philosophers, and at last culminated in the true theory of the retina being the visual membrane. Since then the question has been still further narrowed down to *one layer* of the retina—the layer of rods and bulbs. The absence of vision at the optic disc where the rods are deficient, and the fact that by a special arrangement we are able to see the *shadows* of the blood-vessels in our own retina, are sufficient to settle the question. Then the microscopic anatomy of the retina comes in to explain the phenomenon most admirably. The retina, possessing an appreciable thickness and being composed of different layers, the blood-vessels that ramify so beautifully in the retina are situated in the *inner layer*, next the vitreous humor. Now, as we can see shadows of those vessels, the vessels must of course be *in front* of the structures that appreciate the shadows. In other words, the percipient layer must be *behind* the vascular and nerve layer in order that the shadows of these vessels may be projected upon it. Indeed, the late H. Muller demonstrated by mathematical calculation that the distance of the layer of rods, as ascertained by measurement, behind the vessels, is just sufficient to account for certain phenomena in the movements of those shadows, as the source of the light is moved!!

Here we must leave the reader in the shade of his own retinal blood-vessels for another month.

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

WHY measure out the sum
Of troubles which must come,
Since days are silent and since death is dumb?

For all which men have done
Under the rolling sun
Is but a tithe of what must be begun.

The weight of heavy thought,
And honor dearly bought,
Shall go at last, in men's despite, for naught.

Let day by day fulfill
The burden of its ill,
Nor pry thou further—suffer and be still.

But ever at the sky
Direct thy watchful eye
To view the sign of Him who sitteth high.

And what to-morrow brings
With storm of scars and stings
Pass thou serene on solemn angel-wings.

THE VICTORIES OF SCIENCE.

AT a banquet recently given at Jersey, to celebrate the opening of the Channel Islands Telegraph, M. Drouyn de L'Huys, once the Premier of France, now a refugee on the Islands, was an invited guest. Offering a toast to the success of the telegraph, with the vivacity of a Frenchman he said:

"Do you not admire, gentlemen, the prodigies achieved by Science in securing the domain of Man over the whole field of Nature? It is surely wonderful. Man says to the Thunder, 'Fix thyself on the point that I indi-

cate, and, following that thread, bury far beneath the earth thy powerless rage;' and the Thunder obeys, growling meanwhile like a caged and subdued monster. Man says to the Light, 'Take thy invisible pencil and produce my portrait;' and Light obeys. He says to the Air, 'Be illumined, become the sun of the night; in the darkness light up my labors and fetes.' He says to the Fire, 'Make friends with the water, thine old enemy, and I will yoke horses of steam to my chariots and my plows.' The Fire obeys. He says to the Lightning, 'Give me thy

electricity, which, rapid as thought, shall convey my messages through the realms of air and through the ocean-depths."

These were photograph pictures themselves, from the Premier's mind—sunlight impressions on the path into which his thoughts were led by the event he was celebrating. Had he gone further, he would have given us equally vivid illustrations in other grand examples of the conquests of science in this day of wonders. His words are suggestive. Without aiming at their brilliancy, I propose to follow out some suggestions on a topic of such interest, risking even the descent from the regions of figurative language to the level of plain words, figures, and facts.

The first thoughts which I find rising to view on this level, are those of the *difficulties* overcome and the *time* consumed before those victories could be won. Perhaps these are remembered by few. In this age, a day is as fifty years used to be in advancing great discoveries and inventions. They crowd on us in such numbers and haste, that neither their numbers nor speed surprise us. We seem ready for any thing that may be announced. We expect to read the news of the yesterday of Europe and Asia at our breakfast-tables, as composedly as our fathers expected the gossip of their little village precincts. Which of us would be surprised if, to-morrow, we heard of the last linking of the cables by which we would talk with man all around the globe? In the language of the Astronomer Royal, when speaking recently of the study of the sun during the last twelve months, "Science has advanced with *enormous strides*."

Every one has direct and pleasant proofs of the practical benefits of all such advances. He finds them in the comforts and luxuries of his own home. He finds them in the speed and comforts of his journeys. In place of a six months' voyage, like that made from England by the Pilgrim Fathers,

he now crosses the Atlantic in little more than six days. In place of crossing to the Pacific coast through weary months like those first spent by Whitman, he has now but to take seat in a Pullman Palace, and in six days walk the streets of San Francisco. Yet without serious danger or discomfort he will have made his journey of 3,307 miles, and climbed those eight thousand feet to the snow-summit of Sherman. If he is a merchant, in place of the old weary waiting for a correspondent's reply as to the safety of his cargo, he has her returns telegraphed on the day of her arrival in a China port. These are every-day benefits and every-day proofs of the perpetually increasing and useful advance of science. We use them, we sensibly feel them, we constantly speak of them.

But what of the long ages of this world's history, through which it pleased God to pass men, *before* Nature's forces were so mastered that any of those things could be done? Is this old earth's first century, or well nigh her sixtieth? Where lay hid so long the great key to Nature's storehouse? Or, since for a time it was seemingly found, why and how was it again lost, with the lost arts? How sluggishly has the search been renewed; and how suddenly it now seems to have revealed itself as but one and the same key to the countless chambers of knowledge, and, as it were, half turned in the lock, and inviting entrance into them all.

The *mariner's compass* is supposed to be a quite useful apparatus. How long was it before it was brought into use? The Greeks tell us that one MAGNET, a shepherd, once stretching himself on Mt. Ida, found, after his repose, that his iron crook stuck fast to a large stone on the mountain. "He communicated the fact to some philosophers (?) and they called the stone the magnet." They did wonders! Neither Greek nor Roman even knew the polarity of the magnet. Humboldt tells us, in the *Cosmos*, that a thousand years before our era the

Chinese had magnetic carriages on which a man's figure pointed continually south, as a guide across the boundless grass-plains of Tartary; and that, 700 years before Europe used the mariner's compass, Chinese vessels navigated the ocean by magnetic needles pointing south—of course, showing the north also—but, “because navigation was then directed to the south, the south-pointing is always the one chiefly named.” But how was it that the first mention of the use of the magnetic needle in Europe was not till the year 1190, or the first use of a mariner's compass only in 1286?

We could hardly find the man now, who, like the old Virginian governor, would “thank God they had no *printing press* in his country.” But how came it that, although 4,000 years ago seals were impressed on soft material, and characters stamped in clay, at Babylon, and wooden stamps and brass stamps were used by the Romans, and printing from pictures engraved on wooden blocks was done in the thirteenth century, still, printing from separate types was not found out till Guttenburg, and Koster, and Faust, (“instigated and instructed by Satan,”) gave it to the world in the middle of the fifteenth century? Could not some one of those old monk-copyists have laid aside his ink and pen, his brush and gold colors, to discover “a shorter route,” instead of poring over his illuminated missal—which the rich only could buy—or spending his leisure in prosecuting Faust for a witch?

Surely, if there are wonders in physical science now, there are wonders on wonders in its history—wonders why it did not *long ago* advance!

Perhaps some are already answering such questions of simplicity: “It was all because the Baconian period had not come, that reform of the great forerunner, which has brought men back from cobweb theories spun out of their own brains, to generalizing on facts to discover true principles and apply them.” Very true. All the old philosophers made one and

the same grand mistake. They were in too much haste. “They wished,” says Dr. Whewell, “to divine at a single glance the whole book of Nature. It was for later ages to learn that man must acquire slowly and patiently, letter by letter, the alphabet in which she writes her answers.” So they began by settling (each satisfactorily for himself only) the answer to the last question in physics which probably ever will be answered: “What is the origin and principle of the universe?” Thales said it was water; and Anaxamines, air; Heracletus, fire. “They had ingenuity enough, and subtlety, invention, and connection, demonstration, and method; but out of these logic, metaphysics, and algebra, and geometry could be made, but no mechanics, or optics, or chemistry.” They do not seem to have dreamed of what we call *induction*, or the collecting of general truths from the examination of particular facts. Deduction, or drawing conclusions from principles, they had in abundance; but the trouble was the want of knowing real principles from which to make deductions.

And some of their deductions themselves were queer enough. Here is one of Aristotle's, by Dr. Whewell: “The world is perfect *because* the bodies of which the world is composed are solid, and therefore have three dimensions. Now three is the most perfect number; for of *one* we do not speak as a number; of *two*, we say both; but *three* is the first number of which we say *all*. (!) Moreover, it has a beginning, a middle, and an end.” There is hardly call for exclamation marks at the end of this. I suppose them supplied, and do not ask why the Aristotelian treatises in physics resulted “in utter failure.” They did not come nearer to truths, to practical benefits to man—toward the steam-car, the cable, or the printing press—than has yet the light of some of the heavenly bodies to earth. And yet there is another question lying back of all, and making itself heard. Why was it that the old inquirers *were* in

so much haste? Why did not they find out that it was of no use to be so hasty. How did such crudities get power over the human mind as to "keep it stationary on all such subjects for nearly two thousand years?" Why did Providence permit the world to "profess itself wise and become fools;" and *stay so so long*? I humbly think men will not have a whole answer to any such questions while they are "in the body." But they give us food for reflection on the infinite goodness of the Sovereign God who has called us into birth in such a day as this, and who thus puts upon us such responsibilities. And it must not be forgotten that it is *we*, and not even our own parents, that have the blessings of such advances in knowledge. Sixty years ago there was no gas in London or New York; no steamers, no railroads; no cheap postage, no penny-post to bring your love-letter; no photographer to keep before us the face of the departed!

One of the most curious points in the history of all the great improvements which bless men to-day, is this: that they all met with opposition, sneers, and ridicule when first proposed. Even the introduction of stage-coaches was opposed as a sure sign of degeneracy. Laws were passed against them as "the greatest evil which could befall England." When Clegg, in 1813, proposed to light up London with gas, Sir Humphrey Davy exclaimed, "Impossible!" When the surveys were made for the first railroad, from Manchester to Liverpool, the engineers had to level and survey by torchlight and moonlight; and, after all, found themselves brought up before a justice as night poachers. When the Morse Telegraph was proposed at Washington—even after the messages had been carried by the current—and the thing proved to be more than one member ridiculed it on the floor as, saying: "We would fools when we meet our conquerors after voting away their money

in pretense that news may be carried over wires." A convention of engineers voted, after learned discussion, that no locomotives could ever run up hill. Lately an engine has, on a trial of power, lifted herself 2,700 feet in one hour.

Then, again, a man sometimes has come so near to a great discovery, but died without full sight of it. The theory of the trade winds was laid before the Royal Society of London fifty years before it was really examined or appreciated. That beautiful and useful art, photography, which gives now the engineer his drawings, and the whole world a knowledge not only of one another but of the sun's make in the heavens—the beginnings of photography by Daguerre—were anticipated by Sir David Brewster, in 1803. He called attention to the principle. "But nobody improved or even repeated the experiments during the next thirty years." And when M. Daguerre first endeavored to get the smile of the savans of France on his work, four out of the five on whom he called could not appreciate it because of their own defects of vision—squinting or half blind—and the fifth would not listen a moment because the idea seemed to be against his favorite theory of light.

What, then, as to the rewards of the patient thinkers, generalizers, discoverers? Do people feel thankful to any of them while traveling, luxuriating, growing rich by their labors? I think not. Can such discoveries often be fully rewarded? Spain thanked Columbus with chains. Republics have not usually been grateful. Perhaps, in this day, men yield truer homage to science. Some of our benefactors live long enough to enjoy something of a reward, instead of finding themselves worn out in health, and fortune, and dying, as did Waghorn, who first opened up the overland route to India, after receiving his first small quarterly pension. But it will always be true, as Everett says: "Small services are paid with money—large ones with

fame. Fulton had his reward when, after twenty years of toil, he made the passage by steam to Albany; Columbus had his when he first saw that moving light on shore. The midnight watch, the aching eyes and fainting hope turned at last into the ecstasy of triumph, can not be repaid with gold. The great discoveries and inventions which benefit mankind can only be rewarded by opposition and obloquy, poverty and an undying name."

This is not a very pleasant reflection with which to close. Pardon me, then, reader, a moment longer. Listening last evening to a brilliant lecturer on "The Correlation of Forces," I heard from him this confirmation of some things which have been here said. "In the *beginning* of this century," said Prof. Youmans, there was a feeling, an expectancy, that some one

would discover the true relation between heat and force. In 1848 it was discovered. Here were nearly fifty years of desire, of expectancy, of experiments."

This, however, for *our* comfort: So vast is the difference between the science attained, the appliances to be used, and the pressure for new results to-day, and these things as found a half-century ago, that no one need be or will be surprised at a discovery, read in some morning paper (ere long?), which will be as far in advance of all the past ages—aye, and the present, with its steam, cable, and all else—as they are in advance of the years of the world set down as the Dark Ages. Shall it be only in Nature, or shall it be in the discovery of a wider toleration, and of Christian love and work, building up the kingdom of God?

THE NURSERY WITCH.

BY W. W. WOODSON.

IN one of those moods of philosophical pleasantry and erudite whimsicality, in which the late Archbishop of Dublin sometimes relaxed from weighty affairs, he is reported to have made the following quotation and comment:

"'Old Father Longlegs wouldn't say his prayers;

Take him by the right leg,
Take him by the left leg,
Take him fast by both legs,
And throw him down stairs!'

"There," said His Grace, "In that nursery verse you may see an epitome of all religious persecution. Father Longlegs refusing to say the prayers that were dictated and ordered by his little tyrants, is regarded as a heretic, and suffers martyrdom." The cruel and unprincipled things sung or said to young children in so many of our popular nursery rhymes and tales; the wanton, reckless acts, no

less than the abominable reasons adduced for them, or consequences drawn from them, are sometimes quite surprising. It looks as if the great majority of those compositions had been the work of one or more of the wickedest old witches ever heard of, and with a direct intention of perverting, if not destroying the generosity, innocence, pure imagination, and tender feelings of childhood at as early a stage as possible. We say it looks like this; and yet, no doubt, nothing of the sort was intended. Neither were these nursery-poets and tale-writers influenced by any bad or unkindly feelings. The songs have probably originated with certain old grandames among our ancestors, whose sole object was to quiet or amuse the child by arresting and holding its attention. To do this most suddenly and successfully, they endeavored to

produce an excitement of the child's imagination or its desires, without for one instant considering whether the seeds they sowed were of a kind to grow and put forth good or evil fruit with the progress of years. There are, no doubt, a good many delightful and harmless nursery songs and tales, and a few, also, which have the best moral tendency; but it must be admitted that the majority are either very equivocal or of the worst possible kind. Take, for example, the song of "Little Jack Horner;" does it not include selfishness or greediness? Or, at best, it causes these vices to be regarded with leniency and levity:

"Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And he pulled out a plum,
And cried, 'What a good boy am I!'"

It may be said that the view he takes of his own goodness in this exploit is only meant to be humorous, and in a way that children understand; and we have also heard it suggested that Master Horner was, perhaps, really a good boy, and that this "pie," so renowned for its "plum," was the reward of merit. Admitting all this as possible, the fact of his sly and selfish greediness, in getting into a corner to enjoy his pie alone, is not to be controverted.

The act of stealing sometimes seems to be one of the favorite points of humor and good fun with our Nursery Witch, as in the following:

"Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a leg
of beef."

"Nanty, panty, Jack-a-Dandy
Stole a piece of sugar-candy
From the grocer's shoppy-shop
And away did hoppy-hop."

"Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run."

The following is nothing less than the "pad's" "your money or your" adapted to the nursery. A boy from sings:

"Money I want and money I crave,
If you don't give me money
I'll sweep you to the grave."

In the well known song, given below, theft is made a very pleasant joke, and inculcated by the example of the first gentleman and lady in England:

"When good King Arthur ruled the land
He was a *goodly* king,
He *STOLE* two pecks of barley-meal
To make a bag-pudding.

"A bag-pudding the king did make
And stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put some lumps of fat
As big as my two thumbs.

"The king and queen did eat thereof,
And nobles ate beside,
And what they did not eat that night
The queen next morning fried."

These songs are, beyond question, highly amusing to children. They admit, too, of capital illustrations. In the example just quoted, the "goodly" king is represented, of course, in his state robes, and with the crown upon his head, running away as fast as he can lay legs to the ground, with a couple of meal-bags, one under each arm. In the next illustration, his majesty is represented in his cooking-apron and sleeves, and without his coat, though still with his crown on, "as he appeared" while engaged in the operation of making the bag-pudding. The third illustration represents the queen, who is the receiver of the stolen goods, together with the nobles, who all came to share the spoil, seated at table, "making a feast." In the concluding tableau, her gracious majesty, with her crown on, is represented holding the handle of the frying-pan, being sedulously employed in frying slices. Not a word in apology, or explanation of the king's theft. If the owner of the meal had appeared at one of the windows during the feast, one feels that he would only have been laughed at, and had a piece of the pudding flung in his face, or perhaps his majesty, in his own pleasant, off-hand way, would have ordered the in

truder to have his head cut off. No one can expect children to give up such things as these. They delight in them, crave for them, and they are abominably well supplied.

It may be thought too harsh a construction, to say that murder is made a light and familiar subject of excitement and interest to the nursery; but that killing by direct intention is one of the favorite subjects of these songs and tales, is but too evident. The principle of destructiveness is artificially developed by these means from the earliest period. Even in assisting the infant to learn the alphabet by the help of signs and figures, we find that

"A was an archer,
And shot at a frog."

In the illustration we, in most cases, see the effect of the shot, the frog being transfixed with an arrow, having one hand clasped over his head and turning up his large eyes. Some children of tender and affectionate nature, whose imagination aids them to realize this as something painful, are affected by the sight; but it must be admitted that most of them laugh at the *fun* of the thing, and would like to do the same, and also do take the first opportunity of *doing* the same act, or others of the same sort. But in both cases, the attention of the child being arrested, and its feet and hands kept out of mischief, the end in view is obtained. Mischievousness sown in the mind goes for nothing.

"Who killed Cock Robin?"
'I,' said the sparrow,
'With my bow and arrow,
And I killed Cock Robin.'"

The out-spoken, barefaced, valiant impudence of the answer, which is far more like a boast than a confession, finds but too much sympathy with the hearers. It is true that the children, in many instances, are affected by the sight of the deceased Cock Robin, with his legs sticking up in the air, as he lies on his little black pall, and more especially when it is found that

"All the birds of the air fell a sighing and sobbing
When they heard of the death of poor
Cock Robin."

But not a word of the sparrow being put upon his trial for the crime; no justice is done, no punishment awarded.

What can surpass the tragic conciseness of the following couplet, added to a prelude touch of the infant's Latin primer:

"Hic, haec hoc,
Lay him on the block."

Killing for the sake of eating is by no means the most admirable picture to present to a child's imagination.

"There was a little man
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead," etc.

He shoots a little duck, which his wife roasts while he goes to kill the drake. We can only wonder that the writer of this song did not add the "ducklings," by way of making the family slaughter complete in its interest. But these killings are often effected (as we too often see practically enacted by children) out of pure wantonness and with no assignable cause:

"Where are you going?" said Robin to Bobbin,
'Where are you going?' said Richard to Robin," etc.

"To shoot an old hen," said Robin to Bobbin,
'To shoot an old hen,' etc."

How skillfully the verses retard the "delightful" catastrophe, and how they exult in repetition! The killing of a poor harmless old hen is thus exalted into a great event. But sometimes theft is very directly associated with killing.

"Butcher, butcher, kill a calf,
Run away with the better half."

Pretty and tender to a high degree, as all children feel the conclusion of the story of the Babes in the Woods, with its pathetic illustration of the two children lying side by side, asleep or

dead, and the robins covering them with leaves; yet the previous part of the story narrates the dishonest and murderous intentions of the cruel uncle with abominable distinctness, to say nothing of the preparations for their murder by one of the men hired for that purpose, with his fight and death by the hand of the other servant.

Nothing seems quite satisfactory without a death. The highly interesting and eventful narrative poem of "Froggy Would a Wooing Go," terminates with several deaths; the heroic brevity of "Jack and Jill" involves a broken neck or a cracked crown, or both; and the cumulative lyric of "The House that Jack Built," and the companion song of "A Kid, a Kid," comprise various killings, besides bull-tossing and cat-worrying. These things are considerably overlooked by reason of the comic images presented, and the rapid recurrence of comic rhymes; but there they are. Sometimes, however, the song takes a more abrupt and savage turn:

"Tit, tat, toe,
My first go;
Three jolly butcher-boys all in a row;
Stick one up,
Stick one down,
Stick one in the old man's burying ground."

Grim, gloomy, vague, and leaving the child's imagination to fill up the picture. Here is a lighter one:

"The fox, when he came to the farmer's gate,
Whom should he see but the farmer's drake;
'I love you so well for your master's sake,
And I long to be picking your bones, oh.'"

This nice suggestion is presently followed by a shot through the fox's head. But the question of "capital punishment" for an offense is nothing in the nursery code of song-writing—innocence and guilt all fare alike. A tailor intends to kill a crow for no other reason than watching how he made a coat!

"Wife, bring me my arrow and my bow,
That I may shoot that old carrion crow;
The tailor he shot, but he missed his mark,
And shot his own sow right through the heart."

Here is another:

"The woodcock and the sparrow,
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he must be hung to-morrow."

What a sense of justice is conveyed in the above! And here follows a pretty lullaby:

"By, baby, bumpkin,
Where's Tony Lumpkin?
My lady's on her death-bed,
With eating half a pumpkin."

No wonder! but it is a charming picture of greediness. Here is a death from a very different cause:

"Little John Jig Jag
Rode on a pretty nag,
And went to Wigan to woo;
When he came to a beck
He fell and broke his neck—
Johnny, how dost thou now?"

The number of acts of utterly unprovoked and wanton violence which may be found in looking over a collection of nursery rhymes, such as knocking out teeth, cutting and picking off noses, cracking of crowns, maiming and mutilating, with the wholesale John Ball, who "shot them all," is really quite amazing. No innocent or beautiful object is spared by our old Witch.

"The white dove sat on the castle wall,
I bend my bow, and shoot her I shall."

Even the baby in the cradle is demolished:

"Hush-a-by, baby,
All on the tree-top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock;
When the boughs break,
The cradle will fall—
Down tumbles hush-a-by, baby, and all."

Bravo! excellent fun—a smashed baby! well done, old Nursery Witch! In short, the grand staple commodity of nursery rhymes and fables, is death, or the excitement of killing something.

Even the best of these, the most heroic, with the least amount of ghastly horror or barbarity, such as "Jack the Giant Killer," the "Forty Thieves," "St. George and the Dragon," etc., contain a plentiful amount of slaughter in a variety of ways, so that nursery literature may be said to be quite steeped in imaginary blood. Giants, monsters, men, women, children, birds, beasts, and fish, all are brought to the nursery by its tutelary Witch, and there slain under every variety of romantic or questionable circumstances.

We shall, no doubt, be reminded that children do not attach such distinct notions to these things as grown people; that they do not realize these horrors to their minds; that they, in a certain way, comprehend them as things of fancy and "make-believe." Heaven preserve us all if this were not so! We should all become guerilla soldiers, or lion killers, at the very best, if it were otherwise; and probably thieves and thugs, so far as education and early tastes are concerned. But we are all aware that it is most wisely and happily ordained differently by the complex construction of the mind, so that these horrors, with nearly all children, are not accompanied with the frightful sense of reality and facts. But will anybody say that they do not act upon the imagination? that they do not furnish it with dreadful "materials for thinking," as well as for *dreams by night*? Not a doubt of it. Children differ, and the injury, therefore, will be a question of degree; but that it is an injury of some kind to all, no one who gives the subject a fair amount of consideration will fail to perceive.

We can not find space to speak of the various church-yard horrors, as they generally involve a story. A few off-hand murders, "for tiny hands," are all we will offer, preluding them with an appropriate nursery incantation:

"Hinx! minx!
The old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry!"

"Little Dicky Dilver
Had a wife of silver;
He took a stick and broke her back,
And sold her to the miller;
The miller wouldn't have her,
So he threw her in the river."

"I'll tell you a story about Joll. McRory:
He went to the woods and shot a Tory;
Then he came back and told his brother,
And they went to the woods and shot another."

Cool, easy, wanton, funny sort of murder! And here is a reward for an old and faithful servant:

"Barnaby Bright was a sharp little cur,
He always would bark if a mouse did but stir;
But now he's grown old, and can no longer bark,
He's condemned by the parson to be hanged by the clerk."

A few more, even more practically hideous, and we are done:

"Who goes round my house this night?
None but bloody Tom.
Who steals all the sheep at night?
None but this poor one."

"Here comes a candle to light you to bed;
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head!"

"When I went up a sandy hill,
I met a sandy boy, O!
I CUT HIS THROAT, I SUCKED HIS BLOOD,
And left his skin a hanging, O!"

We will defy any collection of nursery rhymes to beat the above, for every thing that such rhymes ought not to teach, unless, indeed, some of the old Scotch rhymes and nursery legends. Now, where is a reform in the nursery library to come from? A real reform, both in the spirit and the letter, and not a mere sham, that will look well in the advertisements? One can not expect it to come from the children, for they are fascinated by what they fear. Almost as unreasonable will it be to expect such a reform to come from the publishers, nearly all of whose present stock in trade is full of the old leaven of direct evil or reckless fun. The real reform must begin with the parents. As soon as they begin to *think*, the publishers will feel it, and respond.

ABELARD.

BY D. M.

IN Paris, as you wander along the principal avenue of Pere la Chaise, toward the tomb of Casimer Perier, you may notice, just opposite the grave of Royer Collard, a vault, upon which wreaths of flowers are almost always to be seen. This evidence of reverence for the dead is the more remarkable to the stranger, when he learns from the inscription on the tablet that the bones entombed here are those of two lovers who died seven hundred years ago.

For centuries the lives of Abelard and Heloise have been admired by philosophers, and their love has been sung by poets. Men of learning vie with each other as to which of the lovers is more deserving of honor. "Without *his* misfortunes, she would have remained obscure, unheard of," says Michelet. "Without *her* love, Abelard would long since have ceased to inspire any interest," says Mr. Lewes. "Heloise, I believe, is the first of women," says the learned and cautious Charles De Remusat. Cousin is enthusiastic in his praise of Abelard.

In 1079 Berengarius, of Tours, recanted his heresy, and at Rome subscribed to the doctrine of Transubstantiation. By this act the Church of Rome had now no rebel against its authority, and promised itself long years of prosperity and undisturbed dominion.

But, in the same year, there was born, near Nantes, in Brittany, a child destined to exercise a spirit of free inquiry, which, bearing fruit in the distant future, guiding the revolutionary theology of the miner's son of Eisleben, gave that blow to the Papal authority from which it has

never recovered, and which, finally, in its liberating results, in 1870, drove Pio Nono from his seat in Rome.

The parents of Peter Abelard were of noble and knightly family. The love for martial adventure inherited by their son showed itself at an early age, though turned in a scholastic channel. "Leaving," says he, "my brothers to follow Mars, I cast myself into the lap of Minerva. * * * So, traveling through different provinces, wherever I heard that the study of the art of disputation was flourishing, exercising it also myself as I went, I became the rival of the Peripatetics."

The ambitious youth, beautiful in person, graceful in manner, with marvelous ingenuity of intellect and facility of expression, had, before the age of twenty, traveled as a knight-errant of philosophy over the greater part of France, bearing a lance against all comers, and finding no antagonist worthy of his steel. In 1099 he came to Paris, attracted by the fame of William of Champeaux, the most renowned dialectician of the day. Abelard enrolled himself among the number of his pupils, but it became rapidly apparent that he regarded the venerable William rather as his opponent than as his master. There were, at this time, in the schools, two great parties, who differed as to the mode of existence of abstract ideas. Abelard, the pupil of Roscelin, a nominalist, and accepting his doctrine in a modified form, which has been called Conceptualism, was, of course, opposed to the realist William of Champeaux. Thus the battle in the cathedral school of Paris, between these combatants, was really a battle

of the two philosophies. Abelard, victorious over his master, though only a youth, set up a school of philosophy and rhetoric at Melan, under the patronage of the court. Hence he removed to Corbeil, nearer Paris. His school prospered, and was a dangerous rival to that of William. Ill health and the death of his mother prevented him from pursuing his advantage, and he withdrew to Brittany.

At the end of two years he reappeared at Corbeil. Hither his old pupils flock back. Crowds of new students gather round him. William is neglected, overthrown. He resigns his chair, and his successor, with all the students who had not already deserted, became disciples of Abelard. William of Champeaux, in his discomfiture, retired to the cloisters of St. Victor, where he established a school celebrated during the next century. Here his great reputation, though impaired by the recent attacks of Abelard, brought him numerous students. Every thing was favorable until, in the midst of his lectures, he was surprised by the sudden appearance of Abelard among his auditors. The young man suddenly attacked him with such ingenuity and rapidity that he confessed himself beaten, and retracted his opinion.

This gave Abelard the foremost rank among dialecticians. Now that he was acknowledged master in philosophy, we might expect that he would have been satisfied. But not so. His boundless ambition would not let him rest. Theology was, in this age, the all-absorbing topic. Divinity was no longer identical with philosophy, but it occupied a higher ground, and the disputes of the schools were settled in the cloisters. Through the Church was the highway to fame and wealth. Abelard, in the pursuit of honor, looking forward to the great prizes in the Church, with possibly the vision of a papal tiara before him—for we fail to discover in him at this period of his life that deep devotion and self-sacrifice which afterward made him

conspicuous—went to Laon to study theology. Anselm of Laon, was the foremost systematic theologian of the day, and was specially renowned for his elucidation of difficult passages of the Scripture. He had commented upon the most obscure books in both Old and New Testament. He had written upon the Canticles and the Apocalypse.

The haughty Abelard, the vanquisher of William of Champeaux, could not sit quietly under Anselm of Laon. He soon despised him. "Anselm," says he, "was a wonderful man in the sight of those who listened to him, but nought to those who asked him questions." With his characteristic arrogance he ridiculed Anselm's style, and laughed at his admiring pupils.

These, in retort, challenged Abelard to surpass their master in expounding the Scriptures. He accepts. Ezekiel is named on account of its obscurity. He is offered time for preparatory study. The offer he declines with contempt, and insists that the adherents of Anselm shall not thus evade the trial which they had proposed.

Few came to hear Abelard's first lecture. Those who came were prejudiced, prepared to sneer, but were forced to admire. During the second and third lectures the hall is crowded. Anselm sees nothing but empty benches before him. He interferes. Abelard departs to Paris. Here he is "the observed of all observers." He is recognized as the foremost man in the world of letters. The multitudes, especially the women, throng the streets to see the handsome and proud youth who had humbled the sages of Champeaux and Laon.

Through the streets of Paris his praises were sung, and over the whole world his fame resounded.

Students from the shores of the Adriatic and from the banks of the Douro, sat side by side with scholars from the walls of Hadrian in the cathedral school of Notre-Dame.

From barbarous Britain, Sweden,

and Anjou, came by sea and land scholars in thousands. Even the learned Roman See sent delegates to sit at his feet.

He was now at the summit of his ambition; but "There is a tide in the affairs of men."

From this period of his history, say his thirty-eighth year, we date his fall.

"But seeing," says he in his Confessions, "that prosperity puffs up fools and that the world's tranquillity enervates the vigor of the mind and loosens it by the temptations of the flesh, as I fancied that now I was the only philosopher left in the world, I began to give loose reins to my passions."

There was in Paris at this time a young lady of eighteen, named Heloise, neice of a canon called Fulbert. "In face," says Abelard, "she was not unexpressive, and in the greatness of her learning she was unparalleled. And because this gift was rare among women, it made this girl illustrious through the whole kingdom." In fact she was a scholar, as good as, if not better than he. She was well read in Greek and Hebrew; she spoke Latin with fluency. Abelard, according to Michelet, was the only man of his day who knew Greek, but it is doubtful whether even he knew any thing more of the language than was current in the theological discussions of the day. At least this is the view of Cousin, Remusat, and Mr. Lewes, and is supported by his own statement, that he was ignorant of certain works of Aristotle because there existed no translations of them. (*Dialectica*, p. 200.)

The fame, learning, and beauty of Heloise attracted the philosopher. He planned a frightful crime with diabolical ingenuity. He proposed to her uncle, Fulbert, to receive him into his house, "alleging," says he, "as my reason, that I found the care of a household an impediment to study." Fulbert consented, and constituted Abelard the tutor of his neice. "Here I wondered at the intense foolishness

of the man with not less astonishment than if I had seen him intrust a lamb to the care of a famishing wolf." It is one of the clearest evidences of Abelard's repentance, that he does not in his "Confessions" attempt to veil his guilt, but probably even overstates his culpability. Continuing his narrative, he says the books were open before us, but "*Sæpius ad sinus quam ad libros reducebatur manus.*" Fulbert discovered the intrigue. Heloise escaped to the home of Abelard's sister in Brittany, where she gave birth to a son, Astrolabius. Fulbert, frantic with rage, obtained from Abelard a promise to marry Heloise. Heloise, in her self-sacrificing love, would not consent to this step, which would be fatal to the hopes of ecclesiastical honors towards which she knew Abelard was looking.

In wonder we forget to reprove the devotion which dictated such words as these: "I call God to witness, that if Augustus, emperor of the world, had deemed me worthy of his hand—*Carius mihi et dignius videretur, tua dici meretrix quam illius imperatrix.*" In spite of her opposition the marriage was consummated. She denied the marriage and betook herself to the convent of Argenteuil, where she had been educated. Here Abelard visited her.* The vengeance of Fulbert was frightful. With his friends and accomplices he surprised Abelard sleeping, and, as Mr. Lewes expresses it, "there inflicted that atrocious mutilation, which Origen, in a moment of religious frenzy, inflicted upon himself."

In shame and contrition Abelard retired to the abbey of St. Dionysius, or Denis, the patron saint of France. Here, at the earnest request of the monks, he recommenced lecturing, but now on theological topics exclusively. The abbot of the monastery, displeased with Abelard for his censure of the corruption prevalent among the

* *Nosti id impudentissime tunc actum esse in tam reverendo loco, et summa virgine consecrato (Epistolæ, v. 69).*

monks and sanctioned by himself, had not long to wait for an opportunity to vent his spleen. Abelard committed a grave offense against French patriotism and religious tradition. He asserted, while lecturing on the Acts of the Apostles, that he was in doubt whether the Dionysius mentioned in the 17th chapter really was identical with the founder of the abbey, the patron saint of France.

This was the vilest heresy. The honor, not only of the monastery, but of the very throne, was at stake. The vengeance of the king was invoked against the heretic and traitor who had dared to doubt that Denis, the guardian saint of the realm, was the veritable Areopagite. A council was held at Soissons in 1121. Abelard fled to the desert of Nogent, where, under the protection of Count Theobald of Champagne, he built himself a solitary cabin of osiers and thatch on the banks of a rivulet.

Abelard, the outcast from society, though branded as a heretic by a council of the Church, though stained in reputation among men, though loathing himself for his former immorality, arrogance, and overbearing temper, was still beloved by the young men. Crowds came from the capitals of Europe to the desert of Champagne.

Princes left their castles, their delicate viands, and their luxurious couches, to live in hovels, to feed on herbs, to recline on straw.* Only let them be with Abelard. Around his hut others sprung up till a town was established in the wilderness. An oratory was built under his direction and dedicated to the Paraclete.

This whole community of philosophers, with its distinctive system of teaching and discipline, bound together by no religious vow, yet discussing "the mysteries" of religion, which should only be mooted in the cloister, aroused suspicion. The celebrated Bernard of Clairvaux, a theologian of

great influence and many merits, but possessed of little learning or prudence, was induced to bring Abelard to account for his alleged heretical opinions and practices. The principal charge against him was that in his treatise on the Trinity, written at St. Denis, he had advocated Tritheism. In addition to the internal evidence of the book, it was brought against him that in violation of the usage of the Church he had consecrated his oratory to the third person of the Trinity, thus confirming the suspicions as to his heterodoxy on this point.

Abelard, driven from his refuge by the rising whirlwind, was offered a home in the monastery of St. Gildas, of which he was made abbot. Here on the bleak coast of Brittany, on the very verge of the known world, among rude and savage monks, he sought repose. Even here, in the country of his birth, he could not obtain peace. Striving after reform among the uncultured, besotted monks, he was hated for his strictness and his piety. They tried to poison him by drugging the cup at the Lord's Supper. They hired assassins to murder him.

Meanwhile, in the great world outside, his popularity was becoming great and perilous. The dispute of the day was the orthodoxy of Abelard. His adversaries thought that his old chivalric spirit was broken by age, persecution, and a sense of guilt. They were mistaken. Abelard did not wait to be arraigned, but challenged Bernard to prove his charges at the coming Council of Sens. The object of this meeting was the translation of some sacred relics and bones. After that the matter with regard to the bones had been satisfactorily disposed of, on the 2d of June, 1140, Bernard addressed the council, impeaching Abelard. The name of Abelard, however, was still terrible to his enemies. In anticipation of the conflict, Bernard wrote to Pope Innocent: "This huge Goliath, with his armor-bearer, Arnold of Brescia, defies the armies of the Lord to battle." When Ber-

* Opera Abelardi. Epistola I, p. 28.

nard had finished his oration, Abelard rose to reply. All eyes gazed at him. Louis the Seventh, his train of nobles, and the prelates composing the council, yea, all Christendom, awaited in breathless anxiety the burning words of the veteran rhetorician on whose lips it had hung. Abelard was changed, but the change was for the better. The council could scarcely believe that this prematurely old man, said to be "constant in reading, frequent in prayer, given to silence," was the same person with the carelessly confident, gallant-looking youth who, forty years ago, guided by ambition, had, by his matchless subtlety of disputation, conquered William of Champeaux. Abelard's reply filled them with amazement. He only said, "I appeal to Rome!" and left the council. This proceeding of his is utterly unaccountable. When broken in spirit, and in danger of death from the priest-led populace, he appealed to Rome. He must have foreseen the condemnation which awaited him, for none knew better than he the ties of gratitude which bound Pope Innocent II to favor the Bishop of Clairvaux. Bernard was, perhaps, the most powerful man in Europe. The Pope must obey the Pope-maker. "For what hath God raised thee up, lowly as thou wert, and placed thee above kings and nations. God hath but stirred up the fury of the schismatics that thou mightst have the glory of crushing it," writes Ber-

nard to Innocent. The Pontiff condemned the absent, unconvicted Abelard to silence, excommunicated his pupils, and forbade in future all public disputation on matters of religion!

Abelard, on his way to Rome, being seized by severe illness, found an hospitable refuge with Peter Maurice, the venerable and gentle Abbot of Clugni, who obtained for him at least an apparent reconciliation with Bernard and Innocent. Abelard died at Clugni, on the 11th of April, 1142, at the age of sixty-three. His remains were removed to "the Paraclete," and in 1163 his beloved pupil and wife was laid at his side.

We need not attempt to vindicate the character of Abelard in the ambitious undertakings, the self-seeking conflicts of his early life; and, least of all, do we desire or need to extenuate his conduct to Heloise. This, the great crime of his life, he did not himself seek to palliate. We have every reason to believe that in his later years he was a sincere, modest, and reverential penitent, an earnest and devoted worker in the cause of his Master.

He was an ardent seeker after truth, a courageous fighter for liberty, an inspiring educator of men, who, like Arnold of Brescia, were prepared to suffer even martyrdom, advocating the people's cause against the wealthy and grasping papal hierarchy.

BORROWED WINGS.

BY EDGAR A. FAWCETT.

In chill blue twilight the stars glittered keen,
The winds moved mourning up the shadowed shore,
Forth from the seaward window did she lean,
Hearing the waves' monotonous long roar.

Full soon she drew her sweet, gold-glimmering head
In from the bitter night, and came to sit,
Crouching-wise, at the crimsoned hearth, and spread
Her lily-fragile hands close over it.

All softly, then, she made her murmur thus—
Night's starriness not gone from her mild gaze—
Watching the oak logs up the cavernous
Broad hearth-place flash their pennons of quick blaze:

"Each moment sternlier loudens the bleak sea,
Disastrous gales get strength, and far clouds form:
God pity all imperilled ships that be
Wreck-threatened of to-night's assaulting storm!

"O! could I change to some white, fearless bird,
And dart through darkness, and so find at last
The deck wherefrom his clear, commanding word
Rings under icy sail and shaken mast!

"Could I but flutter tenderly above
The courage of his face and posture there—
Though he guessed nothing of my near, deep love—
Contented, satisfied, I should not care!

"Yes, even to see the latest surge's foam
Sweep over his brave, sinking head were best,
Though I must leave him then and journey home—
A woman's aching heart in my bird-breast!

"And after, though I changed and was once more
A dweller in this dreary house, 'twere yet
Comfort to know that some brief while before
Death utterly divided, we had met!"

So made she murmur, and ere many hours
The proud storm laid abroad its mighty shocks,
Hurling shrill sleet against the panes in showers,
Breaking vast billows against vaster rocks.



But strangely she that with wrung hands and tears
Had hearkened until now, slept tired sleep,
As if she had given all her weight of fears
For pitying angels to receive and keep.

And it was just as dawn's first glimmer woke
That also she woke suddenly, and was 'ware
How stood her women by the bed and spoke
No word, but stared on her with mournful stare.

Then one among these, older than the rest,
Came near and stretched an arm to clasp her neck.
"O lady, with loved head on my true breast,
Hear how the night has wrought wild, cruel wreck.

"Be firm and hear. Yonder dim sand-sweep hath
A woful drift for this morn's light to see.
The waves on thy dear lord have worked great wrath.
And flung him, in their strong scorn, back to thee!

"And some snapt spar, some ghashtier sign, doth lie
Dark on the sands with each fresh breaker's fall."
At this she lifted a faint wailful cry:
"No need to listen—I have dreamed it all."

And presently, quite calm of mien, she rose,
And bade them speed to dress her, for love's sake,
Her wan face wanner than the surf that froze,
Out under looming cliff-lincs, flake by flake.

Thereafter, "Bring me now to where he lies,"
Her sad lips in low broken whisper said.
The sun of the next morrow, at its rise,
Found her in placid vigil near her dead.

A morrow later at the gray sea-rim,
That sobbed remorseful round the wreck's hurled spars,
Simply and silently they buried him
And left his grave below the quiet stars.

And only she, of all the mourning train,
Lingered at last beside the new-made grave,
Thankful that God, in pity for her pain,
Had lessened something of the load He gave.

For she remembered how one saved from wreck
Had borne these tidings like a sacred charge:
*Above the master, on his sinking deck,
Fluttered a white bird, beautiful and large.*

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE CRUSADE OF THE CHILDREN.

A PARLOR LECTURE.

BY GERTRUDE MASON.

I HAVE a story to tell you which it is hard to believe true. It is true, however; for grave books of history give the account, and the writers of such books generally have good authority for what they assert. If any writer should be so imprudent—not to say wicked—as to give for veritable history mere stories, which have little foundation in fact, such a hubbub would be raised about his ears, by the newspaper and magazine critics, that he would be quite ashamed of himself if he had any sensibility. For this reason, one can not well refuse to believe the substance of this remarkable narrative.

My story is about children like yourselves. Not about two or three, or half a dozen, or even a whole schoolfull, but about thousands. A great many years ago, so many that you can hardly form an idea of the time, in the year of our Lord twelve hundred and twelve, great numbers of children, from France and Germany (which countries, you know, are in the middle part of Europe), started on a wonderful expedition to Palestine, to rescue the sepulchre of our Saviour out of the hands of people who did not believe in Him or care for His memory.

I doubt whether any one now on earth knows just how this strange enterprise was started. It is supposed by some to have had its origin in the mind of a shepherd-boy in France. He lived in an obscure hamlet, called Cloyes, in the Province of Orleansais, not very far from

the city of Paris, of which we hear so much now-a-days. This boy had heard a great deal about the crusades. He knew that large numbers of people—soldiers, and knights, and nobles, and princes, and monks, and priests, and common people—had, from time to time, gone to fight against the unbelievers in Palestine, who had possession of the Holy Sepulchre. He had heard about Jesus Christ, and his death on the cross, and his burial in the tomb hewn out of the rock, and, perhaps, of his resurrection. And, in addition to these true things, he had, no doubt, heard many marvelous stories which were not true; such as that sick people were made well by touching the tomb of Jesus; that to carry about the person a small piece of the wood of the cross of Christ would preserve one from all evil; and that to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land would hide a multitude of sins. Pilgrims used to bring back with them from Palestine packages of earth, and distribute it in small quantities among their friends, or put it up in bags of the size of an almond, and sell these as charms against sickness and accidents. Little Stephen had a lively imagination, and all these stories and relics made a great impression on him. More than all was he excited by seeing the solemn processions which passed through the country in all directions, and through his little hamlet among the rest. These processions of monks and pilgrims were made in honor of those who had lost their lives in the

crusades, and to keep their memory fresh in the minds of the people everywhere. It was thought by those who had the management of these things, that the honors and praises thus bestowed upon the dead would stimulate the living to follow their example, and swell the ranks of new armies for the same pious purpose of delivering the Holy Land. Stephen joined one of these processions, and added his voice to those of older devotees in praying that God would help the Christians against the infidels. His mind was so much excited by all the pageantry and solemn ceremonies which he witnessed, that he came to the determination to go himself on a crusade, and to persuade other children to go with him. After thinking of it a good while, he began to talk about it to his playmates who lived near by, and then wandered further and further, talking and exhorting, sometimes a single boy whom he had happened to meet, then two or three; and, after a while, dozens would get together to listen to his wonderful stories and his earnest pleadings. He declared that the blessed Lord himself had come to him, and told him that He had chosen him for a great work. This work was to deliver the Holy Land from His enemies by the help of an army of children. He said, further, that the Saviour had put into his hands a letter to the King of France, Philip Augustus, the intent of which was to get permission from the king for the undertaking, and his aid in accomplishing it. He furthermore declared that he was directed to preach to the children, and persuade them to this great enterprise.

It is not certain whether the boy knew he was telling falsehoods, or had dreamed these things; or whether he himself was deceived by wicked persons for their own selfish purposes. I think the last supposition is generally believed to be the true one. It is said that a cunning man, who knew about

Stephen's interest in the crusades, and understood how to work upon his excitable nature, came to the poor, ignorant boy, and pretended to be Jesus Christ. Whether any of the priests were in the secret, and helped to impose upon the child, or whether they, too, were deceived by the impostor just mentioned, is another uncertain point. But historians are pretty much agreed that the clergy, for the most part, disbelieved the whole thing, and discouraged the wild project. They called it the work of evil spirits, and predicted the destruction of those engaged in it. But the laymen (that is, the people who were not priests) were of a different opinion, and charged the priests with being jealous because God had appeared to a child instead of to themselves. They believed that the time had come when God would show to the world what was meant by the words of the psalm: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength."

Stephen's success was wonderful. Children flocked to him in crowds. They hung upon his words as if he were an angel. They hastened to receive at his hands the woollen cross, and to fasten it on their sleeves, in imitation of the crusaders of whom they had heard so much. But the King of France did not afford the expected aid. He had no faith in Stephen's pretensions. If the letter ever reached him, he did not consider it authentic. He not only did not help on the children's crusade, but he sent his commands throughout the whole kingdom that the project should be given up, and that the children should return to their homes. Some obeyed. But most remained firm to what they thought a holy purpose. Neither the edict of the king, nor the commands and entreaties of parents and guardians, had power to stem the torrent of enthusiasm which poured down the hillsides and swept through the valleys of beautiful France. Some of the children

obtained, by their entreaties, the consent of their parents; others stole away secretly; and others still tore themselves away boldly, in defiance of authority. Many parents were, no doubt, hindered by a superstitious dread from detaining the children by force. The gathering place was St. Deny's, near Paris. Great numbers of pilgrims were assembling there in honor of a dead saint. Stephen made this his head-quarters. The news of his wonderful preaching quickly spread. Hundreds upon hundreds continued to join him. He professed to work miracles, and in those days it was easy to make people believe such things. It is hard for us to understand how to acquit Stephen from intentional deception about this. Soon other boys started the same pretensions, so that quite a number of youthful miracle-workers and preachers sprang up all over France. Thus the enthusiasm spread wider and wider, and more and more children flocked to Stephen's standard, for he was the acknowledged head of the enterprise. They were arranged in companies, and marched through the country carrying crosses and lighted candles and burning incense; through the villages, and towns, and cities; singing hymns, and chanting prayers, for the prosperity of their undertaking. They so enlisted the sympathies of the people that grown men, and even girls and women joined the processions. Some of these grown-up followers, however, were influenced by selfish motives, and attached themselves to the infant enthusiasts for the purpose of getting possession of the money they had brought from their homes or had received as gifts from liberal people along their route. Much money, and a great abundance of provisions, were given to help the vast company on their way. Many persons would talk to the children, and ask them questions, to see whether they really knew what they were about and whither they were bound. They were

always ready with the same answer: "God has called us. We are going to Him. He will give us the Land of the Holy Cross, on the other side of the sea."

It is hardly probable that the boy Stephen had the planning and controlling of this great expedition. It is most likely that some older person was the real manager, who, however, always put Stephen forward as the leader, in order to make a greater impression upon the people. But I will tell the story as it seemed to most persons in the times when it happened.

When Stephen had got together as many children as he thought would be likely to join his army, he began his march towards the Holy Land. He himself occupied a conspicuous position, and was distinguished by great honors and many attentions. He rode in a gorgeous chariot, from which were flying flags emblazoned with crosses and rich plumes of the brightest colors. A guard of young men surrounded him, partly as a mark of distinction, and partly as a protection against any special dangers to which he, as leader, might be exposed. The rest were on foot. For several days their march was as pleasant as a picnic excursion. The country was level and well cultivated and full of inhabitants. Vineyards and fruitful fields smiled upon them on either hand, as they travelled along. At the many cities and villages through which they passed, they were received with attention and kindness, and even enthusiastic applause. They were regarded as favorites of Heaven, and some of the more ignorant and superstitious believed them to be angels in disguise. It was not until they reached the sea, that they began to meet with hardships. They expected that God would in some way provide for their passage across the mighty waters. But they had to wait at the city of Marseilles many days before they found any means of sailing. At length their patience was rewarded, as they thought, by the ap-

pearance of two men, who professed much zeal for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, and a great desire to help the expedition of the children. They offered seven large ships for the pious service, and they themselves (their names were Hugh Verreus and William Forcus) took command of the fleet. Even these accommodations were not sufficient for the vast number. Some accounts state that there were thirty thousand waiting to embark. We do not know how many of these were children, though probably more than half. It is thought, however, that not more than five thousand really set sail. Many of the rest probably returned home. Some may have found other ships to carry them, but we have no certain knowledge about them. Those who went in the seven ships just mentioned had pleasant weather for two days, and, no doubt, enjoyed very much the novelty and excitement of the voyage. But, on the third day, they had full experience of the terrors of the sea. A fearful storm arose, the winds and waves had no mercy. Two of the ships, with their precious freight of young life, struck against a rock, and were utterly destroyed. Hundreds of fair young children, with their fresh hearts, and romantic hopes, were swallowed up in the remorseless sea. This sad accident happened near the island of Sardina. Look on a map of Europe for the Mediterranean Sea—find the large island of Sardina. Just off the south-west corner is the little island of St. Peter—it is hardly more than a huge rock. Against its flinty shore these little innocents were dashed. Years afterwards a little church was built on the island, by Pope Gregory IX, in memory of the shipwrecked children. It stood for more than three hundred years, and many pilgrims visited it from time to time. It has now long since gone to ruin. But the rocky island remains, an enduring monument of their infantile devotion and melancholy fate.

The poor children who perished here probably suffered less than those in the ships which outlived the storm. The two merchants proved to be slave dealers. Instead of taking their passengers to Syria, as they had engaged to do, they went to Egypt, and there sold them all, children and grown people, into slavery. There were four hundred monks among them. Eighty of these were priests. One of the priests, at the end of eighteen years, succeeded in getting back to his home, and brought news of the fate of most of his companions in misfortune. Not until then was any thing known in Europe of what had befallen these adventurers after they had left Marseilles. Several of the boys, the returned priest said, were put to death, because they would not give up the Christian faith. Finding the firmness of the rest apparently unshaken by the fate of their companions, their infidel masters concluded that it was not worth while to lose the price they had paid for them by putting them all to death. So they gave up the attempt to make them Mohammedans, and contented themselves with various cruelties and persecutions, while they retained the services of their victims. Hundreds of these, no longer children, were still in slavery when the priest escaped.

The honors and apparent authority of poor Stephen did not last long. Nobody knows whether he was among those who did not embark (which is by no means probable); or whether he perished in the shipwreck; or whether he was one of the eighteen who sealed their faith with their blood; or whether he grew up to manhood in slavery, and wore out a long life in chains.

I have not yet told you all the sad history. Not French children alone were victims of this fanatical enterprise. The infatuation found its way into Germany. Another boy, only twelve years old, became the leader there. His name was Nicholas. Cologne, on the

Rhine, became, like St. Deny's, on the Seine, the center of a great gathering of enthusiastic children. It is said that Nicholas was influenced by his father, a cunning and deceitful man, full of selfish schemes, who hoped to gain some advantage by getting up an imitation of the rising in France. Whether this crafty man made his son a party to his motives, or whether he worked upon his childish credulity so that he undertook the matter in good faith, we do not know. It is pleasanter to believe the latter. Nicholas, like Stephen, pretended to work miracles, and promised the richest rewards to those who would follow him to the Holy Land. His success was equally marvelous. Multitudes flocked about him. The concourse became so great that it was divided into two immense hosts, under separate commanders. The leader of one is unknown. Nicholas was at the head of the other. The enthusiasm was without bounds. Every thing was believed—every thing was expected. Difficulties were to vanish at a single glance—obstacles were to fall before a word. The angels of God were to fight on their side, and they would shortly enter the Holy Land in triumph, and take permanent possession of it in the name of Jesus. Their faith soon encountered the severest trials. From the outset, they suffered more hardships on the march than fell to the lot of the French party. The roads were mountainous and rocky, and their tender feet, many of which were bare, were cut by the sharp stones. They were exposed to violent thunderstorms; and sometimes, when the rain was pouring fiercely down, their steps would slide, and one and another would be carried, by the mountain torrents, into the ravines below, where they would miserably perish.

Neither were they well treated by the inhabitants of the regions through which they marched. Wicked people came into their camps, and robbed them of

their money, and whatever comforts they had been able to bring with them. Some of them were children of the rich and noble, and had never been accustomed to hardships of any kind. In Italy, especially, they found little sympathy and much cruelty. They were not well disciplined. The subleaders under Nicholas quarrelled with each other, and after a while a party rebelled against Nicholas himself. By the time they reached Genoa, several hundred miles from the place from which they started, their numbers were much reduced by death and desertion. It is said, however, that there were still seven thousand left, whose fainting hearts revived at the sight of the sea, and who entered the city with renewed hope. The Genoese rulers were greatly surprised at the approach of this singular army. The story of the novel crusade seems not to have reached them, until this branch of it stood before their gates. They were afraid it might be the artifice of a hostile power. They, however, permitted the helpless multitude to spend one night within their walls. For the reason just mentioned, and also because they feared the city could not long furnish food for such a great company, they would not allow them to stay longer. But the children were not troubled by this. More definite in their expectations than their fellow enthusiasts at Marseilles, they firmly believed that when, after a comfortable night's rest, they should present themselves on the banks of the Mediterranean, the sea would part, and the waters stand up like a wall, on the one side and on the other, and let them pass through dry-shod, as did the Red Sea and the river Jordan for the Ancient Israelites.

Alas! for their ill-founded confidence! With the rising sun the army of children awoke from their slumbers. They hastened to the shore. There stood the sea in all its blue beauty, covering the vast expanse farther than their eyes could

reach. There was no path through the great waters. After waiting with fainting hearts until towards noon, the citizens continually pressing them to depart, they gave up their vain hope—despair succeeded. Murmuring and dissatisfaction arose. Many abandoned the enterprise and attempted to retrace their steps. Many found places of service in the city and in the country around. Small parties continued their march through Italy. Some halted at Pisa, where they are said to have found means to embark for the Holy Land; but their fate is unknown. Some went to Rome, hoping for sympathy and help from the pope, Innocent III. Here again they were disappointed. Innocent, although he had commended the undertaking at the beginning, now that difficulty and distress accompanied it, added his pontifical frown. He rebuked the children for their misguided zeal, and ordered them to go back to their homes, and wait until added years had brought them strength and wisdom. Then they would be required to fulfill the vows they had so rashly made. He also sent word to all who had already abandoned the undertaking, that they must resume it when mature age should have fitted them for the work, inasmuch as a vow once made could never be recalled. Nicholas here disappears from our sight, as Stephen did at Marseilles.

The enthusiasm of some of these young devotees is said to have survived even these rebuffs, and to have carried a party of considerable size quite through the Italian peninsula to its extreme point, Brundisium. Here they met the few survivors of the other German band, which left Colonge at about the same time with that led by Nicholas. It had passed through similar terrible experiences. The passage of St. Gothard proved no easier than the ascent of Mt. Cenis. Hunger, the cold of secluded chasms, the heat of exposed rocks, foaming mountain torrents, fierce wild beasts, pitiless

robbers, all made the hapless adventurers their prey. The ardor of many had grown cold, and they had turned back to seek again their too lightly abandoned homes. It was the same story over again. And now, when these two shattered remnants of the twenty thousand infant volunteers found themselves together at Brundisium, the warmth of their piety had so abated that the meeting did not rekindle the fervor of their waning zeal. Even from this extreme distance many turned their faces towards home. Others, dreading new exposures and distresses, settled themselves in that region. Many, even here, probably perished through want. A very few clung to their first design. These found passage in ships bound for Syria. What became of them afterwards nobody knows.

The sufferings on the homeward march of those who withdrew, disheartened, from Italy must have been equally severe with those of their advance. Many, doubtless, perished from the same causes. Their condition was the more pitiful, because they had no longer to sustain them the spirit of enterprise and the credulous faith with which they started. There were now no waving banners and blazing torches to animate and excite them. Huzzas of praise no longer cheered them on. Weary and worn, mortified and dejected, they dragged their heavy feet along, often, no doubt, drooping and dying by the road-side. How much of His loving mercy the tender Heavenly Father may have seen fit to reveal to these returning wanderers, we can not know. But we may well believe, that He who took little children in His arms and blessed them, was never unmindful of these young misguided zealots. Some of them, we have reason to believe, He restored to their comfortable homes. Happy those who found themselves once more in the arms of their grief-worn parents, richer for life, unless too much

crushed and broken by the severity of their trials—by the lessons learned through hardships and sufferings.

Thus ended one of the saddest and most remarkable events in the history of the Middle Ages.

THE LUNA MOTH.

BY REV. SAMUEL FINDLEY.

IT was one of those beautiful days which lend their golden charms to smiling May. The woods were clad in their spring garments of luxuriant green, and blushing all over with richest loveliness. Uncle Samuel was in his study, with objects of natural history about him, and with his microscope looking down into the hidden mysteries of insect structure, when his attention was attracted by the sudden rushing in of his three nephews and niece, in breathless haste. James held in his hand something that seemed to him like a bundle of leaves, oval in form, and about an inch and three-quarters in length. The outside covering was of hickory leaves. They were fastened together with silken strands, and it appeared as though some seamstress had been at work, drawing the leaves together by their edges, so as to form a kind of cup, which was filled up with a cocoon of silk.

"I found it," says James, "under a hickory tree, in our woods, where we have just been playing; and we were all so anxious to learn what it was, that we gave up our sport, and ran all the way to show it to you. And now, uncle, we will all sit down on the lounge, and listen to you while you tell us what kind of insect it is that has made such a curious home for itself, and how it will ever manage to get out of its prison-like house; for I can not find any door it can open, nor do I see how it can cut its way through when it wants its liberty."

"And what does the dear little thing

live on?" quickly asked Mary. "And then to think that it has been out all winter, in the cold! Perhaps it is frozen, and will never be able to get out of its prison. Poor thing!"

Uncle Samuel was very glad to receive such a valuable addition to his insect collection, and, after thanking his dear young friends, he said:

"I will very cheerfully gratify your curiosity to know what living thing is wrapped up in this egg-shaped cocoon. And I am glad that you are so inquisitive about the wonderful things which God has made, and to which He has given such remarkable wisdom. If you cultivate this taste for knowledge, and keep your eyes and ears open while you are going through the world, you will always be finding out something new, and learning more and more every day about God's kindness and love toward His creatures. And soon every thing you see will teach you to love and adore its Creator, and make you long to be like Him.

"Within this curiously-wrought case there lies sleeping, as if buried in its grave, a worm that once fed on the leaves of that very tree under which you found it. Just before it began to draw these leaves together, and to spin itself up out of sight, it was a pale bluish green caterpillar; and it had a yellow stripe on each side of the body, and between the rings there were cross lines of the same color; on each of the rings it had about six warts, which looked as if they might have been made

of finely-polished pearl, and they were purple-colored, or rose red, and a few little hairs grew out of each one of them; and at the end of the body there were three brown spots, beautifully fringed with yellow. If you look at this picture, which I have just taken from my drawings, you will see how the caterpillar looked while it was feeding on the tree. You will notice one very small one, just under the moth, which is a picture of the worm a short time after it comes from the egg. It grows very rapidly, and very large, for when it escapes from the egg it is not more than one-sixteenth of an inch long, and when it is full-grown it is more than three inches long. Why, if you would grow as much as this caterpillar does, when you would be full-grown you would be almost fifty feet high. And while it is growing it has to go to the trouble of casting off its old skin when it gets too small for it."

"But how can a caterpillar cast off its skin. And if it should do so, how could it live without a skin?" eagerly asked Henry.

"This is one of the wonderful provisions which God has made for the growth of the young caterpillar, and which greatly excites our admiration. It is necessary that the caterpillar have a very hard skin, to hold itself in shape, because it has no bones, like we have, for that purpose. And consequently the skin can not grow as the body inside of the skin does. When, therefore, the size of the body becomes too great for the skin, the caterpillar gets very uneasy, and loses its appetite, and quits eating, and looks out for a retired place where nothing will disturb it, and there rests till the old skin is separated from the body. This is done by another skin coming between it and the interior part of the body, so that the caterpillar has no more use for the old skin. It now splits open at the back, and the newly-clad worm crawls out of

its own skin, and, in a few hours, goes to eating as ravenously as ever. Sometimes the new skin has a color different from the color of the old skin, so that by the time the worm has reached its full size it is quite unlike what it was when it was an infant caterpillar."

"What a wonderful thing a caterpillar is!" said James. "I always thought there was nothing interesting about the ugly, crawling thing; but now I see that God takes care of it, and clothes it with a beautiful garment, and gives it wisdom and good judgment, and teaches it how to provide for itself. But I do not understand how a worm three inches long can shut itself up in such a little case; nor how it managed to draw the the leaves about its house."

"When the caterpillar arrives at full age," said Uncle Samuel, "as though it knew that it was about to undergo a great change, it walks about the limbs of the tree very thoughtfully, and selects two or three leaves, hanging close together, and fastens to the edges of two of them several silken strands. By means of these strands it draws them nearer to each other, and then unites them with other threads, and in this way it eventually succeeds in bringing them sufficiently close together for its purpose. Having thus made a covering for its case, it begins to spin its cocoon, fastening its threads to the inner side of the united leaves. It skillfully weaves the threads around its own body until it is entirely concealed from view. Then it spins a softer and whiter silk, with which it lines very delicately the inner side of its silken coffin. And now, having at its own expense, and by its own ingenuity, prepared for itself a safe resting-place, the caterpillar, by this time very much reduced in size, changes, by some wonderful process, into a dark brown *chrysalis* or *pupa*. And that is the condition in which it exists inside of this cocoon now. You remember why it is called a *pupa*. The word means *infant*,



ATTACUS LUNA, WITH ITS CATERPILLAR.

and is used to describe this stage of the insect's life, because it is wrapped up in its silken covering, just like an infant is covered with its delicate clothing."

Mary, whose sympathies had before been awakened on behalf of the helpless condition of our imprisoned insect, asked, with more earnestness and solicitude than ever:

"But how can the poor thing live when it can not get any thing to eat?"

"That, my dear Mary," answered her uncle, "is another of the wonderful things that God has done for this little creature. He has given it power to live without eating, and it will never eat again, for it will never need to eat. Even after it has put on its wings and come out of its grave, and become 'the fair empress of the night,' it will not need food as you and I do."

"But, James, you wonder how it will manage to get out of its prison-house. Well, I will tell you. Some time next month, it will have all the changes made in its personal appearance it wants. It will have four beautiful wings which I will describe shortly, and great large eyes on each side of its head, and it will desire to break out of its prison, and try its wings, and look upon the beauties of the evening twilight. And then it will throw out of its mouth a fluid which will soften the threads which surround it so that they will be easily broken, and it will make its way out safely. In about thirty minutes after it first sees the light again, its wings will spread out to their full size, and then it will be ready to leave the cradle of its infancy forever."

"You have excited our curiosity very much, uncle, by telling us that this worm, shut up in the pupa-case, will have wings, and fly in the evening twilight," said Henry, who had all this time been listening with most intense interest. "Now do tell us something of its history after it becomes an insect with wings."

"As soon as the insect has freed itself

from its silken cocoon," answered Uncle Samuel, "it is ready to be named, because it is then a perfect insect. This insect is called *Attacus Luna*. The first word appears to be a corruption of the name of a very powerful man, *Actæus*, who, a long time ago, made himself master of the southern part of Greece, which he called Attica. The second, or specific name, is the Latin word for moon. I suppose it received this name partly because of its always flying in the evening, and partly because the marks or spots on the wings somewhat resemble the moon."

"The names of insects are very generally taken from some of the great men of ancient and modern times, and in this way the study of insects is connected with many important events in the history of the world. It is also linked with a knowledge of many of the other sciences, and, hence, if you study this branch of Natural History aright, you will find it to be a source of endless intellectual pleasure and profit."

"This moth is distinguished for its queenly beauty. Its coloring is exquisitely delicate, and its outline is unique. The wings are of a delicate light green. Along the front edge of the fore wings there is a purple-brown stripe which continues across the body. The outer edge of the wings is bordered with a narrow stripe of the same color. In each of the wings, about the center, there is an eye-like spot transparent in the middle, and encircled with rings of white, red, yellow, and black. The body is covered with a kind of white wool. The antennæ, or horns, are ochre-yellow, and featheriform. The wings expand from four inches and three-quarters to five inches and a half. The hinder wings extend, tail-like, for about an inch and a half. It lays its eggs, like a careful and provident mother, on the leaves of the walnut or hickory, where the worm, as soon as it leaves the egg, will find plenty of food. And when it

has laid its eggs its work is done, and, having no more need of life, it quietly passes away."

Up to this time Charlie had been silent; but he was not inattentive. Charlie was a thoughtful boy, and, being older than the other children, he looked farther into subjects than they did. Besides, he had assisted his uncle occasionally in his experiments, and he knew more about the instincts and habits of insects. "I have been thinking, uncle," said he. "Shall I tell you my thoughts?"

"Certainly," said his uncle. "You know I always like to hear the thoughts of my young nephews."

"Yes, out with your thoughts," said James. "Something solemn, I have no doubt."

"Solemn? Not exactly; yet I could not help but think a little seriously while uncle was telling us the wonderful history of this insect," answered our young philosopher. "If the caterpillar makes such a good use of the opportunities and gifts that God has given it, and grows up under difficulties till it soars aloft in the air, no longer a worm but a most exquisitely dressed moth, I have been thinking that I will not waste

any more of my time foolishly, nor smoke any more cigars, and thus uselessly wear out my energies, but do like the caterpillar, go to work and make a man of myself. The rest of you may do as you please, but if you take my advice you will follow my example, as I intend to follow the example of the caterpillar. The history of this moth has reproved me. I do not see why a despised little worm should do its duty in the world better than boys and men do, and, for my part, I am not willing that the caterpillar of the Luna Moth shall serve its God and its generation better than I do."

"Your thinking will do you good, Charlie," said Uncle Samuel, "if you give it such a practical turn as that. I hope that you will all love God better and serve and adore Him more, because He is so good and kind to all His creatures. Every lesson in Natural History, if it is properly improved, will make you better children. God speaks to you in His works as well as in His word. Look about you, even when you are enjoying your sports, and you will not fail to find something on which God has left the mark of His presence and His power.

OUR MISCELLANY.

"BE SHORT."—*Cotton Mather.*

OUR SERIAL.—We do not need to direct the attention of our readers to the "*Mantle of Elijah*," which runs on from month to month so pleasantly. From all sides we are receiving testimonials to the interest it awakens, and to its beauty of style and quaintness of humor in copying human nature so accurately. A boy is the most human of all human beings, and Eel Hudson, the author of the "Smiley Mare" and "Decoration Day," has an eye that looks right through the door of the heart. This story will grow in interest of detail more rapidly from this time on, and will be eagerly awaited by young and old. In the meantime "*The Congregationalist*," of Boston, one of the most accomplished and critical authorities, measures to it the following highly favorable judgment:

"If any of the magazines is publishing a more readable serial than George Lee's '*Mantle of Elijah*' in *Our Monthly*, we have not yet seen it. We shall be mistaken if this does not prove one of the most popular stories of the season, and place its author, George Lee, whoever he is, well up with George MacDonald in the estimation of many."

We may add that we are stereotyping this story, with the intention of offering it as a premium for new subscribers next year.

FEMALE INTEMPERANCE.—The *Saturday Review* it is this time, which starts the periodical hue and cry of intemperance among the ladies of the upper classes in England. And one and another of the newspapers on this side of the Atlantic echoes back the same harsh charge against the ladies of the upper classes in the United States. Now, although there is little

doubt that some persons who are called ladies do indulge in an undue use of wines and liqueurs, just as many persons who are called gentlemen do still more indulge in the same deleterious beverages, it is far from certain that the ladies are so generally culpable in this particular as these sensational accusations might lead us to suppose. Such wholesale statements are scarcely less reprehensible than slanders against individuals. Indeed, from one point of view, they are more so; for they spread the odium over so wide a surface as to awaken a thousand probably unjust suspicions. Especially is this the case in this country, where the term "upper classes" is so ambiguous, and where few who possess any degree of what is called culture, and none who have abundance of money, are willing to allow that they do not occupy a social position equal to the best. For ourselves, we are quite content to nestle away in a snug corner of the aristocracy of education, including all those refining influences which flow from the cultivation of the mind and the religious affections. And we do not fear contradiction in asserting that within this circle the habit of using intoxicating drinks is not prevalent. Moreover, with the hospitality which is enjoined by our Great Master, we invite all who are dissatisfied with the habits and moral condition of their respective "classes," to enter the more favored one to which we have the good fortune to have been born. There is nothing like loyalty to the King of Kings, and active good-will toward our fellow-subjects, for keeping the heart and the manners pure and without reproach

A. L.

THE GOOD WINE.

John II: 1-10.

"'Tis not for me," I blindly said,
 "No word of comfort here I read."
 Yet hast Thou shown me, even here,
 The lesson for my need.

A lesson of undoubting faith,
 Patient in prayer, Thine hour to wait,
 Knowing no care too small for Thee,
 No work of love too great.

I come to-night, as Mary came,
 To make my anxious burden Thine;
 To plead with Thee for these heart-guests,
 "See, Lord, they have no wine!"

Oh, while I praise Thee for Thy love,
 "Better than wine" to me revealed,
 I can not rest, until the cups
 Alike for these be filled.

Until, accepting Thee, they find
 More than all joys, all blessings past,
 Crying, "O Bridegroom, Thou hast kept
 The good wine to the last!"

I wait for Thine appointed hour,
 Thy miracle of power divine:—
 I wait—I pray "Remember these
 Dear Lord, who have no wine!"

L.

A GENIAL LETTER.—*Dear Miscellany:*
 "With a heart as full of joy at the return of
 spring as the trees are of sap, I feel in-
 spired to send you a greeting from the
 heart of New England.

Last autumn, instead of going with the
 birds to my Southern home, I determined
 to face the rigors of a Northern winter—not
 in Connecticut or Massachusetts—where,
 boasting a milder climate than their sister
 States, they wrap you round with fogs, and
 blow through you with east winds, until
 every spark of caloric in your body is
 quenched—but in the dry cold of New
 Hampshire, where, in midwinter, the sun
 often fails, for weeks together, to melt one
 tear-drop from the insensible icicles that
 glitter in long pendants from the house-
 roofs. Yes, here—where were to be snow-

drifts of fabulous height, where fences
 should disappear from view to be seen no
 more till spring, where Jack Frost and
 Boreas were promised, sweeping down from
 within the Arctic Circle, binding the earth,
 streams, and rivers in icy fetters, and
 sportively nipping any luckless noses,
 fingers, or toes that came unprotected in
 their way—yes, verily, here I would make
 my temporary abode, *even if I froze!*

Having deliberately formed this heroic
 plan, I next proceeded to fight a friendly
 battle with my kind hostess for the posses-
 sion of what was known in the house as the
 south attic—a gem of a spot, full of cosy
 comfort with the sun pouring in at its one
 large window, while on every other side it
 was well sheltered from those grim enemies
 mentioned above. Having won a victory
 over this domestic foe, I hastened to take
 possession of my stronghold, where, forti-
 fied with books, writing-table, etc., I
 awaited the coming of the adversary. For
 some reason, however, the ice king delayed
 his advent. Morning after morning I
 awoke to find the air mild and the sky soft.
 Not a sleigh appeared; not a sound of
 merry bells was heard. At last I grew im-
 patient. My friends smiled benignly, with
 the assurance that I would have enough of
 it before I was through.

On Christmas week there was a raid from
 the north pole that sent the mercury down
 to eighteen degrees below zero. I was
 jubilant. "Now it is coming in good
 earnest," said the natives; but, overpow-
 ered by some invisible force, the enemy
 suddenly retreated, leaving all mild and
 placid as before. Still the oldest inhab-
 itant kept his mind easy by recalling past
 experiences. Certainly the snow and cold
 were only delaying for a bit.

January arrived, and everybody sung in
 my ears, "As the days begin to lengthen,
 the cold begins to strengthen." If excep-
 tions prove the rule, then no doubt this fa-
 miliar rhyme is true; but after waiting till
 the end of the month in vain, I remembered
 an adage to the effect that "All signs fail in
 dry weather," which, considering the empty
 wells and cisterns—no snow to melt, no rain
 falling—seemed to my mind rather more

appropriate to the present case than the one first quoted. Still, hope was not extinct. "We shall have six weeks of good sleighing yet; you see if we don't," said the farmers, who, with their cords upon cords of wood to be drawn to market, began to watch eagerly for snow. And, sure enough, with February came a scant six inches, that set them in a bustle such as was never seen before. On all sides came pouring in the splendid split rock-maple, holding itself high above the plebeian mixed and round birch and beech, that felt happy to be taken on almost any terms. But in three days the rush was over, because—the snow was gone! Now, I lost all patience, gave myself up to despair, and sat a disconsolate looker-on in Venice. Was I not cheated of my long-anticipated enjoyment of a Northern winter? Others still continued to nurse a feeble hope, but I turned a deaf ear to their predictions—a course over which I now exult, as I sit in my attic, this middle of March, with the grass springing green, the robins singing all about, and reflect that the winter is over, without my having had one sleigh-ride or having seen one snow-drift; all my high resolves having come to naught, all my fond hopes blighted.

Are my woes due to the Gulf stream, or to the internal fires of this terrestrial ball? Alas! though from my attic window I look out upon the classic walls of old Dartmouth, dear to thousands of our wisest and best throughout the land, though I have now passed months in the learned atmosphere that floats in scientific and literary waves around the charming homes of Hanover, I am still ignorant. Why did all the snow take itself to St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, and other unheard-of places, leaving me "stranded on this brown spot of earth, pining for its pure whiteness? I wait for an answer. Is there not one among the reverend and talented gentlemen whose contributions enrich the pages of *Our Monthly* who can reply, thus affording the desired explanation? If such an one there be, I will reward the biggest cake of maple sap to be found at the present sap-flowing.

saccharine season, beside the hearty thanks of Yours, in hope,

FLORIDA.

P. S.—I can not close without telling you how nearly the "winter of my discontent" has been "made glorious summer" by the regular arrival of *Our Monthly*. I have been proud to find my high appreciation of its merits confirmed by my friends. It takes high rank among the almost numberless first-class magazines that circulate in this community. In our immediate household, it is enjoyed from our grave Professor down to our little Nellie, who eagerly cuts the leaves in order to read, not merely the children's department, but the interesting stories that enliven its pages. We all thank you heartily, and cordially wish you the unbounded success you so richly merit.

LITTLE SHOPS.—As you ride through the suburbs, or turn the corner into some by-street, you will come upon a little shop or store, which you will be tempted to pass by without notice. Don't do that. Stop and take a peep in at the window. Tape, and pins, and spool cotton, needles, and a few trifles like these. You don't want any such things; you deal at the big store on the principal square, or shop on the second-rate street, where you get a variety and take your choice. But look inside just a moment. The shopkeeper seems tidy and plain. She is not young. There are marks of pain drawn clearly upon her face. She speaks gently, somewhat wearily. She does not press you with words to buy; but she looks as though she might be saying in her heart things like these:—"Oh! my good woman if you knew all, you would surely be my customer. My children have to be fed and clothed, and it is hard work for me to make the two ends meet when God makes the two ends of the year come together. Little profits I make; there is so much competition, and the large stores draw every body. If it were not for a few good friends who stand by me, I would have to give up. What would become of me then? Oh, dear! I can't think of that. Lady, if you knew all, you would surely

come in and buy." It isn't much to step now and then into these little shops, and purchase a few things you will want at home. But you needn't beat the poor woman's price down. Don't tell her the goods are not first quality, or that you can get better goods for less money, or that they are old-fashioned. Don't look too sharply at them, for she is sensitive and timid, and anxious and care-worn; poor thing! Like as not rent is due to-morrow, and she hasn't nearly enough to pay; or there is a new barrel of flour to get; or the coal is just out; or the potatoes are gone, and the children are saying, "Mother, why don't we have some more?" That is what makes her seem languid and listless a little. She can't keep her thoughts here. Now, if she offers you something at less than it was marked, don't take it at that; pay the full price, and be sure it is time to buy. This is not the place for bargains; but this is the place for you to deal regularly. Purchasing many little articles here will help a good deal, and you won't lose much. *Loss much!* Dear friend, you will be laying up treasure where moth and rust do not corrupt. Sisters, drop in often at these little stores. Always carry with you a smile, and pleasant words, and praise for all you can justly commend, to throw in when you buy any thing. It will make the widow's heart to sing, and the orphans shall catch the spirit and join the chorus; for, if these little rooms could tell all their story, there would not be many eyes left dry, nor many hearts sleeping, while we stood and heard its misery and mournfulness. A.

DOMESTIC LABOR AT A PREMIUM.—We must wait awhile for our Chinese servants. Not immediately is the land to be flooded with Celestials, each one offering the sweat of his brow for a morsel of bread. Mr. Palmer, of Boston, who accepted an agency to introduce these industrious and patient workers into the families of the Modern Athens and its environs, is obliged to acknowledge that he is unable at present to effect any thing in that direction. He gives, as a reason, that they are a timid

people. They do not dare to trust themselves singly to strangers. We are all harpies in their eyes, ready to seize on them body and soul, and devour them. They have no conception of the benevolence and the Christian philanthropy which, in spite of, and in the midst of, much wickedness and selfishness, really control our communities. On the Pacific coast they feel comparatively safe, because protected by societies among themselves, on the principle of mutual insurance companies, against suffering which might be occasioned by want of employment, by unpaid wages, by being left uncared for in sickness. This feeling of security would be wanting in settling in small numbers, at a distance from the mass of their fellow immigrants.

This difficulty is not so insuperable, however, as at first appears. The present urgent need of domestic servants will stimulate the enterprise of our people to find a supply. A way will not long be wanting to bring this needy people to our doors.

After a little more suffering from the existing order of things, a little more breaking down of wives under the impossibility of getting efficient service, if any, a hundred householders will easily be found, in any of our large cities, who will be ready to combine to bring within their reach a colony large enough to feel safe among us barbarians. There will also be more capitalists, we may be sure, who will, like Mr. Samson, bring them in companies of fifties and hundreds. Of these, a few may, very likely, be detailed for household service; or a few may come under their wing for the very purpose. By degrees a knowledge of our harmlessness will spread to those on the other side of the continent, and may even reach those who remain in misery and oppression in the father land. It would not be surprising if, notwithstanding present unfavorable appearances, a very few years should witness a great revolution in the conduct of affairs in our kitchens, through the introduction of the Asiatic element.

GERTRUDE MASON.

OUR MISSION.

There is work we might be doing,
 Though we pass it by unseen :
 Rich grain lost for want of reapers
 In the harvest field to glean.
 We may wander by the ocean
 Gathering shells that lie around—
 But must dive beneath the surface
 Ere the purest pearls are found.

If we wish some showy bauble
 Little gems unnoticed lie ;
 If we wait for some great mission
 Ours may pass neglected by.
 Let us not stand all day idle,
 Waiting some great work to do ;
 'Tis enough—"Ourselves to conquer,
 And a crown of life in view."

Say not that we have no mission,
 There are precious souls to win ;
 Gems to shine in heavenly mansions,
 'If we will but guide them in.
 Labor on: the night approaches,
 Bind the sheaves with earnest hand,
 We shall find them safely garnered
 In our Father's Harvest Land.

EMMA C. KENNEDY.

THAT CHIMNEY.—It does seem to me that every thing *will* go wrong this morning, whether or no. Here I am, nearly freezing, chilled through and through to the bone, half dressed, the breakfast-bell rung ten minutes ago—all the rest of the folks down stairs—and it is provoking enough that this chimney won't draw! See that!—puff! puff! puff!—right out into my face, filling the room with smoke, staining every thing yellow, and making it smell sooty. It acts just like a human being for stubbornness and impertinence. It won't draw, just because you want it to; and it will smoke just because you don't want it to. Look at that! Puff, puff, again, clear out into the room, were a boy, doing that sauciest of sauciest things, sticking his horrible face out at you and making faces. I guess the flue was a boy, and I could hold it tight; I'd make it go up the chim-

ney quick enough—indeed I would! At first the fire wouldn't draw at all. The kindlings all went out, and left the coal in the grate. Then I took out the coal with the tongs, piece by piece, and poked the finer ones down, and put on lots of kindlings, and it acted just as contrary as a—man! It would sort of kick and jerk, and then try its best to go out. Then it would spit a little, and sputter—sputtering is a kind of inanimate profanity—and then crack, and try to commit suicide and put itself out. Well, it put me out thoroughly, at least. I flew around and said it *should* burn—I'd make it burn—for I was in a hurry, and couldn't dress in the cold. So I opened the door a little ways, and it began to die for certain. Then I shut the door, and lifted the window-sash and propped it up, and drew a quilt around me, sitting down to watch what it would do. Then it saw it had to burn, and it got real mean. It began to smoke as wickedly as ever it could; and it filled my eyes till they smarted, and choked up my throat. I don't like the thing a bit. I jumped up and shut down the window—still it smoked. Then I opened the hall door, and it smoked still. Then I poked it up, and it puffed out volume upon volume in my face. Then I put in a kindling, and that blazed a minute, and then it smoked too. Then I fanned it, and tried to blow the smoke in when it puffed out; but it only puffed out the more dreadfully. Now, I give it up, and sit here in the cold, shivering. Let it smoke all it wants to—I don't care! I'll pull the chimney down! Well, I reckon it can't help it, either. It's that east wind blowing that makes every thing crooked and contrary. It's my opinion that the March and April winds have never been converted; that they are possessed of evil spirits; for they tempt and try us poor mortals and us poor fires and chimneys terribly. There, now! Why, it has stopped smoking; it is blazing, and I believe it's going to burn! I guess the flue has got heated up. It wasn't its fault so much; it was that hateful east wind!

OUR BOOK TABLE.

The Revelation of John; with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, Designed for both Pastors and People. By Rev. HENRY COWLES, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

About a year since we gave very favorable notice of the Commentary on the Writings of Solomon, by Dr. Cowles. We greet the present production with increased interest. In a very compact and thorough introduction, covering fifty pages, the date, authorship, character, and interpretation of Revelation is most admirably discussed. Its ideas are fresh, attractive, and such as to render the sacred book thoroughly practical and, to our notion, intelligible. Discarding the theory so generally prevailing, that its visions and prophecies were intended to spread over all time to the end, the author argues, with great simplicity and skill, that the whole book was revealed to the seven churches for their strength and encouragement in the persecutions which were soon to follow, and that its prophecies, comprehensible to them, were all fulfilled in the early times. To this end he endeavors to show that John was banished to Patmos in the reign of Nero, about A. D. 65, instead of under Domitian, A. D. 95, and that the visions foretell the fall of Jerusalem and Rome, and other events which were just impending. The coming of Christ is supposed to be the advent of the dispensation of the Holy Spirit accompanied by the Jewish overthrow, as in Matt. xxiv; the present foreshadowing the distant advent, the type setting forth the final dispensation which is referred to in the closing chapters of Revelation. In taking this ground the author dwells with particular emphasis upon the plain and repeated declarations in both the first and last chap-

ters, that "the time is at hand"—"the things which must shortly come to pass," and to the indications of the same in different portions of the book. Appended to the commentary is the dissertation on the "day-for-a-year" theory, which was published in the Commentary on Daniel. It is an admirable argument, and we think almost irrefutable. We have not seen the Commentary on Daniel, which we would like to examine. But we may say that after very careful reading of this volume on Revelation, we seem to have clearer light and more satisfactory intelligence as to the practical meaning and lessons of this prophecy so greatly obscured by many former interpreters, than we have ever gained from any or all the predecessors of Dr. Cowles in its explication. If the views herein set forth can be justly maintained, and we do not see why they should not, the students of this portion of the divine word will be able to realize the peculiar "blessing" promised to him that readeth and those that hear the words of this prophecy. We speak candidly and earnestly when we declare our opinion that this volume is one of the most valuable, as well as attractive, contributions to Biblical literature of modern exegesis. And we trust our ministry will hasten to examine its position and compare it with the views of standard commentators.

ROBERT CLARKE & Co. also send us, from the Appletons, a very spicy, readable, and in the main fair volume of travels in America by an Englishman. "*Westward by Rail*," by W. F. Rae, gives an account of a trip from New York through Chicago, Salt Lake City, and Nevada to San Francisco, with a return to Boston and a chapter on the impressions made upon an

English mind. This book shows that bias and prejudice do not warp the judgments and dwarf the fraternal feelings of all the foreigners who visit our land, and that the narrowness of the British isles does not incapacitate all their citizens from appreciating the immensity and variety of American scenery, and the freshness and originality of the American character.

FROM CARTERS, through Sutton & Scott, we have a series of discourses upon "*The Lord's Prayer*," by Rev. H. J. Van Dyke, D. D., of Brooklyn. Dr. Van Dyke is a model preacher of the pure gospel type, and these chapters on the several petitions of the "Model Prayer" are doctrinally instructive, practical, devout, and, we may add, unusually fresh. Almost every minister preaches a course of sermons on it, and then neglects to use it steadily in public worship. The perusal of this volume should quicken public conscience as to its frequent use, as it sets forth its wonderful compass and power in new light.

Chips from a German Workshop. By F. Max Müller. Vol. 3. Essays on Literature, Biography, and Antiquities. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. For sale by Geo. E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.

The above quaint title is, despite its quaintness, a not untruthful description of the work. Max Müller is a German, now and for twenty years past Professor of "Modern European Languages and Literature" in the University of Oxford, England. He is also widely known as an oriental scholar of great accomplishments and learning. Other works have been issued by him upon the themes which have given him his renown. The "Chips" are a series of volumes, of which the one before us is the third, giving us the miscellaneous writings of the great German. They are excursions into other fields of literature, thrown off by a prolific pen; and embrace essays in literature, biography, and antiquities. As we might expect in such a volume, there is great inequality in the subjects treated, some evidently the result of hasty endeavor, while others bear marks of hasty preparation. The

themes of this volume are chiefly from the Fatherland; and the author plainly writes *con amore*. If one would see a great author in *neglige*, we commend him to the "Chips." "Dry as a chip" is a proverb not applicable to them.

The Heir of Redclyffe. By Miss YONGE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Sold by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

Is a new edition of one of the standard novels of a half-generation since. The work is still a standard, and we do not wonder at its re-issue. It has a freshness and vivacity of style; and the characters, all well drawn and distinct, speak with a naturalness unsurpassed by myriads of the sisterhood of novels. We are particularly pleased with the publishers' work. In these two volumes they have shown great taste, and have made the outside as pleasing as the contents are entertaining.

RUTH HAWTHORNE, an attractive volume, comes to us from our Board of Publication. The brief preface better describes the book than we can do, and supersedes the necessity of any other introduction to our readers: "In Ruth Hawthorne we have an illustration of the perverseness with which one trained in the faith of the Bible may turn away from the religion of her parents, and choose falsehood rather than truth, vague unbelief rather than the firm foundation of God's revelation of Himself. In it is shown also how entirely unsatisfying is the rest that scepticism, misnamed philosophy, can give; how imperatively, in the hour of grief, the soul demands something higher than itself, something above mere human hope, and how firm is the Rock to which at last the wanderer's feet are led."

The Broken Bud; or, Reminiscences of a Bereaved Mother. New York: Robert Carter & Bros.

To many a stricken heart this volume will come with consoling power. Grief is none the less full of anguish for its commonness; and the sweet words of this bereaved mother are not less comforting that they come to many sorrowing souls.

The Human Feet, their Dress and Care, showing their natural, perfect shape and construction; their present deformed condition; and how flat feet, distorted toes, and other defects are to be prevented or corrected, with directions for dressing them elegantly, yet comfortably, and hints upon various matters relating to the whole subject, with illustrations. 12 mo, 202 pp. Price, \$1.25. New York: S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway.

Who has not suffered torture from tight or ill-fitting shoes or boots? What man or woman, brought up in civilized society, can say with truth, that his or her feet are sound, and free from blemish? It is possible to have sound feet on sound bodies, and this work shows how. Written in a plain, practical manner, with physiological and mechanical illustrations, it is at once scientific, philosophical, and instructive.

Heart-case; or, The Brother's Wife. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

This is not a new story, but an exceedingly good one, worthy of being kept before the people. The point of the whole romance is to show the increasing good influence of a noble Christian life—how it survives the death of the individual, and lives on, a joy and blessing from generation to generation. Our popular taste shows an increasing appreciation of simple, unartificial, and home-life stories like this one. It is a good sign. Loyalty to nature alone is truth in art or literature, and the love of such loyalty is the love of truth. Let us have *all* that is sweet, and pure, and real, but let us eschew the red pepper and garlic. Let us apply to literature the words of Tom Corwin, when asked by his polite hostess whether he would have condiments in his tea. "Only sugar and cream, madam—no pepper or salt."

Frank Austen's Diamond. Eagle Crag. Belle Powers' Locket. Shawny and the Light-house.

The above-named books are all from Robert Carter & Bros., admirably gotten up, and suitable for children and Sunday-school libraries.

Youthful Explorers in Bible Lands—Joppa and Jerusalem. Prepared and published under the auspices of "The Scholars' Holy Land Exploration" of the United States. By ROBERT MORRIS, L.L. D. Chicago: Hazlett & Reed.

We learn from the preface that this is the first of a series of six books to be issued by the "Scholars' Holy Land Exploration," the grand aim of the series being to interest young minds in the land of the Bible; especially to publish the results of recent researches in Palestine in a style adapted to youth. Dr. MORRIS is known to the readers of *Our Monthly* as the author of the interesting papers on "Ancient Coins Found in Holy Soil." The pictures he has given of Joppa and Jerusalem, in the form of journals kept by young travelers are both instructive and entertaining. The mechanical execution does no particular credit to the Garden City.

Opportunities; A Sequel to "What She Could." By the author of "The Wide, Wide World." New York: Robert Carter & Bros. For sale by Sutton & Scott, 178 Elm street, Cincinnati.

We have no great liking for books that, like Melchisedec, are without "beginning of days or end of years"—a sequel to something else, and an unfinished something that demands another sequel. Miss WARNER writes very prettily. She wrote exceedingly well when she gave us "The Wide, Wide World," but ever since she has been working on a lower level. We suspect "Opportunities" will not float very far, even on the tide of "The Wide, Wide World." Books, like people, fail to flourish very long on their relatives.

Isaac Phelps, the Widow's Son; or, the Rugged Way Made Smooth. By M. M. B. Boston: Henry Hoyt. For sale by George Crosby, 41 West Fourth street, Cincinnati. Price \$1 25.

More attractive-looking books for the young than those issued by Henry Hoyt do not come to our table. Incidents, trials, and victories of boy-life make up a story that has a good lesson on many a page, and that will, as the author hopes, help the young reader "to get bravely on in the battle of life."

The History of Greece. By Prof. Dr. ERNST CURTIUS. Translated by ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD, M. A., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Vol. I. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co. For sale by Geo. E. Stevens & Co., 39 West Fourth street, Cincinnati.

We welcome this first volume of a popular history of Greece, which will supply the want in regard to the literature of Greece which Mommsen's admirable history has just supplied in regard to Rome. The present volume brings the history down to the Persian wars. The chapter on the "Pre-historic Ages of the Hellenes" is especially full and suggestive, and, under the light of the modern science of language, gives some new ideas touching the origin and composition of that most brilliant of early civilizations. The historian finds unmistakable traces of Monotheism in the earliest forms of Greek worship—traces whose faint marks may be seen in the days of Paul on the altar dedicated to "the unknown God." Upon this point Dr. Curtius says: "Thus, through all the centuries of Greek history, the Arcadian Zeus, formless, unapproachable, dwelt in sacred light over the oak tops of the Lycæan Mountain. Long, too, the people retained a pious dread of representing the Divine Being under a fixed name, or by symbols recognizable by the senses. For, besides the altar of the 'Unknown' whom Paul acknowledged as the living God, there stood, here and there in the towns, altars to the 'pure,' the 'great,' the 'merciful' gods, and by far the greater number of the names of the Greek gods are originally mere epithets of the unknown Deity." The hints concerning the Trinity, which Prof. Tyler and others have pointed out in Greek history, is thus noticed by our author, without, however, any reference to its theological bearing: "The Lycians are especially familiar with the conception of Zeus as one in himself, but ruling the world in a three-fold form of Zeus Triopas. With this conception was combined the adoration of Apollo, in whom they thought the hidden Zeus revealed himself most

clearly to them. They venerated him as the prophet of the Supreme Deity, and, in this belief, developed before all other tribes the Apolline art of divination, in order to learn the divine will from auguries, sacrifices and dreams, and out of the mouth of inspired sybils."

We shall look forward to the successive volumes of this learned work with much interest. It gives promise of being one of the best of modern contributions to that higher history which is not a record nor a chronology, but a science. The style is direct, perspicuous, manly, and the publishers' part is, as usual, all that could be desired.

THE press generally is complimenting very highly a small volume—*MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN*, by Charles Dudley Warner—published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston. These letters were originally written by the editor of a Hartford paper, for his own columns. Mr. Warner starts much as did Timothy Titcomb. His style is very quaint and humorous—of that gentle, subtle humor which is suggestive and stirring, not broad and overdone. The troubles of a gentleman gardener, especially in the line of early rising and "pusley," bugs, chickens, and other enemies of vegetable prosperity, are set forth very movingly. The readers of this book will certainly laugh and grow fat. The main objection we have to it is an introduction, by Henry Ward Beecher, which is not equal to the book itself. This thing of introductions has had its day; and we modestly suggest that Mr. Beecher is a little overworked.

THE STORY LIZZIE TOLD, by Mrs. Prentiss, author of "Stepping Heavenward," has reached us from A. D. F. RANDOLF, New York. It is a sweet and touching story, told by Lizzie, a poor humpback of London, of her short life and the reformation of her father through the influence of her sickness. Two beautiful illustrations heighten its impression, and it is exquisitely printed. As the price is only thirty-five cents, prepaid, by mail, we advise our lady readers, especially, to send for it. It is a gem.

Nurse Grand's Reminiscences. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

The author has herein grouped together some good religious stories, and the artist has illustrated them with some dreadful pictures. Dead at home—dead on the sea-shore—dying at home—dying in a hospital—dying in a carriage—these are some of the cheerful scenes the artist has selected for the ghastly lines of his pencil. The book reminds us of the minister who had a marble pulpit built, of a cold and monumental appearance, in order, as one of his people averred, to give a solemn emphasis to his sermons.

The books of our Board are always good. It were well, however, sometimes to check the engraver's ungoverned fancy.

WE have before us a "*Hand Book for Funerals*," prepared by Rev. Wm. P. BREED, D. D., of Philadelphia, which will, we think, be welcomed by very many pastors who have felt the need of some convenient compilation of scripture passages adapted to the various circumstances of afflicted households and to the solemnities of the "house of mourning."

It consists of four parts. First, selections of scripture passages concerning Divine sovereignty; brevity of life; certainty of death, etc., together with passages adapted to the various ages and conditions of the departed.

In the second and third parts there are more formal groupings of passages to be used as burial services at the house or grave.

The fourth part consists of selections of poetry convenient to be used in connection with the scripture passages.

The arrangement of the whole is marked by excellent taste, and the book will be very useful at those times when "words fitly spoken are as apples of gold in pictures of silver."

MRS. JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT, our most popular Presbyterian authoress—and

most useful—has given our Board of Publication (Sutton & Scott) a volume entitled, *WESTWARD; A Tale of American Life*. It is somewhat varied from her usual track, but is written in her best style and finest spirits. We will not indicate the thread of the narrative, but will only say the story is original, true to nature, and with a moral that requires no microscope to discern. Let all Sabbath-schools secure, *first of all*, the best books of our *own Board*, and they may put this one on their lists without hesitation.

GEORGE E. STEVENS & Co. (successors of Blanchard & Co.) have laid upon our table *The Wonders of Engraving*, by GEORGE DUPLESSIS, illustrated with thirty-four wood engraving. An additional volume of SCRIBNER'S very popular *Illustrated Library of Wonders*. All the volumes of this set have been widely commended, and read with deep interest. They have done much in the way of popular instruction in scientific subjects, and in the diffusion of practical history and details of the marvels of nature and science. The present volume will hold its place with its predecessors.

CARTERS, through SUTTON & SCOTT, send us two excellent books for young people: *Daisy Maynard's Four Promises*, and *The Babe at the Wedding*, and other narratives, by Rev. P. B. POWER, M. A. The latter volume especially, by an author of much note, is very entertaining for young and old, and each of its seven stories is a sermon—a parable, if you please—touching hearts tenderly.

The Bag of Blessings; or, The Singing Tailor, and Other Narratives. By the Rev. P. B. POWER, M. A., author of the "I Wills of the Psalms," etc. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. For sale by Sutton & Scott, 178 Elm street, Cincinnati.

Six short stories, full of the gospel, by a popular writer, form a very pleasant volume.

OUR GLEANINGS.

THE BONDAGE OF THE PULPIT has an architectural as well as a moral aspect. One of the questions now agitating both pulpit and pew, is, how much of our preacher shall we see, and what shall be the physical limitations of his perambulations? Of course there will always be a class of critics who will concern themselves with limitations of thought, pressing their radical or conservative views upon the preacher's attention. One class will urge a greater freedom in the treatment and discussion of Truth—a noble boldness in treading out into all circles of thought, celestial and terrestrial. Another class will build high the fences of the catechism and the creed.

But questions of this kind will yield now to the more important wooden radicalism and conservatism of the platform and the box. The terms of the impending theological contest may be stated thus: Within what orthodox panels, behind what cushioned breastwork, shall the preacher be confined? or on what liberal platform shall he take a freer tread, and how much bodily exercise shall be deemed a proper accompaniment to the preacher's mental and spiritual freedom?

These remarks are to introduce the following pithy pulpit defense from one of our best exchanges:

"Let us have fair play for the pulpit—not the institution but the structure. Our compassions are excited for it; for it seems to be losing some of its friends. It has to bear the blame of the preacher's tameness and the hearers' dullness. A heavy responsibility this. Do all these pulpit-breakers realize whither this movement tends? What is to become of the great 'pulpit Bible' when the foundation is knocked from under it? Does anybody suppose that all our preachers can preach

from a pocket Bible? The pulpit—a reasonable one—is Biblical. It looks kindly toward expository instruction, instead of platform harrangues. We commend this thought to any of our ministerial brethren who are distressed about the place they occupy as preachers. It is well enough to display the feet and legs; but after all to show the *head* is better, and the heart better still."

A CONTRADICTION.

BY LEM ELYNO.

Tenderly droop the eyelids, Kitty,
Over the beautiful eyes,
Whose light is deep as the dawn is, Kitty,
Where the brown woods fringe the skies.

But your coquettish, flexible mouth, Kitty,
That hiding-place for a smile,
With its rosy, tremulous arch, Kitty,
Uncharms the eyes the while.

One look has a magical power, Kitty,
To bind me fast in its chain;
But a smile dissolves the bondage, Kitty,
And sets me free again.

For the love that throbs and trembles, Kitty,
In the pulse of a rising tear,
Is pierced by the shaft of a smile, Kitty,
That is only half sincere.

From my climb to the sentinel towers, Kitty,
Where the ribbons of light unfurl,
I retreat at the sight of the archer, Kitty,
In the gates of ruby and pearl.

Thus a look and a smile between them,
Kitty,
My heart's vibrations impel,
And the sweep from the faith to the doubt,
Kitty,
Is the fall from a heaven to hell.

OUR MONTHLY;

A

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY MAGAZINE.

JUNE--1871.

THE PULPIT CASUAL.

BY MRS. JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

AUTHOR OF "ALMOST A PRIEST," "PRIEST AND NUN," ETC.



"THE Church at Waynetown," as complacently remarked by Deacon Saxe, "was not numerous, but it was rich."

The deacon did not mean rich in spiritual experiences, but in hard cash. It was an aristocratic little Church, made up mostly of old families—the Burdetts first and then the Saxes. It was a decent, complacent little Church, rejoicing greatly in the proprieties—its members never failed to put in an appearance on Sabbath mornings, and sat in their pews in unwinking solemnity. The dead in the grave-yard, just under the church windows, were equally solemn and unwinking, and often quite as much benefited by the ministrations from the pulpit, and this not from any fault in the ministrations.

The fact was that this Church had fallen into a rut; they had been running in the groove of their own respectability. If the Lord had had as high an opinion of Waynetown, as Waynetown had of itself, that Church would have been speedily translated. This congregation steadily looked

down all excitements; they sat comfortably through hymn, prayer, and preaching, and stood, respectfully, for the benediction; and they never permitted any thing outside of the usual routine to take place.

Each Sabbath the minister could feel sure of within five or six of the exact number who would be out to listen to his disquisitions: one could forecast the collections, and not be a dollar wrong; for everybody had their settled rates of giving, and the Church preferred, as the recipients of their liberality, old, dignified, and well-established societies.

The Church was perfectly orthodox, and the Deacons Saxe were the exponents of that orthodoxy. As soon as one Deacon Saxe was gathered to the deacons gone before, another Saxe was ordained to fill his vacant place, the diaconate being apparently one of the hereditaments of the Saxe family.

The profound calm of this Church was not particularly ruffled by the announcement that their pastor was about to resign his charge. The event was

not unprecedented, and it was only *decorous* that the Church should waive their claims on their minister when he believed that he could be benefited by a change. The present incumbent of the ministerial office in Waynetown had held his position for ten years, and had delivered sound, dignified, well-reasoned discourses to the Saxes in the great square pews on either side of the pulpit, to the Colvilles in the long narrow pews ranging behind the square ones, to the Burdetts magnificently displayed in the main aisle slips, to the Daltons who formed the Burdetts' rear guard, and to the inferior people, such as must belong to every church, and who held their stations near the doors—a position which, if I rightly remember, a certain Psalmist and king did not consider beneath his acceptance.

It may be that the unmoved proprieties of his "small but wealthy church" had chilled the pastoral soul; at all events the minister resigned and departed; the congregation was resigned, and heard candidates.

As often happens, the candidates failed to please. The more new men Waynetown heard, the more fastidious Waynetown became; and the more young ministers in general tried to please them, the farther were this people from being pleased. Become spiritual epicures, they found all ordinary food palling on their pampered palates, and something must be very piquant to suit at all. On a certain glorious September morning, when the senior Deacon Saxe was deeply engaged in calculations concerning the market value of thousands of luscious globes now hanging from his ancestral peach-orchard, he was waited upon by a gentleman of elegant person and unexceptional dry goods, who introduced himself as the Rev. Wilberforce Cowper Randall, bearing to Deacon Saxe, as the exponent of Waynetown piety, clerical greetings from the Rev. —, D. D., of Boston. It would have been beyond human nature for Deacon Saxe not to feel flattered by the knowl-

edge that the fame of his proprieties and his office had drifted to Boston, and to the ears of the D. D. whose praise was in all the churches. The purport of the letter was that the welfare of the Waynetown church was dear to the soul of the distant divine; that the bearer of the epistle, his beloved young brother in the ministry, was a man by grace and nature greatly gifted for his office; that in eloquence, zeal, and discretion, he had few superiors, and he was commended to Deacon Saxe and the rest of the brethren at Waynetown, as one eminently calculated to set at rest the vexed question of "who should be their minister."

To the wise charming of this letter the deacon's ear gave heed; he received the wandering minister to his house; he introduced him to the church members; invited him to preach; was pleased with his preaching, and gravely spoke his praises to the congregation. The Burdetts were as well pleased as the Saxes; and when the Burdetts and Saxes, who made up half the congregation, were pleased, every one else was sure quietly to follow.

After the second Sabbath's preaching, the Rev. W. C. Randall was invited to be pastor of the Waynetown church, and, of course, accepted the invitation. During this period the new minister had not intruded himself upon the hospitality of Deacon Saxe. He had preferred a boarding-place, and had obtained one with Mrs. Job Colville, a cousin of the Burdetts. However, Mr. Randall had received many invitations to dinner and tea, and was, socially, quite popular.

"I must reply to Dr. —'s letter," said Deacon Saxe.

"It would be better to wait until my case is settled," said Mr. Randall, and the deacon waited.

Mr. W. C. Randall's case was settled on a Monday evening. On Tuesday he said quite easily to Deacon Saxe, "I suppose you have written to Doctor —?"

"I shall do so to-night," said the deacon.

Next morning Mr. Randall dropped into the deacon's before breakfast. "I have written to my old friend, the doctor, and brought you his address, I will post your letter with mine." Accordingly he went to the office with both letters.

The new minister was emphatically a new experience to Waynetown, and rippled the surface of their accustomed calm. He was young; their other pastors, and the pastors of adjacent churches—from which, however, they were in a manner shut off—Waynestown lying among sheltering hills upon a river calm as itself—were old or elderly. Besides, being on the hither side of forty, the Rev. Randall was unusually handsome. His black eyes, which we must confess were roving in their glances, and could never be fixed in an answering gaze, were black as a bandit's are supposed to be, and, on occasion, could become misty with tears. His forehead might have been deemed low for the author of such rich discourses as on Sabbaths delighted Waynetown; the charm of his voice, however, was undeniable; his features were of the style denominated "classic," and his tastes were dainty and refined. Besides these personal advantages, Mr. Randall had casually informed the people that he came of an old and wealthy family; he was not dependent on the stipend offered by Waynetown Christians. Again, the man was eloquent, and his literary attainments were evidently great; his style of preaching was fervid and devout; the Greek and Latin quotations which he made were a delicate tribute to the past academic or collegiate education of the heavy parents who occupied the pews of his church: in the delivery of his sermons the oratory equalled the rhetoric. He sometimes rose to the tragic, or branched off into the tremendous, and thus, possibly, catered to those theatrical improprieties that seem dormant in the most orthodox hearts. Finally, the worthy deacons, the Saxe brothers, averred that the new pastor prayed in-

comparably better than the old one. While the former pastor's petitions had been grave, slow, simple, and lengthy, the new pastor, in prayer, was rapid, passionate, elegantly descriptive, forgot nothing, said much in little, and got through ahead of time. To a people who were not accustomed to do their own emotion, it was a solace to have a pastor who, unchecked by his hearers' calm formality, got up for them warm feelings warmly uttered, and every first day of the week swept them all, apparently, toward heaven on the flood-tide of his own strong passion.

It was only to be expected that a young and handsome minister, unmarried, and evidently heart-free, should occasion some small excitements among the young ladies of his congregation. The talent of Mr. Randall, his good family, and his supposed property, made him seem an eligible match even to the most fastidious parents of his parish.

Conspicuous among the young ladies of the Waynetown church was Miss Adele Burdett. The Burdett families were numerous—their children numerous; Adele was the eldest unmarried daughter of the senior and richest of the Burdett brothers. Without any strictly beautiful features, bright eyes, splendid teeth, a healthful complexion, a mass of silken hair, and ready smile, made Adele charming, and a belle, par excellence, in Waynetown. Friends, and money, and kind nature had united to give Adele the first place among her young companions. Lovers had not been wanting, and our Adele had refused several suitors; she was supposed to be coquettish and hard to please.

In the presence of the new pastor Adele experienced a hitherto unknown emotion. Ministers are supposed to be generally attractive to young ladies, though why this should be so, in the face of the multitudinous embarrassments and drawbacks of the position of a pastor-ess, is more than a reasonable person can divine. We console

ourselves with the reflection that love is ever unreasonable. Whether it was the fact that all her young friends doted on Mr. Randall, or whether the witchery lay in the music of his voice, we can not tell, Adele, ever the followed and courted, became infatuated with the Rev. W. C. Randall. This infatuation she had sense enough to keep to herself; but Adele had never been thwarted in any thing, and she certainly did not mean to be thwarted in a love affair. Like a princess, Adele could do her own wooing, but she was too much of a woman to do it openly.

As for the Reverend Randall, his conduct to the ladies of his charge was unexceptionable. Courteous and affable to the last degree, he treated all alike; and if he made a difference, it was in gentle devotion and deference to the married and the elderly of the sisters of the church.

In visiting the sick, the new minister was kind and punctual; he left the management of church affairs entirely to his deacons, consulting everybody on every thing, praised all, and condemned none. People called him a saint; that is, the mature people called him so; the girls said he was "an angel." Our reverend friend had not long been in his Waynetown charge when Deacon Saxe suggested proceeding to those little inaugural ceremonies which mark the advent of a new shepherd of the flock.

Mr. Randall demurred. "I am just as much your pastor; you equally my people; the bond can not be made stronger between us; let us go on as we are."

Deacon Saxe opened wide his eyes. "We must follow church regulations and precedents," he cried.

"O, certainly, certainly. I do not object. I believe in the value of these ceremonies. But why be in haste? In a year from now, if our mutual friendship is undisturbed, we can proceed to carry out the ordained forms, and our ecclesiastical union will then have the basis of thorough acquaintance and established affection."

"I don't know what the Church would say, and the other ministers of our denomination. We have always conformed to—" began Deacon Saxe uneasily.

"The truth is," said Mr. Randall frankly, "that while I have made it my rule never to burden other people with my private sorrows, I must now take you, my dear friend, into my confidence. My honored father is the victim of a disease that will inevitably terminate fatally before very long. I have watched at his bedside for the last six months, and only left him because I saw it added to his distress to see me detained from my legitimate calling. Each day I look for a dispatch summoning me to close his eyes. If we should set a time for these ceremonies you refer to, and our brethren came, it might only be to find me absent. Let us wait until this burden has been lifted from my heart, and this dear saint has been taken to his rest. I trust I shall have resignation to meet that loss becomingly."

The deacon agreed to his pastor's views. Of course his next step was to betray the pastoral confidence to his wife, and, of course, his wife betrayed it to all her acquaintances. This served to make the Rev. W. C. R. more interesting; it accounted for the shade of gentle melancholy that hung about him; and, having been regarded as a model pastor, he was now looked upon as a model son. Not a day passed when sympathizing voices did not inquire, "how his father was;" and sometimes the father was better and sometimes worse; always, however, patient and faithful, and his sufferings were a dagger in the soul of his son.

The wife of one of the Deacons Saxe was a confirmed invalid; for two years she had not left her chamber. She was a gentle woman, with hair turning silvery, and in her tribulation had worked its legitimate fruits, and she had become one of the goodly of the earth, her feet still treading a shining upward path, and never turn-

ing back. This dear lady hailed the visits of her pastor as a great blessing in her restricted life. The first visit naturally passed in general conversation, and in getting acquainted; but at the second interview Mrs. Saxe, in her gentle decision, led their speech out of the world, of which she hardly formed a part, and lifted it into the nobler region of spiritual things. First silent and constrained, Mr. Randall suddenly broke forth into a eulogy of "grace," and rose almost to an ecstasy of devout longings and anticipations. After this his guardian angel probably observed that the Rev. Wilberforce Cowper R. primed himself, if we may be allowed the expression, for these interviews with his parishoner, by an hour or two of close study, and that he also purchased some devotional books, which he read to Mrs. Saxe in his best voice. He was also very fluent in quoting hymns to her, and on one occasion recited a large part of De Clugni's "Heavenly Country," greatly to her edification. However, our story is not of Mr. Randall's various ministrations to his people, but of the progress of Adele Burdett's love.

As we have seen, Mr. Randall found a boarding-place in the home of Mrs. Colville, a relative of the Burdetts. She was a reserved elderly woman, somewhat hardened by various troubles; for her husband, injured in a steam-boat explosion, had for years been a helpless cripple in a chair. The two lived alone, Mrs. Colville sent out her washing, and for the rest did her own work; her house was small, retired, neat as wax, and tastefully furnished with old-fashioned articles which were never allowed to grow shabby. Mrs. Colville set a good table, talked little, and when her work was done kept for the most part in her husband's sick-room. Mr. Randall could not have found a better home—his sole duty in the house was to ask a blessing at the table. Mrs. Colville had suggested his having family prayers, but he had assured her that he did not feel at liberty to intrude upon the private devotions

of herself and husband. He always went into Mr. Colville's room after breakfast, asked him how he felt, and quoted a little Scripture at him, or recommended a particular hymn.

As might be imagined, Mrs. Colville's dwelling had never been greatly attractive to the lively Adele. She now took unwonted interest in her afflicted cousins. The bouquets brought by Adele to Mr. Colville were very beautiful; she nearly always had one for Mr. Randall, which, having ascertained that he was not in his room, she would run and place on his table, and in the most enchanting manner make Mrs. Colville promise "not to tell." Adele also brought fruit, books, cake of her own make, and bottles of her father's best wine, to Mr. Colville. It was not in human nature to resist these attentions; Mrs. Colville was not hard-hearted; she liked Adele, as every one else did, she smiled at the 'fancy' all the girls had for Mr. Randall, but she made Adele welcome, and praised her when she had gone. Besides the flowers for Mr. Randall's study, Adele had always a bouquet for the pulpit, and if Mr. Randall was in the church she would smile and blush as she placed it in position. No one had a thought against it, for whatever Adele did was right. Mr. Randall spoke of the bouquet once in his sermon, called it a "beautiful form of worship," and a "token of devotion eminently suited to the young and happy." He said this in a far-away tone as if he were himself those two noted patriarchs Methusaleh and Job.

Adele's new interest in invalids was not confined to her Cousin Colville; she became very attentive to Mrs. Saxe. Her presence lit up that sufferer's chamber, as roses brighten December; the dear lady received her warmly, loved her tenderly, and all unwittingly, speaking from the fullness of her heart, praised "the dear child," to Mr. Randall.

It was Adele who first proposed purchasing new books for the pulpit. She it was that headed the subscription

among the young people for a luxurious study chair for the pastor; Adele presided over the young ladies who made that elegant wrapper for Mr. Randall; Adele discovered his birthday and sent him a pair of slippers. In fact, Mr. Randall got plenty of presents, the young ladies kept him in cambric handkerchiefs, and he had no less than six hair watch-guards.

Oddly enough the first person who divined Adele's attachment, and earnestly seconded it, was her father. We say oddly, because Mr. Burdett had never been in a hurry to marry his daughters, had scrutinized their suitors, their histories and prospects with severity; and he had seemed even grudgingly to give the paternal "yes," which was needful to make young couples completely happy. In the present instance Mr. Burdett appeared quite as much fascinated as his daughter. The stately gray-haired old gentleman was bewildered by the eloquence, the pathos, the tragedy even in private life, of the Rev. W. C. R.—not one of his sons-in-law equalled the pastor—Mr. Burdett was ready to welcome him as Adele's suitor.

For a long time Mr. Randall did not seem eager to be so welcomed. He rather shunned the society of the lovely girl; was silent in her presence, avoided seeing her alone, and at last took with her a cold, grave air, very different from his general manner.

These things seemed only to make Adele more quietly persistent. She appealed sweetly to Mr. Randall's opinion with her lips or eyes, dropped her voice almost to a whisper when she spoke to him; and on Sabbath's listened to his sermons with an absorbed, devoted attention that would have roused a heart of stone. Resolute, and unused to neglect or denial as was Miss. Burdett, she began almost to despair of winning the heart she had elected to possess, when suddenly the whole face of affairs changed.

Having visited Mrs. Colville one day, bringing some bouquets of late and hot house flowers, and having learned

that Mr. Randall was not in the house, she, as often before, carried his bouquet to his room. Having bestowed it in the vase she lingered for a while looking at books, touching papers, wondering perchance what charm she lacked which was needful to win the man she fancied, we will not dare say loved. While thus delaying, Mr. Randall came home, and she heard him on the landing, the door was open, she pushed back the vase of flowers and turned to run from the room. He met her at the door. Adele looked up, all smiles and blushes.

"It is to you, then," said Mr. Randall, "that I am indebted for the lovely flowers that so often cheer my solitude?"

Adele laughed. "I put them there, but you do not know but I am the messenger of the other young people."

"They have," said Mr. Randall, "then chosen a very charming messenger."

Adele looked up roguishly. "Everybody thinks so."

"I think so," said Mr. Randall, in his lowest and most entrancing tones.

Adele stood near him, her cheek flushed. She was in her most becoming attire; the beautiful child of wealth, instinct with youthful life, and full of a thousand unchained impulses. If this man had any reason for avoiding her, her presence was dangerous. Whatever resolutions he may have made, whatever barriers he had placed between them, were gone in an instant. She merrily touched his arm for him to step out of the door and let her pass. That touch electrified him; he stepped aside, but his face flashed with a sudden determination. He stood by the banister and watched her gliding down stairs, and, contrary to his wont, soon followed her to Mrs. Colville's sitting-room.

Adele went home triumphant; she believed the battle was won, and she had conquered the only heart she had ever craved. Adele, though she had never studied the art of war, knew

well that a victory should not be followed by inactivity; the present success must be only the earnest of future achievements. She pressed her conquest now, but not by overt act, but by the subtle charm of her presence. She felt sure that Mr. Randall would be all that she could desire in lover or husband, and she was equally sure that Adele Burdett must necessarily fill the sum of happiness to him.

From the moment that sudden resolution flashed into the Rev. W. C. R.'s face, and he followed Adele to the head of the stairs, he abandoned himself to the pursuit of the lovely heiress with a devotion and persistency that left nothing to be desired. The most delicate compliments, the tenderest anxieties, the most subtle flatteries were his tribute to Adele. One while he told her how his grieved and lonely heart needed an exalted companionship, nearer akin to heaven than earth, to draw him upward, and that divine attraction he had found in her only of all the women who had crossed his way. Again, dwelling in a region of exalted thought, undiscerned or unappreciated by his fellow-men, he needed a kindred soul to sympathize with, to comprehend, that in whatever lofty circles his mind might creep, one twin-born intellectuality might keep pace with his. He did not utter these ideas in the poor baldness of this present speech, but to this it amounted. People like best to be flattered with the possession of virtues that never graced them. Adele, of a surface nature, a bright shallow spirit, loved well to be designated as sympathetic and intellectual. To Mr. Randall's persuasive whispers she lent a ready ear, and seeming nearly won, like a will o' wisp, almost grasped, the next moment she had lightly gained some new distance, and her suitor followed still. Adele certainly meant

To know "the deep, secure content
Of wives who have been hardly won,
And long petitioned, gave assent,
Jealous of none."

Her advances had been covertly

made at first. The fascination of her presence once felt should show its power, and now the pursuit was for her lover. Had Adele been more astute, she might have seen that Mr. Randall made love, as in the practice of a fine art, wishing to see how well he could do it. He played the lover as a skilled actor plays his role, not because he believes himself the character he acts, but because he would see how perfect he can make the illusion. Had Adele possessed that acute sensibility which Mr. Randall verbally attributed to her, she might have learned that his love-making was the carrying out of a plan and a theory.

This was for a time; at last, in an auspicious hour, Mr. Randall proposed, and was accepted. Adele was happy, and innocently showed her happiness. She was affectionate, and did not conceal her affection. Some new depth in this man's nature was touched; the angel that slumbers somewhere in us all, stirred in its dreams, responsive to this girl's frank, first love. Adele's confidence, perchance, evoked a transient worth.

During the next day or two a new phase of Mr. Randall's character was developed. Until now he had carried out a determination; now he loved, and his determination faltered. Pursuing some set purpose, he had sought Adele's society persistently; now, when he felt love for her, his eye avoided hers; he trembled at her voice, at her touch, and suddenly withdrew himself from her presence.

When Mr. Randall offered himself to Adele her parents were absent, spending a few days in the city. She accepted him, understanding, of course, that he would go through the form of laying the matter before her father on his return.

When Mr. Randall's constant calls ceased, Adele grieved; but supposed that the extreme tenderness that had characterized her lover's feelings for his invalid father had influenced this his new relation, and made him feel that he ought not to seek her compan-

ionship until he received her parents' sanction.

Mr. Burdett returned home, and still the clerical lover did not make his appearance. Adele, to her astonishment, found that notice of the engagement first reached her parents from herself. Absence still continued, and Adele's pain and mortification were becoming boundless, when Mr. Randall reappeared. In the delight of seeing him the girl at first greeted him warmly, then, remembering his apparent defection, she reproached him for his absence. Mr. Randall flushed, paled, hesitated, remained silent. Adele in vain waited for a reply. "I do not believe you love me!" she cried, and overcome by her first real trouble, bowed her head upon the arm of the sofa and burst into a passion of tears.

Mr. Randall blanched even to his lips; a certain weakness of his character, usually hidden, revealed itself in the changes of his countenance, but there was no one to see it—Adele's face was hidden. Presently, as he bent gently over her and took her hand, the former resolution blazed up and absorbed all weaker or softer impulses, call them what you will; he kissed her flushed cheek. The kiss aroused the dreaming inner angel, and, his voice trembling, Mr. Randall said hastily, "Adele, Adele, it seems cruel to link your lot with mine."

"And why?" cried Miss Burdett.

He did not answer, and she lifted her head and pressed her question. "Why? Tell me why? What is there about you? What have you done?"

Resolution shut down over his face like an iron mask. "Done, Adele! nothing; but I am moody; I am oversensitive; I have not the wealth, nor the position, nor the advantages that are worthy of you. You were born for a queen."

Adele was flattered, she was also satisfied. This was only the tender conscientiousness of this pink and angel of lovers shining forth. "I am flattered," said Adele, "to take you as my husband."

"To take me as I am; so be it." What was it that flashed across his face as he spoke—a revelation that came and was gone which no one caught. "Adele, I am going to your father." He left her; but as his hand touched the door of Mr. Burdett's library, for a second he looked like a man on trial for his life, facing overwhelming evidence.

"Adele," said Burdett *pere*, that evening, "your Mr. Randall is the most sensitive, scrupulously upright and conscientious person I ever met."

Adele's heart was content.

Though, as yet, no day had been set for the marriage, everybody understood that it was about to take place, and everybody was well pleased. If a prize in the shape of a marriageable man came into the community, it was only right that he should fall to Adele Burdett's share. Mr. Randall was so popular that everybody said Adele "had done *very well*." Adele's solid attractions were such that everybody said Mr. Randall had done equally as well.

The rubicon of obtaining parental favor having been safely passed, Mr. Randall became more than ever devoted to his *fiancee*; he visited her constantly, and between whiles, of his almost daily calls, he sent to her ardent sonnets, translated from Horace and Anacreon, it may be, which Adele laid up carefully as tokens of her suitor's literary ability, and souvenirs of happy hours.

At one time Mr. Randall urged immediate marriage; but overhaste would not suit the style of preparation that was due to an heiress of the house of Burdett. As these preparations advanced, Mr. Randall's haste grew cooler, and hints of his "dear father's precarious condition" began to be renewed.

Adele had set the month of the marriage, but, as yet, not the day. The wedding festivities were yet also undecided. Mr. Randall, referring pathetically to his father's illness, had rather the wedding should be quiet,

and almost private; Adele had a girl's love of display.

As the eventful month opened, and advanced with the spring-time advance of nature, a new unrest possessed Mr. Randall—controlled at first, it by degrees became manifest, and when it was alluded to by Adele, he explained it as fearing he would "never make her as happy as he ought," or, "he feared his honored father would not live to see his dear son's bride."

Even Mr. Burdett was constrained to say to his child, "If this man does not conquer his morbid sensitiveness, he will never make you happy—he is too conscientious."

All was now ready but the bridal dress, the fashion of which would depend upon the style of the wedding. Mrs. Burdett's store-room, always filled with luxuries, now boasted immense loaves of wedding cake, "getting good by keeping."

Mr. Randall's recent attention to his duties in his congregation had been spasmodic. People said gayly they "wished he would hurry and get married, and settle down."

On a Wednesday he went to see his invalid parishoner, Mrs. Saxe. He looked worn and worried; his eyes wandered restlessly as apprehensive of some sudden blow; his conversation was broken and desultory.

"Such happy prospects as yours, my friend, should make you more cheerful," said Mrs. Saxe, smiling.

He started, avoided her eye, clenched his hands, turned away on his chair, and suddenly groaned, "What shall I do?" He at once collected himself; but Mrs. Saxe was alarmed, and asked:

"What is wrong? Do tell me what distresses you?"

"I must go away. I am called away. Yes, I must go," he said hurriedly.

"My poor friend, is your father worse?" said Mrs. Saxe.

"Yes, yes; he is worse. I must go to him. It is very hard. I will go next week."

"But why not go now? If you are needed, go at once."

"Next Sunday is sacrament; I must stay for that; then I will go at once. Yes, I will go." Reiterating this, he seemed relieved.

"Why stay for that? If you are needed, go to-day. The deacons will willingly defer sacrament until you return. Do not torture your tender heart for our sakes. If your father needs you, go."

"Thank you," he said, recovering himself, "you are kind, ever too kind. I will wait until after Sabbath, and go then; but," he added hurriedly, "I don't care to have it talked about; I will bear my burdens alone."

"At least we can sympathize with your joy," said Mrs. Saxe, striving to cheer him. "You will have a very sweet wife. God bless you. Do not look so sad; you have often comforted others, take comfort yourself."

"I have comforted! Tell me, have I comforted *you*?" he looked at her strangely.

"Very greatly. Shall I see you before you go?"

He had risen to leave her, and replied: "No, I think not. I can not come again." He half held out his hand, and then, as if ashamed, withdrew it.

Mrs. Saxe from her chair, extended her hand warmly. "Good-bye until you come again—soon I hope—for all our sakes!"

"Until I come—who can tell—perhaps never!"

"Even then," she said, "I shall ever remember you with friendship and with prayer!"

He bent forward, for once the black eyes fixed their gaze on hers and grew wistful, a look welled into them as of reverence and yearning for an unattainable virtue.

Sunday, as Mr. Randall had said, was the time set for sacrament, but the day was wildly stormy, and few were out. Mr. Burdett was the sole representative of his family at the church. The marriage had, during the previous two days, been vaguely set for sometime the ensuing week. Before service Mr.

NEW YORK.

Randall went to his prospective father-in-law, and, drawing him aside said, excitedly: "I am sent for; I must go—go to-morrow!"

"But this week you are to be married; what will Adele say to your going?"

"My father—my poor father;" faltered Mr. Randall, an agony worked in his face, yet unaccountably Mr. Burdett felt angry with him.

During the service that anger softened away, Mr. Burdett felt attracted as he never had to any man; why, he could not tell, unless it was that in the exercises of the day, the pastor was surpassing himself. In all those graces which had pleased his congregation he abounded. There was about him the magnetism of a stifled excitement, which drew all hearts with his. As he spoke he grew more and more fervid, he even wept, and the staid, impassive, congregation yielded to unprecedented emotion, and brushed away their tears.

Service over, Mr. Burdett rushed to the pulpit, and clasped his pastor's hands. "Come home with me! You need sympathy, and we will give it—come home, my friend, my son, and we will cheer you. Let this strife end, go to your father; stay as long as you need—I myself will pay for supplies to fill your place. But you need not go alone; Adele will go with you. Let your father see your wife. To-morrow you can be married; in the morning, in the evening; when you like. You are in no mood for any thing but a quiet wedding."

"Thank you; kind, ever too kind," murmured Mr. Randall; "but I ought to go—to-day."

"To-day! in this storm, impossible; and there are neither trains nor boats leaving; you are not fit to go off alone; you need a friend; a consoler. Come, the carriage waits." Mr. Burdett took the arm of his hesitating pastor, and drew him to the waiting carriage.

Who shall explain the secret of this month, this pressing, this infatuation, the quiet and stately Mr. Burdett?

It would seem that a thousand unseen forces were drawing these people on.

Mr. Randall spent the day at Mr. Burdett's, and became more and more himself, as hours passed by. The wedding was fixed for the ensuing evening, and the newly married pair were to set out on Tuesday morning to see Mr. Randall's *father*.

Pressed by his hosts, Mr. Randall remained their guest for the night; and next morning, fearing lest he should relapse into gloom, Mr. Burdett accompanied him to Mr. Colvilles, chatted with him as he went; sat with Mr. Colville while Mr. Randall occupied two hours with his packing, and, indeed, only finally left him toward evening, a short time before he was to come and be married. At the house preparations had hastened, some twenty intimate friends had been invited, trunks were packed and the bride was ready. Mr. Randall came in happy. He had received another dispatch, his father was much better, and out of danger for some months to come. Not to take Adele at once from her bridal to a sick-room, they would make a little excursion, go then to her cousins in B——, and after that visit, either see his father or return to Waynetown.

Meantime, in the evening of Mr. Randalls last visit to Mrs. Saxe, Deacon Saxe had been moved to write to Doctor ——, in Boston, to thank him for sending them "such a pastor" who was also now to marry one of their "most esteemed young ladies."

Four days after the marriage Mr. Randall and his wife were at her cousins in B——. Mr. Randall had gone out after breakfast, and the cousin came into Adele's room. They chanced to speak of Mr. Randall's great trunk, which he always kept locked. This proceeding the cousin declared unfair. He had no right to debar Adele the privileges of that trunk. She laid a merry wager as to how many ragged hose and young ladies' photographs were hidden in its recesses. In a spirit of mischief, the two got a bunch of keys and proceeded to unlock and ran-

sack Mr. Randall's private possessions. Begun in merriment, mirth speedily froze to horror; and the gay bride and her heedless relative stopped aghast at the revelation they had opened to themselves. This minister was no minister—this name was a false name—this lover of the months that were just passed was the husband of a faded girl, whose sad eyes appealed to Adele from her pictured face—father of two children, whose holy semblances lay now on card in Adele's hand—and Heaven help her, the vows she had lately uttered were unregistered on high, the marriage was no marriage—horrible awakening from the easy, merry life, where, until now, Adele had drifted as in a summer dream.

But already to Deacon Saxe had come through Doctor ——'s answer, an equal revelation. The letter supposed to have been his was a forgery—he knew no Mr. Wilberforce Cowper Randall—he had never heard of Waynetown and its respected deacon—the invalid father was a heartless myth—if a marriage was impending let it be delayed while some one searched out this impostor's history. This letter brought the excited paternal Burdett, his brother, and two Deacons Saxe, at once to B—— where they arrived, when the first weight of this fearful blow, had fallen upon poor Adele. Officers of justice being set on Randall's track, apprehended him at a second-hand book dealer's, purchasing a new lot of very old sermons, while he was waiting for the train, which was to carry him to some other remote apathetic, unsuspecting town, where he could rehash the goodly deliverances of true men who have passed away, and by the help of his own early theatrical education, play the eloquent divine, and be supposed a saint.

There was no concealment possible; the miserable man was put on trial. His neglected wife came to claim him, bringing her children.

There were those who could pity him, remembering some of the past, and that in preparing to fly he had

not taken advantage of his opportunities of robbing the trustful Adele of jewels that, to an unmitigated scoundrel, would have been a strong temptation. Toward the close of the trial Randall was permitted to speak for himself. All his natural eloquence awoke, as, in extenuation of his conduct to Adele, he portrayed how she had pursued him, and how, even at the last, he had striven to draw back and escape. There was truth in what he said, even if it was truth strongly colored. There was a stir at the witness stand as he proceeded, a smothered cry, and a stately old man with gray hair, a man who stood, like Saul, head and shoulders above his fellows, fell heavily to the floor. It was Mr. Burdett's death blow, though death delayed.

But who shall speak the shame and consternation of the Waynetown church, that there had not been enough of true spirituality among them to detect this base counterfeit? Hitherto well satisfied, they now were distrustful of themselves. How easily they had affiliated with the child of darkness!

"I know," said Deacon Saxe to his sister-in-law, "that, as a Church, we have fallen into a wicked coldness and formality. It is no wonder *we* were deceived; but you are different from the rest of us, and you were benefited by him."

"Treasure in an earthen vessel," she replied. "Whatever he was, there is a sacred truth that nothing can defile."

"It is enough," said the deacon, flaring up a little, "to make one suspicious of the ministry."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Saxe, "for it is only good available money which is counterfeited; no one thinks of imitating uncurrent coin. There would have been no bogus men of piety and fervor, if the absolute men of such type had not some where been a blessed reality."

"I don't see," said the deacon peevishly, "why such a disaster should

have overtaken *our* Church, our *irreproachable* Church at Waynetown!"

"My dear friend, I see it very clearly," said Mrs. Saxe. "Our Church here is a Church of good morals, rather than of earnest Christianity. We have gloried in our impassivity; we have fallen into a rut, and rejoiced in it; we did not treat our last minister—a good faithful man—with proper love and respect; we did not grieve at parting with him; we did not ask the Lord to guide our choice of a successor; and, finally, we were too self-conceited to ask the advice, regard the opinion, or adhere to the rules of the ministerial body with which we were connected."

The deacon's head drooped low—for the first time since he had offered himself to the wife who now for thirty years had been his helper, the deacon blushed; he not only blushed, but he jerked and twisted nervously. Mrs. Saxe believed she saw the time to speak, and, consequently, she spoke.

"Brother Saxe, would you not have frowned upon what is called a revival, and considered it as an undue excitement? Did you not prefer that your pastor should do your *feeling* for you? Had you not so long checked your emotional nature, and made your piety a cast-iron style of piety, that you did not know genuine godliness from its travesty? I felt so myself, it was so long since I had seen a warmly devoted man of the Payson, or Edwards, or Brainard type, that I mistook an impostor for a saint."

"Well, I admit the justice of your rebukes and remarks, and I hope I'll—yes, we as a Church, will profit by this trouble; but what can you say for poor Adele Burdett? Does it seem *fair* to you that the heaviest part of this blow should fall on her?"

"It is not *Christian* to question *fairness* thus. Why any less on Adele than on others? But, you know, my heart aches for her. If I can in any way lighten your doubts or clear up a mystery by these suggestions, listen. Did Adele act the true woman's part? Did she give a love that was faithfully sought, or did she persistently follow up a whim? Was not Adele's always a trifling surface nature, all whose better part slept in unstirred depths? It may be that from these bitter hours shall begin a nobler life, a higher womanhood, that is worth purchasing at any price."

Mrs. Saxe was right. If Adele had been a Romanist, she would have taken shelter in a nunnery. Debarred this questionable refuge, she roused from her dream of love and her reality of sorrow, to be such a daughter, such a friend, and such a benefactress as only a woman with every power purified and consecrated can be. The Adele who had spent large sums on velvets, laces, ostrich plumes, and new styles of jewelry, had vanished; but twice a year that new Adele, who lived to do good, went to a poor and lonely home where dwelt the faded girl and the children, whose pictured faces she had found in the trunk that fatal morning, and going there gave earnest sympathy and heavenly pity, and did not forget the more substantial aid, without which the children and their mother had been destitute indeed.

When, between two of these visits, news came that the man who had marred both their lives had died in prison, these two women may have had sad and bitter thoughts, the name of the living convict had never passed between them, and the name of the dead was likewise unspoken.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A VILLAGE DOCTOR.

THE CONTRAST.

No. V.

HERE is, perhaps, as favorable a point as any other to break in upon the regular course of my story, or whatever else may be its proper name, to introduce to the reader another character who played his part—and an important part—in the incidents which follow.

George McKenzie—and, as I write that name, memory travels backward over more than a score of years, and I see a clear-eyed, high-browed, noble-looking youth, one, upon first sight, with modest, retiring, diffident appearance; but, when viewed more closely, showing unmistakably both self-respect and self-reliance. Knowing him as I did, I bow before the image which memory brings to view again; and, old man as I am fast becoming, and that I am becoming such is clear to all, for Time has left its footprints on my brow, and dropt its snow-flakes in my hair—and before such silvered heads as mine the young are told to bow themselves, yet, with equal reverence I bend to intellect, and truth, and godliness, whether found with age or youth.

George was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. Such she had been—a “lone woman”—almost from the birth of George. With such management as can be exercised by none other than a mother, with stinted means, she had reared up her boy to command from his fellows, everywhere, both respect and love. Like the mother of the Hebrew seer—that character as pure and bright as any other upon record, profane or sacred—she had lent him to the Lord,

and from birth to death the loan was made, she holding nothing back. As the loan was freely made, so it was fully accepted, too, and the offerer and Acceptor, by training and blessing, became co-workers in making him a polished shaft, to be hidden in the Master's quiver, always fit for use.

His education was a Bible one. It is not meant that there had been any neglect of his literary studies, for he was the ripest scholar in all the country round. But this is meant: he loved the Hebrew better than the Latin or the Grecian poets, and claimed for them more of beauty, and pathos, and sublimity than can be found in either or both of the other two; and while his soul feasted upon the sentiments thickly clustered upon every page of the Jewish classics, he discovered none of that food upon which the spirit grows in any of the heathen ones. He felt that the true philosophy of history was better drawn from the Hebrew volume than all besides, and that no theory in politics or economy was comparable to that which he found within its lids. He had so deeply drank of the spirit of its poetry and its precepts, that he not only believed in its full inspiration, but he also *knew* of the doctrine that it was of God; for, let the skeptic think, not as his judgment, but as his feelings dictate, still it is true that there does exist a Christian consciousness, and this consciousness extends to a *knowledge* of the verity of the book of God.

To one trained and impressed as George had been, nothing beside would be anticipated than that he would look

upon the gospel ministry as the proper business of his life; and to this exalted profession, after deliberation, and advice, and prayer, he determined to aim. This position, at the time of which I am writing, was the mark of his sanctified ambition.

Upon the completion of his collegiate course, after acknowledging to his mother his deep indebtedness to her for what he was and for all he hoped to be, he went on, with unrestrained emotion, to say to her: "And now, mother dear, *your* work is done, and henceforth you must rest. All the means requisite to prosecute my further studies I will earn myself. I can take nothing more from you. Henceforth you are to eat of the fruits of your labor yourself. Mother, do not weep; I am right, and I feel that I will be sustained and blessed in carrying out this purpose. Your only work in the future shall be to watch that the feet of your wayward but loving boy continue to tread in that pathway where you have led them so long. Mother, my mavourneen, kiss farewell to the protected one, and from this good hour look upon him as your own loving protector."

And so it was. At that time their relative positions changed; he stepped into the manly position which he had so nobly assumed, with grace and dignity, and he filled it well. He became a teacher, and his scholarship and governing abilities gave him positions both respectable and remunerative. His leisure hours were appropriated to preparations for the great business of his life; and he made such progress in this that all predicted his course would be a brilliant one. He was then teaching in the vicinity of Mr. Turbeville's home, and was a frequent and welcome visitor to the invalid there.

To return, from this digression, and resume the regular course of the story. After spending some time in admiration of the beautiful view at the confluence of the streams, my lady friends and myself again put our horses in motion. We crossed the stream and

rode in silence up the bank, all engaged in thoughts suggested by the charming landscape, but modified in each case by peculiarity of mind and character. We soon reached the main road, a short distance from and within sight of the mansion house of Mr. Turbeville. When we came to his avenue opening upon the road and leading to the house, we paused to admire the noble colonnade of maples that lined it, on either side, from one extremity to the other. Through this we passed until we neared the house, and here the trees widening gradually and gracefully out, enclosed a lovely lawn in front of the residence.

We found William recovered from the depression which succeeded the excitement produced by the family's welcoming visit. He was alone, reclining upon a lounge in the common sitting-room, the family then being engaged in partaking of an early tea in the dining apartment. He had apparently renewed his pleasantness; but, to an experienced eye, it was evident that his hilarity was more forced than usual; it seemed to be less spontaneous, and to cease sooner and more abruptly than before. I thought all this showed that the coming event, casting its shadow before, had even then begun to throw its somber influence over his spirit. That insidious and unrelenting foe, his disease, was sapping his citadel of life. He was nearing it steadily, inch by inch; soon it would be undermined, and the entire fortress be whelmed in ruin.

Whether he had any premonitions of the inevitable result, I did not know; for, to the victims of consumption, so often is the word of promise held to the ear during the whole period of disease, and never broken to the hopes until death itself steals on, that I did not know but such might now be the case with him. Still, I could not but think there were hours when the truth forced itself upon his view, and that this conviction had a depressing influence upon his spirits. This I thought was the cause of that

melancholic tendency which sometimes temporarily showed itself in him. However this might be, I determined, without too suddenly announcing the truth, gradually to lead his mind into a knowledge of the reality, and, for this purpose, I said:

"William, I desire again to make a thorough exploration of your chest, and I propose to do so now, in the absence of the family, while the room is still and our lady friends are recovering from the fatigue of their ride."

I thought that he was a little startled by the proposition, but he permitted, without objection, the examination to be made. As I was percussing the chest, his own ear detected the difference of sound produced upon its two sides, and he said, with a forced levity, and a levity entirely out of time and place, "Doctor, that side seems to be riper than the other one."

I was shocked by his manner, and astonished at his words, and so were also Mrs. Bourne and her sister; but, unlike myself, they could not estimate the full extent of his folly, for they did not understand the significance of the sounds produced by the percussion.

When death is seen to approach, step by step, slowly but steadily, and the soul is unsupported by the stable props of a gospel hope, one of these results is sure to follow: the victim will fly for refuge to the proper source, or will sink into despair, or tabernacle within a refuge of lies, or become careless, and hardened, and defiant. Should William apprehend the truth in his case, and fail to avail himself of the first of these, then the third and the last combined, would, probably, be his resort.

I have said that I designed to become the physician of his spirit rather than of his body; for I might be instrumental of good to the former, but the latter was beyond the power of remedial agents. I now felt that if my work was ever to be done, the time had arrived for it to begin. Yet I was at a loss how properly to approach the subject, when, unexpectedly, he opened

the way himself, by saying, in a manner which indicated one of those sudden revulsions of feeling that so often take place in the human mind and heart, and which sometimes change despondency into hope and sometimes hope into despondency:

"Doctor, after the failure of my health in Mexico, while laid aside from active duty, as I was dragging my enfeebled body about, parched and sickened by the hot and pestilential climate of that country, my thoughts often wandered homeward, and I thought if I could again see mother, and sisters, and the other loved ones, and, whenever I listed, walk out and stretch myself at full length, as I once loved to do, upon our lawn—that lies just there, spread out so beautifully in its freshness and greenness—and be fanned by the pleasant breezes that even now come up the valley of the river yonder, and over father's meadows; and through that avenue of stately and shapely maples—laden, as it now is, with the perfume of the clover and the crab-apple blossom—it would be the consummation of my wishes for this world, and my frame would be energized and made healthful once more. These thoughts were strange ones, but they came back again and again, and my heart grew sick for their realization. Well, I am home again, and mother is here, and her care of me is as tender as I believed it would be; and sisters *prevent* my wishes; and father sits there in his old arm-chair, and watches me with that love, shown forth in his eye, of which his heart is full; and brothers tempt my palate with the choicest of their game; and that other friend, 'true from the first and tender to the end,' cheers me with her pleasant voice and smile; and right there is the green, just as my memory painted it, and I am free to recline there whenever I choose. But still I am unhappy, for my health is not restored by the change."

His levity was all gone, and an expression of pensive softness overspread his face.

What called forth these remarks? Was that Spirit who works when, and where, and how He will, beginning His office-work upon the heart of this poor boy, softening and subduing his feelings, and preparing the way for that deeper work which, breaking up within the fountains of the great deep of nature, so renovates the man that old things pass away, and all things become new again? Or was it simply the relation of a natural desire once more to be amid the scenes and associations of boyhood? Be it which it might, I would make it the occasion of the beginning of my work:

"Home! home!" said I. "There is music in the very word itself! How it swells the heart and moistens the eye, when cut off from its blessed enjoyments! How rich is he who has one in possession! How abjectly poor is that one who is homeless! But, William," I continued, walking toward a side-table, where a Bible was lying, "let me read to you the description of another home, more precious still, and the enjoyment of which nothing can mar:

"The tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and God himself shall be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; and there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be within the New Jerusalem."

Alas! alas! there was no response from voice or eye. Carelessly, without apparent feeling, he turned his head listlessly away. I had knocked for my Master's admittance into his heart; but its door was locked, and bolted, and barred against His admittance there.

Any further attempt then to renew the conversation was prevented by the return of William's mother to her accustomed seat by the resting-place of her soldier-son; and she was soon followed by Louisa Browder, who was still detained at the house of Mr. Turbe-

ville. I had the privilege then of introducing to each other these two lovely friends of mine, Mrs. Bourne and Louisa. Each one knew of the other by reputation, and both were prepared to admire and love without hesitation or distrust. I saw by the countenances of both that their souls were commingling as gently and intimately as were the waters of the two streams we had just passed. A sympathy of views and hopes drew them together, and I believed that an intimacy would be formed between them which would be interrupted only by death; but that event would only interrupt, not break up their intimacy, for it would be renewed in their purified and perfected conditions, never to be disturbed again. This belief is not the product of a fervid imagination; for, although love is the tie which binds together all the dwellers in the New Jerusalem, yet, even in that happy home, I believe there will be distinctive circles in society. Those of congenial souls will be joined together by stronger bonds than unite them to the general family of the redeemed. Even the Master himself, who, in the days of His flesh, loved His own family so well that he gave His life for the humblest of its members, had His favorite one in that chosen band, and pillowed the head of that special friend upon His own loving breast.

I was still further pleased, a few minutes afterwards, to see the manly form and intellectual face of George McKenzie among us; and, as he had been known almost from childhood by Mrs. Whitehurst and Bourne, there was a very pleasant company in William's sick-room. We (the last comers) were pressed to partake of tea, but no one of the three except myself accepted the invitation. Upon my return to William's room I found the company engaged in conversation upon a subject that had, apparently, enlisted the interest of all present. As I entered the room William was speaking, and with an energy which ar-

rested my attention at once. He said:

"Had I been present at the time, I would have responded with my whole soul to that noble sentiment of our bravest and most chivalric naval hero: 'Our country: may it always be right; but, right or wrong, always our country!'"

From the manner in which the eyes of the company turned to George McKenzie, it was evident that William's remark was a reply to something that had been said by him, and that he was expected to rejoin. He did not disappoint the expectations of those who looked to him. With deliberation and calmness, but with a tinge of the cheek sufficient to betray the feeling within, he said:

"I yield to no man in love for my country. My obligation to it is second only to that which I owe to God. This was one of the first lessons my mother taught me." Here his voice trembled just a little. "I would sustain its honor to the end; but I would sustain it because its cause was that of honor and right. Fealty to country does not include obligation to do dishonor or wrong. Like that statesman of the South whose political heresies have made him, with us, the most unpopular public man in the land, I would submit to have a dagger plunged into my heart before I would vote for that justifying preamble to our declaration of war against Mexico, did I, like him, believe that its passage involved the expression of that which was untrue."

"Why, George," said old Mr. Turbeville, "who would have expected to hear you quote such an authority to justify you in any position whatever!"

"My old friend, good may come even from Nazareth," replied George. "I admit that the gentleman referred to is not, and should not be, orthodox authority with us of the North; but I feel safe in following the injunction, 'Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.' Right is right, and to be sustained by truth, even though claimed by our enemies; and wrong is

wrong, and never to be upheld by falsehood, even though insisted upon by our own beloved country."

Mrs. Whitehurst, who became apprehensive that the conversation would glide into a heated argument upon the righteousness of our war with Mexico—a subject which then divided public sentiment, and upon which men felt deeply and spoke strongly—sought to divert it into another channel, by saying:

"George, if we admit the correctness of your principle, in the totality of its applications, I must fall out with that sentiment so beautifully expressed by my favorite poet, and which I have so often sung, and which, in my romantic girlhood, I admired so much:

'I know not, I ask not, if there's guilt in that heart—
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.'"

"The sentiment and the language of the quotation," replied George, "constitute together a monster, robed in beautiful clothing—the drapery designed to conceal the horrid features—but their ugliness showing through the beauty of the garments, despite of every effort to conceal their frightfulness."

"Why, George, you frighten me. Henceforth I shall be afraid to take up my favorite author, apprehensive of finding poison under every one of his beautiful expressions."

"Read him still, my friend. The sun has spots; but yet we are warmed and cheered by his beams. Your author has faults, grievous ones; but, aside from these, the charm of his style, and the truthfulness of his sentiments, will cause him to be read with pleasure and profit, always, and everywhere."

William, who had been listening, almost impatiently, to this diversion in the conversation made by Mrs. Whitehurst said, with an animation unusual for him, "why, what is there in the sentiment quoted to which objection can be made? It is but an expression of the whole-hearted devotion of one lover for another."

"To my mind, on the contrary," said George, "it is the language of passion—inconsiderate, blind, and wicked. It speaks not true affection, founded upon appreciation of the temper, tastes, character, and virtues, as well as upon the personal appearance of the object beloved. Esteem so founded is abiding and reliable. It continues forever; for the foundation upon which it is built is indestructible. The other is as changeable as the beauty which called it forth. Such is the difference between true affection and blind passion. The one is a superstructure founded upon a rock—the other a house built upon the sand."

No reply was made to this. William dropped the conversation—whether from weariness or conviction I could not tell. George did not push his advantage; and the others present felt no inclination to continue the subject. Neither Mrs. Bourne nor Louisa had said any thing; but they were intensely interested listeners. Mrs. Bourne's expressive countenance applauded each correct principle enunciated by George; and I thought that I read pained wonderment in Louisa's face, as William attempted to controvert that which, to her right-thinking mind, was so plainly true and so strictly accordant with those principles which she had imbibed from her parents. Devoted as she was to William, and anxious as her preference made her to see him not only maintain himself well, but excel in his mental encounters, yet her heart gave its full tribute of admiration to the correct and noble sentiments of his friendly opponent; and she seemed disappointed that William's magnanimity did not lead him to do the same thing.

I looked at the three—at William and his affianced bride and at George—and I thought. Of William I said to myself, "young man, take heed—weigh well your sentiments and your principle. Do not, by the expression of error or wrong, wound that true heart which has given its rich wealth of love to you. She is a jewel-treas-

ure, brilliant among a thousand sparkling gems. Her principles are pure, for they are founded upon the Rock of Truth. True as the needle to the pole, her heart will point to you alone. See that you do not yourself create such a disturbing force that it will be made to vibrate from the place to which it now so clearly points."

Of Louisa I thought: "My precious dove, even though I should be deceived, and he upon whom your hopes are fixed be restored to health again, still, your way to heaven, I fear, will be a lonely one; for your mate will never plume its wings to dare a flight as high as yours. I know you well. Faithful unto death, your plighted troth will be redeemed; but O! the weariness of life when joined with those whose hearts do not beat in sympathy with the cherished feelings of our own!"

Of George I thought: "My noble boy, your work is all before you; and I know it will be done—done well. You will never slack your hand, but still work on; though even as you work your heart is sad—sad with a hopeless love. Your life will prove to be true that saying of your Master, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' And if it does no more than this, that life will be no useless one. Blessings will be scattered all along your path on earth; the wretched will bless you here, and their gratitude follow you to the home on high."

In order that William might be enabled to recover from the fatiguing effects of the conversation in which he had taken so prominent a part, most of the company walked out upon the lawn. After admiring the beautiful views every-where visible from that stand-point, Mrs. Bourne, who chanced to be nearest to me, and out of hearing of the other portions of the company, said, addressing myself:

"What a marked contrast, in every particular except in the single point of severity and probable fatality of disease, your two patients present to each other! The one is old and poor,

the other young and rich ; the one is alone in life, save the companionship of wife and child, each one almost as helpless as himself—the other sustained by friends so numerous and able that he has scarce need to speak his wants ; but the striking point of all the contrast is, the faith of the one and the want of it of the other."

After a moment of silence, she resumed :

"How strong is that poor black man's faith ! It is his only possession, but it stands him in stead for all things else. What a clear, plain commentary is his trust upon the apostle's definition of faith : 'The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen !'"

After another interval of silence, in which she seemed to be lost in thought, she turned to me and asked, in a manner which denoted deep feeling :

"Doctor, why is it that these two men, both evidently nearing the grave, are so differently affected by precisely the same truths ? Why is it that the same things which to William are like a twice-told tale, to Harry are living realities, and nothing beside are so precious or so valued ?"

"I can give no better answer," said I, "than the old one given to the same question, asked before in a thousand varied forms, in every age since it was spoken by the Master himself : 'Even so, Father ; for so it seemed good in thy sight.'"

Her eyes were instantly bedewed, and she said :

"And it was because it seemed good to Him that my feet have been set upon the Rock of Ages, and a song of deliverance and of victory put into my mouth !"

"My dear friend," I asked, "how does the doctrine of the drawing of the Father, which once troubled you so much, appear to you now ?"

"Precious, most precious," she answered. "Now it is all my hope and all my desire."

The company were scattered about upon the lawn, alone and in couples. George and Louisa I observed engaged in earnest conversation. He was the principal speaker, and she listened to him with absorbed interest. Mrs. Whitehurst, in walking around the lawn, had found and plucked a rare and lovely flower. She came toward us, speaking as she walked :

"George, as you are so recently from your studies, do me the favor to make an analysis of this beautiful exotic—for exotic it is—as I have never seen one of the character before, and I thought that I knew all the flowers in this locality, and had specimens in my garden of every native one in this section of country."

This request of Mrs. Whitehurst caused almost the whole of the company to gather around her. As Louisa, like the others, was going that way, I called her to myself ; for I wished to talk with her relative to the spiritual condition and prospects of William, while the attention of the others was engaged in the botanical examination of Mrs. Whitehurst's flower. I found that she had done what she could ; and that William had at first listened to her with respectful attention, and apparent interest in the subject which she urged upon his consideration ; but now he manifested restlessness whenever it was introduced, and, although he had not treated her attempts rudely or impolitely, yet he so plainly showed distaste to the whole subject that she had become discouraged, and had determined to say nothing more to him at the present time, but to trust to the potent influence of a Christian temper and conduct to win him to the right. She was distressed ; but that hopefulness of the final good of those we love, so natural to the human heart, mitigated her feelings, and they again bounded up like an elastic spring when relieved of the weight which has long pressed it down.

Incidentally, I made a remark to her respecting George McKenzie.

"O, doctor," said she, quickly, how much that young man reminds me of Brother Charles. It seemed to me, when conversing with him a few moments ago, that that dear one was restored to me; and, in the emphatic language of Scripture, 'my heart burned within me as he talked.' I know that this was fancy; but it was a fancy which made me very happy. But, indeed, there is so much about him that reminds me of dear, dead Charley that I delight to hear him talk. The memory of those times when ours was an unbroken family is sweet to me; and I am instinctively drawn to any person or thing which brings them to view again, and makes me forget, if but for a moment, that I am a lone one in this world, where so many are blessed by association with happy domestic circles."

By this time the botanical investigation was finished, and the company came toward us, Mrs. Whitehurst saying as they approached:

"Well done, George! When you become a candidate for the chair of botany in any of our scientific institutions, you shall not want for my interest in your favor. Why, your analysis of my flower would have done honor to Linnæus himself."

"Or to Solomon either," said I, coming forward. "Honor to whom honor is due. It is not true that before the time of the modern botanist the realm of Flora was a closed domain; for 'Solomon spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall'—the whole range of botanical science."

"Well," remarked Mrs. Whitehurst, "I have heard it charged that any thing can be proven from the Bible. Of course there is nothing true in this charge, in the sense and for the purpose that it is spoken; but, indeed, there is no branch of human learning upon which it does not, in some way, throw light; and even a child can successfully defend it from the infidel charge of being a tissue of silly su-

perstitions and old wives' fables. But, by the way, I have heard it claimed that the poetry of the Bible excels in beauty and sublimity any mere human composition, ancient or modern. Is that true? Recently I read Byron's *Manfred*—that poem of wonderful power and awful sublimity. Does it not evidence more piety than good taste to claim that any thing in the Bible excels in beauty some of the finest passages in *Manfred*?"

"I believe," said George "that *Manfred's* apostrophe to the sun, made just prior to his death, is conceded by good judges to be the finest portion of the poem. I claim that the very gem of that address is an imitation, amounting almost to a plagiarism, of a portion of the book of the prophet Habakkuk. Byron, in the address spoken of, puts these words into the mouth of his hero:

"Thou material God,
And representative of the Unknown,
Who chose thee for his shadow!"

"Here is Habakkuk's sublime description of the glory of Jehovah:

"His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. His brightness was as the light. From his side came beams of light; and there was the hiding of his power."

"Since I am upon this subject I will say further, that the universally admired couplet in Pope's translation of Homer is excelled by this same prophet. I will first quote Homer and then Habakkuk, and leave the company to draw the comparison. Homer says of Jupiter, that he

"Shakes his ambrosial locks and gives the nod—

The seal of fate—the sanction of a God."

"Habakkuk thus says of Jehovah:

"He stood, and measured the earth: he beheld, and drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow. His ways are everlasting."

"Of the comparative merits of the quotations," said Mrs. Whitehurst, "there can be but one opinion. Here—

after I shall read the minor prophets with more interest than ever before."

"Their study will repay you for any attention you may give them," said George.

"Sister," said Mrs. Bourne, "this interesting conversation has made us forget ourselves; twilight is creeping on; had we not better be riding homeward?"

"Louisa," said Mrs. Whitehurst, "while our horses are being saddled, favor us with one tune and song."

Immediately we adjourned to the parlor, where stood a piano of superb tone, ready for use. Louisa began at once, with consummate skill and splendid voice, to play and sing the magnificent tune, and no less magnificent words,

"I see them on their winding way,
Upon their ranks the moonbeams play,
Their lofty deeds and daring high,
Blend in the notes of victory."

When she finished no compliments were spoken, for the performance was above the reach of compliment. But Mrs. Bourne said, "Louisa, I will remain for a short time longer at Sister Whitehurst's. My little daughter, who is thought to have some musical talent, is there with me. Can I engage your services to give her a few lessons on the piano? Sister has a fine instrument at her house; and if you will consent to come we will send the carriage for you to-morrow."

This arrangement, after some demurring on the part of the Turbeville family, was made, and then we spoke our farewells, and the ladies rode homeward.

THE BIBLE AND TEMPERANCE.

BY REV. JAMES B. DUNN.

THE Rev. Dr. Channing, in a review of Milton's long-lost work, ascribes his defense of polygamy to "his reverence for Scripture and for the Patriarchs." Alas for poor human nature! What crimes have been committed, what evils practiced, what vices fostered, out of reverence for the Scriptures? How common has it been for those who possess the Scriptures, and who, it might be supposed, fully understood their contents and design, to array the sacred volume against whatever might oppose their prejudices. The authority of the law was marshaled by the Jews against the Gospel of the Son of God. Scripture and the Fathers of the Church were quoted to prove that Columbus was a heretic and an infidel for suggesting that there was another continent. The upholders of the Copernican system were assailed, by such eminent divines as Dr. Owen, as innova-

tors, who taught opinions contrary to Scripture; and a clergyman actually published a sermon to show that Jenner, for endeavoring to check the ravages of the small-pox, was the beast of the Apocalypse. The small-pox, it was claimed, was heaven-ordained, and any interference with it was a daring and profane violation of our holy religion. To winnowing machines divines objected, because, they said, winds were raised by God alone, and it was irreligious in man to attempt to raise wind by efforts of his own. It is not many years since that Andrew Fuller was opposed in his efforts to form a missionary society, by the very men who held a commission to "go into all the world to preach the gospel to every creature;" while a little earlier in the history of England, when Bishop Latimer was advocating the importance of education, Rev. Dr. Buckingham opposed it by saying, "If that heresy

should prevail, we should soon see an end of every thing useful among us. The plowman reading that if he put his hand to the plow, etc., would soon lay aside his labor; the baker, also, reading that a little leaven would corrupt his lump, would give us very insipid bread; the simple man, also, finding himself commanded to pluck out his eyes when they offended, would pave the way for a nation of beggars." So it was when the late Sir James Young Simpson, in the discovery of chloroform, demonstrated the possibility of annihilating pain, and subjecting it to human control, thus absolving woman from the curse which was pronounced upon Eve, good men, and even ministers, lifted up their hands in holy horror at the daring presumption of Dr. Simpson to thus interfere, as they alleged, with the decrees of God. So it was with chattel slavery; men who sought its overthrow were assailed as infidels and disbelievers in the Bible, and that, too, by divines eminent in the Church.

In our day, the authority of the word of God is pleaded as a sanction for the use, as a beverage, of one of the most desolating of all poisons. This supposition that the Bible countenances the use of intoxicating beverages, fostered as it is by the teachings of prominent Doctors of Divinity, has been the bane of the Church, and has arrayed many good men on the side of the so-called moderate use of intoxicating drinks, and against total abstinence, because total abstinence was not in accordance with the teachings of the Bible.

The question, then, what does the Bible teach respecting the use of intoxicating beverages, is an all important one, and one which years ago, as a lover of the Scriptures, the writer of this article was led to investigate, and in the course of which he examined every passage in which the word wine is introduced in the original, by the context, and the argument in which it stands, and compared it with other passages, and with the light that an-

cient history has thrown upon the subject. The result of that investigation (see tracts published by the National Temperance Society) was a thorough conviction that the Scriptures nowhere commend or approve of alcoholic or fermented liquors as a beverage, and that where spoken of as a blessing, wine was *unintoxicating*. As this subject has been still more thoroughly discussed by such men as Dr. Nott, Dr. Duffield, and Dr. Lees, we do not propose, in this article, going over that ground; our purpose now is to show that the *principles* of the Bible enjoin total abstinence as a "*matter of immediate moral obligation*" on the part of Christians, and that it is *not* a mere question of "*expediency*," as is taught in a sermon published, in one of our Church papers, by a prominent divine of our body, a sermon in which the ground is taken that the Bible countenances the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage.

After affirming that "wholly on grounds of expediency" would he "rest the practice of abstinence from wine," he says, "temperance in all things is a matter of immediate moral obligation." Now, what is temperance? In plain English we define it to be *The moderate use of all good things, but total abstinence from all bad things*. The Greek word *ἐντάρεια*, translated temperance, means abstinence—universal and total—from what is evil. The extent to which this abstinence is required Paul decides. All sorts or forms of evil are to be avoided. "Abstain from all appearance of evil." The moderate use or indulgence of any thing morally or physically evil can lay no claim to be accounted temperance. Alcoholic or intoxicating drinks are not good, but bad; therefore abstinence from them is the only true temperance, and, as such, "a matter of immediate moral obligation." Why then talk of expediency? Total abstinence enjoins what? Abstinence from any good thing? Certainly not. But abstinence from all *intoxicating* beverages, which are bad.

Our brother says he "consults the Bible," and in it he "finds that God was the creator of the fruit of the vine, that He knew its properties, that He foreknew its uses," and he adds, "I can not be made to believe that any thing He created and pronounced good, is, in itself, an evil and accursed thing." Amen! we say to all this. But substitute "man" for "the fruit of the vine," and this paragraph gives you the doctrine taught by those who teach the moral goodness of man, and deny the doctrine of man's fall and depravity. That God was the "creator of the fruit of the vine," is believed and taught by every intelligent advocate of total abstinence, and if man had never used aught but the fruit of the vine, as God made it, there had never been drunkenness; just as if man had always remained holy, as God created him, there had never been sin.

Total abstainers, let it be distinctly understood, wage no war against the fruit of the vine as *created by God*. What we do protest against is, calling fruit of the vine, *after* wicked men have converted it into vile abominations, "the good creature of God," just as we would protest against charging God with man's present corrupt and depraved nature, because, forsooth, God at first created man, and spoke of that product of his creative power as "very good."

A curious anecdote is told of a Roman Catholic priest and a country farmer: It happened one day, when the farmer was going home with his grog on board, that he met the priest, and thought he would puzzle him by asking if he knew who made the devil. The priest paused for a moment, and replied, "he made himself."

"He made himself—he made himself!" reiterated the farmer, "that is impossible."

"No," answered the priest, "God made him a holy and happy angel—he made himself a devil."

In the same sense as the devil is a creature of God, so are *intoxicating* beverages, whether known as wine,

brandy, or whisky. God gave us the fruit of the vine, but in no such sense did he give us alcohol. "Nature," says the chemist Chaptal, "never forms alcohol, she rots the grape upon the branch, but it is *art* that converts the juice into alcoholic wine." It is because "I can not be made to believe that any thing God created and pronounced good, is in itself an evil and accursed thing," that I protest against calling intoxicating drink "a good creature of God," for that it is evil in itself as well as in its results, I need not stop to prove.

That God appoints nothing of which sin is to be the legitimate and proper result, must be admitted by all to be a governing principle in God's Word. It has been so recognized by every Christian community. Thus, when the parliament of Tahiti consulted the queen respecting the admission of intoxicating drink, she said: "Let the *principles* contained in the New Testament be the foundation of all your proceedings," and immediately they enacted a law against trading with any vessel that brought intoxicating drinks. All admit that in the Bible there are many passages which speak in such a totally opposite manner concerning wine, that they appear to be irreconcilably contradictory to each other; for instance, wine is spoken of in terms of commendation and reprobation, as a thing to be sought after, and a thing to be avoided; in one place as a blessing, and in another as a curse; as occasioning joy and gladness, and again, as occasioning woe and sorrow. Can wines thus presented, in such different aspects, and in such frequent and frightful contrasts, be one and the same article in one and the same state—a symbol of wrath and a symbol of mercy, as our brother, from his sermon, evidently thinks.

Is the Bible inconsistent with itself? Certainly not. Nor will it do to say it is only the *abuse* that is condemned. Mark the words, "wine is a mocker; whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise" Prov. xx: 1. It is not *ex-*

cess that is here pronounced a mocker, it is the wine itself; call it drugged or alcoholic, if you please, it is the wine, and solely because of the intoxicating agent it contains does God condemn it. Again, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup." Prov. xxiii: 31. It is not the immoderate indulgence that is here forbidden. "LOOK NOT on the wine," abstain from it; touch it not; on the ground of expediency, no; but because it is poisonous, "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Did the object of this article or our space permit, it would be easy to show that two kinds of wine are spoken of in the Bible—fermented and unfermented, or intoxicating and unintoxicating, and that the latter wines were the most highly esteemed in Syria and Palestine. But supposing that intoxicating wine was countenanced in the Bible, it does not necessarily follow that it is a good and lawful thing to use at any time. In the Bible we find that many things, in themselves immoral and hurtful, were not merely allowed but commanded. For example, in Ezekiel xx: 25: "Wherefore I gave them statues which were not good, and judgments whereby they should not live;" and in Hosea, i: 2, it is written, "Go take thee a wife of whoredoms;" yet are we to deduce rules of conduct from these permissions or commands?

Our Savior, in Matt. xix: 8, and in Mark x: 5, gives us the key to unlock all such dark passages in the Old Testament, "For the hardness of your hearts Moses wrote unto you that precept; but from the beginning it was not so." St. Paul also recognizes the same principle of interpretation. "The times of that ignorance God winked at." Does Paul contend that sin was *allowed* in such way as would justify us in practising it? Certainly not; for we are commanded to resist the remotest approaches of evil. When we read in Isaiah, lxi: 8, "As the new wine is found in the cluster, and one

saith, destroy it not for a blessing is in it," can we understand the blessing spoken of to be fermented wine? As well might we, when the corn is found in the ear and one should say, "destroy it not for a blessing is in it," understand him to mean that the whisky that should afterwards be made of that corn is a blessing. The custom of wine-drinking might, even supposing it was permitted in Scripture, be as immoral in its nature as polygamy, or adultery, or the selling of an insolvent debtor or his children—which custom is recognized with *allowance*, but not with approbation by our Savior. Matt. xxviii: 25.

But we pass to speak of the Savior's example, which is appealed to as sanctioning the social and daily use of intoxicating drinks. Because of "our Savior's mode of life" he was called a "wine-bibber," and he did not deny the charge. At the same time and in same breath he was called a glutton. Was the charge of gluttony true? Who will dare to assert that it was? Yet he did not deny it; and why? His enemies and every one else knew that it was false; and if the gluttony was false, why not the *wine-bibbing*? To say that because the Jews *falsely* accused our Lord of being an habitual wine-drinker, therefore we are justified in using as a daily beverage alcoholic poisons, is the same as to say that because they *falsely* accused him of gluttony, therefore, every Christian is justified in becoming an epicure or gourmand!

After referring to our Savior, at the marriage feast, making *one hundred and twenty gallons* of wine out of water, our brother says, "I can not believe he ever made an accursed thing or sanctioned a sinful usage." For *just this very reason* I can not believe that Jesus made, at the marriage feast of Cana in Galilee, one hundred and twenty gallons of wine, of a kind similar to the drugged, branded, adulterated compounds of the present day; and if the Savior did not make such wine, why adduce his example for

using a kind which *he did not make*. And here we might rest the matter, and wait till those who adduce this passage show proof that the wines are the same. But, as this passage is frequently quoted by the advocates of drinking, a word or two upon it may not be amiss. I do not now dwell upon the fact that in our Lord's time it was different than with us. Then, according to the testimony of such credible and competent witnesses as Pliny, Plutarch, Horace, Columella, the most highly esteemed wine, that which was unmistakably good, was the unintoxicating, unfermented, pure blood of the grape; whereas, according to the vitiated taste of our day, liquor is pronounced good in proportion to its alcoholic strength. The governor says, "when men have well drunk." Though usually employed in this sense this does not necessarily imply intoxication. It may mean when men have drank to their satisfaction. The governor evidently refers to the *large quantity* consumed, and not to the inebriating effect. But granting that it means what its advocates claim—intoxication—look at the position in which they are placed. After the company had well drank of such liquors as are common in our day, after they were intoxicated, our Lord, by a miracle, produced a large quantity of *very strong* wine that they might still keep on drinking! We ask our friends to reflect whether or not they are honoring the blessed Redeemer, when they say that he produced for his friends a poisonous beverage, and one hundred and twenty gallons of it at that, after they were inebriated, and especially as he did so in a perfectly arbitrary manner, because he could as easily have called into existence a harmless and delicious drink, and have pleased the guests without injuring their health or endangering their morals. Would any Christian, in these times, provide that quantity for one wedding party after the party were pretty well inebriated. And all this, mark you, he did to show

forth his glory; for we read at the 11th verse: "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory." This was his first public miracle. Could the Lord of Glory, the Holy One of Israel think of no better way to manifest his glory, than by miraculously creating a large quantity of intoxicating liquors, and becoming the patron of drunkenness and debauchery? The very thought is blasphemy—away with it!

There are other positions taken in this sermon which we had purposed noticing, but our time forbids. We trust that when our brother examines the subject more thoroughly, he will change his views somewhat. Meanwhile we wish him much success in the prosecution of his plan, which is by "preaching the gospel, and so setting forth the law of God," until man should stand erect at length in the energy of "inwrought virtue against all temptation, free from all sin:" only we would remind him that his brethren in the ministry, who preach total abstinence from intoxicating beverages, as a Christian duty, are no less faithful in "teaching repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ;" and also remind him that there never was an age in which the gospel was so extensively preached as in the present, and yet, under all this preaching, intemperance prevails to an alarming extent, and with it, in as fearful proportions, vice, and crime, and misery of every kind. This is no proof of the inefficiency of the gospel itself, but it is a proof that God will not have His gospel insulted in this way, and that He will not bless the preaching of it to the cure of any national sin while His people will not put away all occasions of it.

We would also remind our brother that much of this intemperance is in the Church; and most fortunate pastor is he, if, in looking over his church roll, he sees no name there that fills his heart with anguish, no name that recalls struggles with temptation, no name

that tells him of spiritual hopes blasted and Christianity outraged by drink. And how many of the preachers of this gospel have fallen victims to the cup? In all this I speak what I know, and testify to what I have seen. Men of talent, influence, and reputation for piety, as jealous of the Scriptures, as eloquent and logical in the presentation of their truths as our brother—men that could not ascend the pulpit without attracting crowds to hear the word—men of God, in whose pulpits we have spoken, and under whose preaching we have sat, and from whose hands we have received the communion elements, we have seen dragged from the altar, deposed from the ministry, and degraded before the world as drunkards, and sent, blasted

in character and reputation, with quivering lips and a hell-burning within their breasts, to homes where once nestled loved ones, but whom they have beggared and disgraced; and these men whom once I would have as little expected to fall as our brother, or as my readers believe it possible that this vice shall yet degrade me from the pulpit, and cause my boy to blush at mention of his father's name. Some of these lie in dishonored graves, others seek to eke out a living as peddlers of stationery and books, while one has curried our horse in one of the livery stables of Boston. In total abstinence from all that can intoxicate "LIES SAFETY," and this, as a moral obligation, binding upon every Christian.

MURIEL.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

SHE hath a smile more sweet, my Muriel,
 Than sunbeams mellowing a languid wave;
 Within her placid motions there doth dwell
 A dreamier cadence than when waters lave
 Some shadowy shoreland, where vague breezes blow,
 And one great purple-compassed star drops low.

She hath gold, bounteous hair, my Muriel,
 That ripples warm round either shell-pink ear;
 She hath an arm of gracious pearly swell,
 That lessens to a tiny wrist veined clear;
 She hath a neck whereof who may aver
 If rose or lily tinge it deeplier.

She hath soft eyes lashed glowingly, and lit
 With darkness even as light; she hath a brow
 Snow-stainless, and a ripe, fresh cheek, where flit
 Now vivid colorings and paler now;
 But more than these, she hath a love to give
 Which maketh it pure heaven to breathe and live!

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH.

BY GEORGE LEE.

CHAPTER XV.

NOT MINE, BUT THINE.

IT was dull at the parsonage after Elisha left. We never know how large a place any one member fills in a household until that place is vacated. Tommy was also gone. The school was broken up, for although Agnes and myself continued to recite once a day, the charm of old association was wanting, and we performed our duties with flagging interest. The Quintette was a delightful and ever-to-be cherished memory, only no longer our daily thought and enjoyment. But the glorious autumn passed away beautifully and brilliantly, and, at last, sadly, as New England autumns do. The warm, hazy afternoons, full of mellow sunshine, became shorter and less frequent. The delicate tints of falling leaves deepened into sombre brown, and at length the trees were bare, and their cast-off garments lay in unsightly and decaying heaps in the hollows and corners of the fences. The wind no longer stirred the branches with a rustling sound, warm and quieting to the senses; it rushed, and moaned, and whistled, bringing its burden of rain and sleet, and driving those who had homes into their sheltering embrace, and the homeless into deeper bitterness. The days were raw and comfortless, the nights dark and stormy.

Suddenly there was a change. The sky cleared, and in a night every thing was frozen solid. It was one of those prematurely cold snaps which take the world by surprise. The change took place Saturday. The air was not softened Sunday, and the evening of that

day was like a night in midwinter, clear, still, and cold. The moon shone, and in its light the ice gems in the leafless trees sparkled like myriads of diamonds, beautiful to behold. Nature delights in ornaments, and the Frost King who had come so suddenly was richly jewelled.

The next morning Dr. Trowbridge went into the city, for no more important reason than that he felt the need of recreation. Monday was his holiday. He returned late in the afternoon, looking greatly troubled.

Grandma Prime observed it.

"Something has distressed you, Elijah?" she said.

"Yes, mother; I am severely tried."

"Nothing is wrong with Elisha, I hope?"

"I am sorry to say that something is wrong with Elisha."

Grandma Prime's face immediately showed concern, but she waited, knitting industriously.

Dr. Trowbridge began to pace back and forth across the room with a quick, nervous step, his lips working painfully—his invariable habit when trouble was on his mind.

Suddenly he broke out—there was agony in his voice—"What have I done that I should be thus cruelly stricken? I am bowed to the earth, and the sorrow which crushes me is caused by the conduct of my own son. He is a curse to himself and to me—the destroyer of his own soul and of all my hopes and happiness."

"No, no, Elijah; not that I hope—I am sure. Tell me about it. What has happened?"

Her work dropped from her trembling hands and she looked at him in dread dismay. He did not heed her

for a moment and she waited silently.

"Since Madge's death, nothing has occurred of so painful a nature as this of which I learned to-day. The trials which have hitherto been sent upon me were momentary and trifling in comparison with the blow which has fallen upon me now. When my wife died I was violently shaken. The shock was sudden and terrible, but I could find comfort in the thought that she was happy in a better home than the poor earthly one I had to offer her. Every day I have missed her sweet companionship, and every-day I have had that thought to cheer my loneliness; but there is no such alleviating drop in this present sorrow. Elisha—my child and hers—lies at the point of death, and in direct consequence of his having violated one of God's holy commandments. Should he die without regaining consciousness, as is almost probable he will—"

"Do not speak the word, Elijah, I can not bear it," she interrupted in a voice of unutterable sadness.

"Nor I," he answered.

He sat down, and after a pause told the sad story.

There had been considerable religious interest in his class for the last two weeks, as well as among some of the young people of the town. It seemed, however, that neither Elisha nor Tommy had sympathized in the feeling, for on the evening previous, Sunday evening, they had gone with a few others upon the ice. The severe cold had not been of sufficient duration to render it thick and safe. With the thoughtless daring of youth they had risked themselves upon it, and with the most disastrous results. It gave way, and three of them were precipitated into the river. Elisha was not one of the three, Thomas was; and in endeavoring to rescue him—a matter of no little difficulty and danger—Elisha got so chilled and exhausted that before morning a raging fever set in and he was delirious.

"I should not have left him for the

night," said the doctor in conclusion, "were it not that I could do nothing for him. Cynthia and Lottie do everything in their power in the way of nursing. Besides, I wished to bring the news to you. I must write my sermons as well as I can and wait until the fever has run its course, which will not be for several days. They will telegraph, should any thing occur of an alarming nature, and I shall go in on the train every day at any rate. We must leave him in the hands of God, and I pray that He will have mercy on my poor boy's soul."

"Do you doubt that He will?" she calmly asked.

"My faith is very weak to-night," he answered.

"Mine is very strong," she said.

"Do you think" he asked, "that he will live usefully if he is spared?"

"Yes; I think he will."

"I do not know," he said despondingly, "he is ambitious but it is a worldly and selfish ambition that animates him. Thomas tells me that he is among the first scholars in his class. But I would rather he were destitute of talent than that he should not use his powers for the good of others. Perhaps I am selfish in my wish that he should enter the ministry. What at first was a laudable and natural desire may have been growing all these years into an uncontrollable passion. What do you think?"

"I have known for years that you had intended him for the ministry, but you have not said much about it."

"But I have thought about it a great deal," he said quickly. "I begin to fear that I have said too little on the subject; and, indeed, have been too indulgent with him generally. Eli saw the iniquity of his sons and winked at it, and sore was his punishment. They became as the sons of Belial and knew not the Lord. Had I been less sparing of the rod in his childhood, and more decided with him as he grew older, I should not now be tried by his wickedness. I have been remiss in my duty, and stand rebuked

for it. It is merited. I can not complain."

"You are mistaken, Elijah; depend upon it, you are mistaken; Elisha is a boy who never can be driven into good. If you attempt severity, I shall fear the worst. He has a high spirit, and is very intelligent for one of his years. Such boys must be wisely and gently influenced—driving often ruins them. I don't think you merit rebuke on the score of leniency. Bear with him," she continued, resuming her knitting, and speaking more cheerfully. "Only think what a good boy he has always been, in the main. He has no bad habits that we know of. He is kind and affectionate in his disposition, high-minded, and as obedient as you could reasonably expect him to be."

"I don't know about his obedience," rejoined the doctor. "He has frequently shown a culpable disregard of my commands, and what is worse, he is equally careless about observing the Sabbath. You remember how I was tried by his going a swimming, one Sunday, in my absence. And since that he has broken the fourth commandment repeatedly, greatly to his own injury, to my annoyance, and to the lessening of my influence among the young. What respect can they have for the words of a man who can not regulate the conduct of his own son? More than once he has brought me to confusion before all my people. This last unhappy affair is chronicled in the morning paper."

"To be sure," she said, "he isn't perfect; none of us are. We must try to remember that we were young and heedless once ourselves."

"I do remember it, mother. But I am sure there never was a time when I was so thoughtless, and—yes, wicked—as to do what Elisha did last night. And yet I was a sinful, a very sinful boy. Even now, I can say with St. Paul, and in all sincerity, that I am the chief of sinners—the chief of sinners."

He smote his breast with his hand and groaned.

"I hate to hear you talk so, Elijah. You judge yourself too harshly. If you wouldn't watch yourself so closely you would be happier. Human nature, however curbed and guarded, is human nature still, and we must expect it to continue such as long as we live—not be discouraged nor even disappointed because we find ourselves still human after three-score years of striving towards perfection. We shan't be divine until we are done with earth and have left the clay that binds us to it, and makes us of it, to crumble back into its first condition. We continually find ourselves weak and erring, and the discovery is humiliating. But we can not suppose that He who fashioned us, and therefore knows how frail we are, will require of us more than we can perform. We must do as well as we can, with prayer and thoughtfulness. But however much we may thus accomplish, and however far we may advance, we shall still see something more to be done, and some height yet to be attained. I am thankful that this is so, for otherwise the end would be reached, and there would be no more progress, and without progress, or at least the hope of it, eternity would be something to be dreaded rather than desired. And in this life, if we found ourselves able to accomplish *all* we wished, what room would there be, and what occasion would there be for faith in a God all-wise and all-powerful and able to do what we can't do? Why don't you take refuge in this comfortable and inspiring promise, and after doing your best for Elisha, leave the rest to Him? Isn't it all that He requires of you? Excuse me for going off on such a tirade, but ministers need preaching to, occasionally, as well as the rest of us."

"You need make no apology, mother. I shall never be too old to learn from you; and what you have just said is true. We must do all we can for Elisha and leave the rest with God. But I have always regarded this child as a special and peculiar trust, for which I feel a two-fold re-

sponsibility. I feel not only the ordinary responsibility of a father for the welfare of his son, but having consecrated him to the ministry, I feel that I must so train and nurture him that he may be fitted for the high calling to which he is destined. After having solemnly dedicated him to a holy office, what excuse shall I render if I am remiss in my duty to him even in the least; and remiss I fear I have been. Otherwise, I see not how he should have arrived to this period of life without a higher aim than a career of worldly success, and a deeper conscientiousness in matters of right and wrong."

"Perhaps," said Grandma Prime, "the Lord has other purposes in view respecting Elisha than the ministry. It is the highest service to which a man can be called, but there is much good to be done in other professions. God may not call him to the ministry."

"I know," he rejoined, speaking slowly and with deep humility, "that I am not worthy of so great an honor. I do not deserve it at the hands of God. But I desire it—I long for it. I have prayed, ever since my boy was born, that he might one day be enrolled among the sons of Levi—that he might be accepted of the Lord—a chosen instrument in His hands to be used for the salvation of men and the glory of my Master's kingdom. I myself have ever been an unprofitable servant. I have done but little, and am scarcely more than a cumberer of the ground. But I have endeavored to stand before my people in the spirit of the man whose name I bear. That a double portion of that spirit might be on my son, has been my soul's fervent prayer morning, noon, and night. That he might desire and pray for this has been my hope. That he might be willing and eager to take up my mantle as it falls, smite the bitter waters of sin till they retire before him, and mightily carry on the work which I have so feebly prosecuted, is the burden of my desire. God of my father!" he cried, stopping in his

walk while he wrung his hands and lifted his eyes toward Heaven. "Thou who didst deal justly with Thy servants of old; who didst reward and afflict them in Thine infinite wisdom; who didst doubly bless the youthful Elisha after taking Thine own faithful and chosen prophet unto Thyself; but who didst curse and destroy the house of Eli because of the iniquities wrought therein—have mercy upon us, even us! Deal not with us according to our sin, else we be consumed by the breath of Thy fiery but righteous indignation! Reward us not according to our deservings, for we deserve nothing. But out of the richness and abundance of Thy loving kindness restore my son to life, and if it please Thee, give him some humble place in Thy service. O! reject him not! Cast him not away, nor cut him off in his early youth! Nevertheless, not my will, not mine, but Thine! Thine! Thine! be done!"

"Amen!" said Grandma Prime. She had ceased knitting, and her hands lay folded on her lap.

He sank into a chair and covered his face, as if to hide the intense emotion which it betrayed.

With even stroke the old clock on the mantel-piece ticked solemnly—the only sound which broke the perfect stillness of the room.

I shall never forget that moment. Though I live until my hair is white with age, and my eyes are dim, and my ears slow to admit all other sounds, yet shall I see that strong man bowed upon his hands, the noble and sympathetic face of the aged woman, and hear the solemn ticking of the quaint Dutch clock. The human voices are silent now—they have been silent for years; but the voice of the clock is as loud and solemn as ever. It stands where it stood that afternoon, and looking down at me as I write—for I am in the same little room—it seems to know my thoughts and say, as it said then, and has been saying ever since: "Not—mine—but—Thine—not—mine—but—Thine."

CHAPTER XVI.

ELISHA TAKES A STEP.

The fever in Elisha's veins raged violently for a week, and finally, when all his strength was consumed, departed as suddenly as it had come. Probably nobody was more rejoiced at the prospect of his speedy recovery than was good Aunt Cynthia, who fully sympathized with her brother in his desire to see the boy grow up to a useful manhood, but whose faith in the covenant promises had been slightly shaken of late. She had always maintained that he would be a great and good man some day—that is, a minister. But when she heard Mr. Hemenway pray, morning after morning at family prayers, that the Lord would not “cut him off in his sins,” she began to entertain a dreadful apprehension that the Lord *would* “cut him off in his sins;” and the louder Mr. Hemenway prayed the higher her troubles arose, until, what with anxiety and watching, she became a very wan and pale Aunt Cynthia indeed. When the crisis was safely passed she had an attack of hysteria, followed by a season of repentance for having thought it possible, even for a moment, that the child of so many prayers had been “predestinated from the beginning” to an eternity of irremediable woe.

Since there existed in the minds of Elisha's friends a firm conviction that he had been arrested in an act of wickedness, it is but justice to state that the facts relative to his accident were for some time misapprehended. As soon as he could be safely moved he was taken home to the parsonage, where his convalescence proceeded rapidly. As all hands exerted themselves to make him comfortable and happy, and his appetite began to return, he appeared to be by no means the most wretched mortal in existence, and even went so far as to observe that it was almost worth while to be ill for the sake of the getting well again.

What had troubled Mr. Hemenway before Elisha's removal from that gentleman's house, was the fact that the young man came out from the valley of the shadow unrepentant. The same fact troubled the doctor. He sought an early opportunity of having a serious conversation with him, but it resulted in nothing satisfactory. He expressed his sorrow to Grandma Prime, who said that perhaps they hadn't yet got at the root of the matter. So one day, after having made the patient comfortable, she asked him this:

“*Did* you go out to skate that night, Elisha, or were you out just for a walk?”

“Not just for a walk, grandma,” he answered promptly, “and not for skating. What made you think we had gone skating? Why, it was Sunday night.”

“There was an account of the accident in the newspaper, and it said you, with a parcel of boys, had gone skating.”

“Ah!” he exclaimed, as if a new light had dawned on him; “that accounts for Uncle Sol Hemenway's treating me as if I had committed some heinous sin. You ought to have heard him talk to me, grandma. I laughed, and he gave me up in despair, I guess. And poor father, he evidently labors under the same impression. That's what comes of reading and *believing* the newspapers. Let me see the paragraph, please.”

The paper was found, and he read:

“We learn with pain that a sad if not fatal accident befell the son of the Rev. Dr. Trowbridge, of Hampton, last (Sunday) evening. The young man, in company with some others, had ventured upon the ice for the purpose of skating. It gave way, and one of the young men, Thos. Hemenway, son of our well-known citizen, Solomon Hemenway, Esq., was precipitated into the water. In attempting to rescue him, young Trowbridge was so chilled and exhausted as to be insensible. He would certainly have perished had it

not been for the almost superhuman efforts of a stranger who drew him out of the water, wrapped him in his own great-coat, and carried him in his arms to the residence of Mr. Hemenway, whither Thomas Hemenway had already been hurried by his friends. The stranger's name is Jackson Bigelow, and he is said to be one of the workmen in Messrs. Smith & Hodge's new carriage factory."

"Dear old Jack! It was just like him, grandma. He is the best fellow in the world!" And Elisha actually shed tears. "We must have him down here and treat him like a king."

Now it was a singular fact that, although Elisha enjoyed the reputation of being a very ambitious young man, and sufficiently intent on his own aggrandisement, he never once appeared to think that he was entitled to credit for having risked his life to save Tommy's. But at the reflection that Jack Bigelow had put himself to considerable trouble on *his* account, he actually shed tears of gratitude. What an inconsistent fellow he was! Indeed, he was so moved by the thought of what Jack had done, that he straightway forgot all about the erroneous statement in the paragraph relative to their having gone upon the ice for the purpose of skating, and had to be questioned again before he told Grandma Prime that the sole object of his being abroad at all that night was to take a can of Baltimore oysters to a poor family who, Jack had told him, often went hungry. And how had Jack happened to tell him! Well, he had met Jack in the city some time ago, and Jack was anxious to learn, so Elisha had lent him a few books, and had been in the habit of dropping in once in a while to see how he was getting on—or, as Tommy explained, to *help* him on. That Sunday night, as they had to go right by the pond—he and Tommy—and as there did happen to be a few young men of their acquaintance on the ice, Tommy had yielded to the temptation and buckled a pair of skates which a good fel-

low obligingly offered him. It didn't all come out at once, but gradually, and incidentally-like, until Tommy, from whom most of the story came, all along said that he would have the matter cleared up, and straightway cleared it up. They were pretty good friends, Tommy and Elisha, you perceive. The latter would not expose Tommy, and the former said as little as possible just to please Elisha. So they both fell into considerable disfavor for a time, causing their friends a great deal of sorrow and perplexity as is natural for young people to do.

Boys are queer fellows, anyhow. I am acquainted, sir, with a first-rate, generous, noble specimen of this class of humanity, who will resort to all kinds of shifts, subterfuges, and evasions to avoid detection in a virtuous action; and who, if hopelessly cornered and asked in direct terms: "Did you or did you not give all your pocket-money, last Tuesday, to buy little Dick Whittlesey a pair of shoes?" will stammer and blush and all but lie outright, rather than confess the humiliating truth. The wise men of the village have their eyes on that boy; and one day Deacon Smith, meeting him, with half a dozen others on the street, singled him out from the rest, and bending upon him an austere brow, as if he meant to transfix him with a sharply-pointed arrow of disapproval, said sorrowfully, at the same time taking from his vest pocket a counterfeit ten-cent piece:

"Isaac, did you put this piece of bogus money into the hat last Sunday?"

"Yes, sir," answered Isaac, not much abashed; "just for a joke, you know. I put in some good money, besides."

The deacon sighed, and repocketing the villainous imitation, went his way with an air which said plainly: "Gallows!"

And the boys? Well, they have a quiet laugh among themselves, and wonder if the deacon will have the moral courage to destroy the sinful

cheat, and "bet my agate against your bull's-eye that it will get mixed up with his own money and *passed*, some day when he isn't thinking, you know." That is unkind of the boys, for the deacon is a thoroughly honest man, and as good a man as ever lived, but boys and deacons are naturally suspicious of each other.

It was generally agreed by the good people of Hampton that Elisha's illness was a providential dispensation, sent upon him for his good. The circumstance that, in the later stages of his convalescence, unusual religious interest began to be manifested in the village confirmed this very reasonable supposition. The revival which swept over the country that winter like a wave of healing, purged and renewed and purified the lives of thousands. Flowers of hope and love and Christian usefulness sprang up and made beautiful souls which had sat in idleness and desolation. Christians were made more Christ-like, weak ones were made strong, they that had almost believed believed entirely, and many whose hearts were hard and proud and stubborn drank from the fountain of kindly waters and were healed.

Dr. Trowbridge was somewhat of a conservative in the matter of revivals. He was afraid of mistaking temporary excitement for the genuine workings of the Spirit. He proceeded cautiously, therefore. But at this juncture a new influence came into the family, and its force was soon powerful in the village. One evening, at the tea-table, the doctor observed:

"I'm about to surprise you with good news, mother. Your old friend Nathan Weatherby is coming on the evening train. He landed in New York two weeks ago. I had a letter from him to-day."

"Nathan Weatherby! Is it possible? I have not heard from him for more than a year; but he then expected never to return. I am afraid, Elijah, your news is too good to be true."

"I think there is no doubt about his being here to-night," replied the doctor.

Grandma Prime seemed considerably agitated. Dr. Trowbridge withdrew to his study, and we—Elisha, myself, and Agnes, who happened to be in—gathered about Grandma Prime and bantered her.

"Is he one of your old lovers, grandma dear?" said Agnes, leaning over the high back of the old rocking-chair and looking roguishly into her gold-rimmed spectacles. "And has he been absent years and years in a distant land because you married Mr. Prime? Well, he can't have you now! We can't spare you!"

"I think," said Elisha, "that I'll walk down to the depot and tell him it's no use to get off the train, for you're not in the market. At least, I shall make him promise not to commit himself; though I don't doubt he's old enough."

Agnes didn't see the full force of this joke, but Johnny was monstrously tickled over it, and Grandma Prime herself admitted that the tables were fairly turned upon her.

"If you live to do as much good in the world as Nathan Weatherby has done, Elisha, your future will be a truly enviable one. I am very glad he is coming now when you are at home."

Then she told us that this friend of hers had been for more than a quarter of a century a missionary in India.

"I knew him when he was in college, and a noble young man he was, too," she said.

"How came he to go as a missionary?" asked Elisha, who seemed interested.

"Because he thought he could do more good in that way than in any other," she answered.

"I should like to see him," said Elisha, and was thoughtful all the evening until he came.

He was a small man, and Indian suns had parched and withered him until not an ounce of unnecessary flesh remained to burden his slight frame.

There was a sad and weary look on his thin, cleanly shaved face, when it was in repose; but when he spoke, and especially when he smiled, the weary look gave place to one so sweet and kind that we were charmed, and watched the play of his features as eagerly as we listened to the musical yet simple utterances that fell from his tongue. His eyes, too, seemed to have lost none of their youthful glow. They gazed out at us from beneath his delicate brows, sometimes with a steady luster, sometimes with a merry twinkle, and once I saw them flash like lightning as he told of the wrongs which he had seen heaped upon his fellow-men under the cloak of civilizing them. The conversation was, for a time, of that character so delightful to friends long separated—retrospective. They lived over again the days of auld lang syne, and spoke—now laughingly, now with trembling voices—of scenes and persons of the past.

"Sing it," said Nathan Weatherby, turning his moistened blue eyes on Agnes, "sing the old song that has such power to thrill lonely old hearts, like Anna's there and mine."

She began at once, and had not finished the first verse when he joined with her.

"Sing, my lads," he said, nodding to Elisha and myself; "let us all sing, to-night."

So we added our voices to theirs, and the chorus rolled nobly forth. He called for other songs and we gave them, himself joining in as he was able. He seemed hungry for congenial, social intercourse, of which he had been so long deprived, and he gave himself up to the enjoyment of the hour with the abandon of a child. Then, gradually, his mood changed, and he told us anecdotes of Eastern life, illustrating by colored plates and many rare and curious things with which his trunk was stored. His own experience, as a missionary, engrossed him next, and he spoke of his life earnestly; but as the missionary work, in all its manifold and varied aspects

rose before him, his tongue took on quicker and more eloquent speech, until he thrilled us through, and kindled in our breasts an enthusiasm hot and like his own.

"You must have been very lonely, Mr. Weatherby," said Agnes, who had been listening to his discourse with mantling cheeks. "It is hard to be away from all our friends. At least I think it would be."

"I was never separated from *all* my friends," he answered, smiling; "my two dearest ones were always with me. Their names were Christos and Paraclete. They never deserted me, but took me by the hand and cheered my fainting heart when most I needed consolation. There was a high hill near my little bamboo house. It rose suddenly from a level plain of vast extent. Sometimes, when my faith was weak, yea, almost dead within me, and all my efforts seemed fruitless of good results, I would rise early in the morning and climb that hill. There, on its top, kneeling under the spreading branches of a banyan tree, I would hold such sweet communion with my two friends as, I think, is seldom vouchsafed to mortals. My dear boy," he continued, laying his hand gently on Elisha's arm, "twenty-nine years of hard toil under a scorching tropical sun, among ignorant and superstitious Hindoos, trying to teach them a better way, was not the future which I, at your age, looked forward to. I was fond of building airy castles then, and of peopling them with forms as comely as this young lady's here. But if some powerful fairy should touch me with her wand to-night, and give me back my youth, I would turn away from the alluring things of the world and gird myself a second time to the work to which my life is consecrated."

Mr. Weatherby's stay at the parsonage was prolonged several weeks, and his presence was the one element needed, among the various forces already at work in Hampton, to dissolve the restraint which held pastor and people. He was a radical man. He preached

in the doctor's pulpit Sunday morning, and the effect was wonderful. In the evening he talked familiarly and simply, but eloquently; and his words were attended with yet more remarkable results. Deacon Wilder was awakened and made some astonishingly good remarks. He was followed by others, and even the Sunday-school superintendent made a rambling speech, the burden of which was that he feared he had been an off-ox—negligent in his duty—hoped the brethren and sisters would forgive him and pray for him.

All this looked well, and a meeting was appointed for the next evening. The house was crowded, and Mr. Weatherby led off with a stirring exhortation. He was so earnest and direct, and his words were so characterized by common sense, that everybody listened to him with pleasure. The doctor, too, though less intense, was not less earnest. He managed wisely, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing what appeared to be a genuine work of grace well in progress. He did not force things. He was very much afraid of injuring the cause by too much interference, but he gave thanks heartily, and his face shone.

It was natural that Elisha should be, at this time, a person of no little interest in the thoughts of many. They all knew that his father designed him for the ministerial office. Was it possible that he alone, of all the young people in the village, would pass through the revival unbenefited? It was a crisis in his life, and he soon felt it to be such.

One day Grandma Prime told him of the scene which had transpired in the parlor that evening when the doctor returned from the city bringing the news of his illness. He seemed much affected, and went away by himself without speaking. Aunt Cynthia happened to be down that day. Finding him alone she threw her arms around his neck, saying:

"Dear Elisha, don't you feel yourself a sinner?"

"No, I don't" he answered savagely, flinging her off and glowering at her with angry eyes.

"Well," she reiterated, considerably discomfited, "you certainly look like one."

It was evident that Aunt Cynthia was not the chosen instrument of Elisha's regeneration; indeed, he became a very difficult subject to manage. He appeared to consider himself the object of a conspiracy. One night he vented his spleen thus:

"I tell you, Johnny, I can't stand this thing much longer! It's all well enough for you and Agnes to get into the traces if you want to; but when it comes to whipping me in, I tell you it won't do. I believe everybody in this precious old town is bent on my knocking under, and I tell you I *won't* knock under."

He grew so very irritable that there was really no living with him. He quarreled with Agnes because she tried to be kind and pleasant with him—she felt sorry for him, poor fellow—and made her cry. He was short with Grandma Prime, and berated her roundly, because he thought he heard her say to Mr. Weatherby that he was evidently under conviction. He cut his father off with monosyllables, thereby grieving that gentleman not a little. But when Mr. Hemenway tackled him he fairly boiled over. Mr. Weatherby was the only person who could get on with him. He was an honored guest in the house, and Elisha felt himself in duty bound to treat him with courtesy. But under any circumstances he would have found it difficult to pick a quarrel with him; he was so gentlemanly always, so genial and agreeable, that it was impossible to treat him otherwise than civilly in return. Since the evening of his arrival he had steadily gained on the respect and even affections of all with whom he came in contact. Elisha liked him wonderfully well, and Mr. Weatherby appeared to entertain an equal liking for Elisha; so the two were much to-

gether. Mr. Weatherby talked delightfully on a great variety of topics, but on the subject of religion he was silent.

This state of things continued for some time, rather to Elisha's surprise. At length he began to think that he would like to talk a little to Mr. Weatherby, in a friendly way, relative to his own affairs, so he said, introductoryly:

"I'm in a peck of trouble lately, and at odds with everybody, it seems to me, because I don't feel that I'm a sinner. It isn't my fault."

"Why, who says you are a sinner?" said Mr. Weatherby.

"They all say so, directly or indirectly."

"And you don't believe it, eh?"

"Well, no," Elisha answered, "I must say I haven't a very realizing sense of it yet."

"No; and very likely you won't have for a good many years yet. I didn't have a realizing sense of my sinfulness when I was of your age; but the want of it didn't keep me from joining the church."

"I don't understand it," said Elisha. "There's Johnny, now, says he feels that he is a sinner; and Agnes, who I don't believe ever had a wrong thought, even in all her life, says she feels that she is a great sinner."

"Suppose you tell me, as near as you can, how you do feel," said Mr. Weatherby.

"Well, of course I don't feel as if I were just right in every respect," said Elisha. "I go wrong more or less every day; but as for this being under deep conviction of sin, and having an overpowering sense of guilt upon me, and all that, I don't know any thing about it. The fact is, Mr. Weatherby, it seems to me that a great deal of the talk they have over in revivals, is a kind of cant which people have fallen into a habit of using, and keep on using because they think it's the proper thing to say; or else because they don't know how to express themselves differently. It makes me feel a

sort of contempt for the whole thing. It doesn't do me any good to hear Mr. Hemenway, for instance, hammer and pound away by the hour about the pride and frowardness of the human heart, and insist on everybody's getting right down into the dust and making their peace with an angry God to-day, lest they die to-morrow and be consigned to endless torment. Then there's that everlasting story of his about his having been very wicked once. And, by Jupiter, sir, he seems to think that everybody else is just as low down as he was. If I were a rake, or a thief, or a persecutor of the saints, there would be some sense in people talking to me as if I were a leper; but having never saddled my conscience with a multitude of sins unrepented of, I don't see how I'm such a terribly depraved fellow as they make me out to be."

Mr. Weatherby could not help smiling.

"I understand you, my boy," he said; "I understand you perfectly; better, I dare say, than you understand yourself. Now suppose that we drop this question of your sinfulness out of sight for a moment, while I ask you a question or two. You have been, since you began to think for yourself, trying to do about what seemed to you right; I am sure you have. But you realize, I presume, that there is a higher grade of Christian living than you have yet attained to."

"Yes, sir, I realize that."

"And you would like to get upon that plain, and live in daily communion and fellowship with the divine Christ, who, by his life and death, has done so much for the world in general, but for you in particular! Does not that seem to you worth striving for?"

"Yes," said Elisha, "it does."

"When this same Christ found Andrew and Peter mending their nets, and commanded them to follow him, they decided to do so, and he taught them. They formally attached themselves to his person, were known as his disci-

ples, and by intimacy with him learned the true philosophy of life. He will teach the same to you if you will put yourself in the attitude of a learner. Now, about your sinfulness: We are good or bad relatively, only, and not absolutely. But Christ was perfect. You would not say, would you, that you were as free from sin as he?"

"By no means; it would be blasphemy. There is no comparison between us."

"Yes, you say so, even now, when your acquaintance with him is very slight. But when you have sat at his feet as long as I have, the beauty, the majesty, the loveliness, the grand perfection of his Godlike character will appear to you so vividly that you will think yourself and all your efforts toward goodness nothing, absolutely nothing, in comparison. I am to preach this evening, and my subject will be 'The true object of life.' I hope you will be present, for I propose to discuss some questions in which you are interested."

"I will be there," said Elisha, and the conversation ended.

That sermon of Mr. Weatherby's made a deep impression on Elisha. I should like to give some of the points he made, but must hasten on to results.

Elisha and Mr. Weatherby continued much together, and the upshot of it all was that the former told his father, one day, that he believed he would like to join the church at the next communion.

The doctor was overjoyed, and urged him to publicly express his intention. "It will help others to make up their minds," he said.

Elisha was a courageous fellow under most circumstances; but he shrank from this ordeal painfully. However, he had made up his mind to do what he considered to be his whole duty, and he would not flinch at the outset. So he made himself heard one evening, and although his legs trembled under him, and his head swam round and round "like a gosling in a wash-

tub," as he afterwards said, he really made a very manly and satisfactory little speech.

"Let us pray," said Deacon Wilder, fervently, the moment his old pupil resumed his seat; and he returned thanks with such unfeigned sincerity, that Elisha was quite melted, and from that hour forgave him all his tediousness as a Sunday-school teacher, in the years gone by.

Well, of course, everybody was pleased to see Elisha "come out," and all the old ladies and all the old men had to shake hands with him and tell him how glad they were.

"La," said Mrs. Wilder, breathing hard and speaking to her friends promiscuously; "I always knew Elisha's wildness wouldn't last long. Such a good father as he's got, and such a saintly grandmother, and such a praying aunt! I only hope now he'll hold on. He spoke real well now, didn't he? If there was any thing to be taken acceptations to in his remarks, it was that he didn't appear quite numble enough. I like to see a young convert numble."

"Well," said Grandma Prime, who chanced to hear this observation, "if he isn't humble enough without, I've no doubt the Lord will humble him."

That night, as Elisha sat on the edge of his bed with one boot in his hand, he said:

"It seems odd, the way things have come around. A week ago I was determined that I *wouldn't* join the church, and to-night I pledged myself to do that very thing. I wonder if I *am* called to the ministry. Do you believe in such calls, Johnny? Mr. Weatherby says that he does. What a man he is! He has a wonderful influence over me; and somehow I can't get rid of the impression that in the future he and I are to be again thrown together. It is strange that he should have come here just at this time! I had a singular dream last night; I dreamed that I was in great peril, and that he saved my life."

CHAPTER XVII

IS A SHORT ONE.

Elisha had a fierce dislike of everything that appeared to him like cant or hypocrisy. The instant he detected any one in the use of either, in that instant he withdrew his respect, and could thenceforth hardly treat the person who had offended him with civility. One day he came in decidedly out of sorts.

"I do wish," he said, "that people wouldn't talk platitudes. If a man can't talk about religion in a sensible, manly way, he'd better keep still. These old, worn-out, threadbare phrases that don't mean anything—I'm sick of them! Where's Mr. Weatherby?"

The doctor also had recourse to Mr. Weatherby. He was concerned for his son, who often seemed ill at ease of late, if not positively unhappy. "Do you think," he asked, "that Elisha is really converted?"

"I think conversion is hardly the proper term to apply to his experience," was the answer. "Some are converted. But a youth who has been brought up in a Christian household, and taught from his very babyhood the fundamental principles of religion, can hardly be said to be converted at any particular time. Elisha's position has hitherto been a negative one with reference to religion. He has now taken his first step towards making it a positive one. It is the result of a decision of his own mind. The Christian life is a growth—at least, it should be such, and with Elisha it must be such. He has come into his present attitude under the combined influences of early teaching, his own sense of duty and desire to do what is right; and he is strongly influenced also by you and me, and indeed by all the family. Johnny's mind is differently constituted, and his experience is altogether different. He is more easily satisfied, and for a long time will be happier. But in the end Elisha will rise to heights which Johnny never can attain,

and wield an influence over others such as few men can exercise. If he is in reality called of God to the ministry, he will be fitted for the work. He chooses His own instruments and fashions them. I am deeply interested in Elisha's welfare, and shall watch his development with solicitude second only to your own. Meanwhile we must give him support and sympathy."

Dr. Trowbridge passed his left arm around Mr. Weatherby's shoulders, and clasped his right hand in his own.

It was an odd thing for Dr. Trowbridge to do.

"No man," said he, "is dearer to me than you, Brother Weatherby. There is a strong tie between us, for we both have suffered."

"When I last saw her who was afterward so dear to you," said Mr. Weatherby, "she was a little girl, but she looked like her mother, and I loved her for her mother's sake. The moment I saw your boy I recognized in him also the fine features and, on further acquaintance, the noble nature of the woman I loved; and I loved him, too, for her sake. Ah! how beautiful she is in her old age! Time and suffering have not, in my eyes, impaired her comeliness. Before I came I had a wild idea that even now our lives might be united; but it was a selfish thought. I put it away and resolved, instead, that for her sake I would befriend the boy: and the other night I dreamed that his future and mine were in some mysterious way linked together—that we together came into deadly peril from which but one of us escaped alive."

"Do you believe in dreams," asked the doctor, gravely.

"The Hindoos do," he answered, smiling; "and I have lived so long among them that I may have imbibed some of their superstitions in spite of myself."

"If you are thrown in contact with my son in the future," said the doctor, "I am sure that he will be the

better for it. You have already done him incalculable good."

"Perhaps I may have helped him

somewhat," said Mr. Weatherby. "Were it necessary, I would lay down my life for him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PRESBYTERIAN WEAKNESS.

HE would be a bold man who should dare to lay the sin of Idolatry at the door of a great Church such as ours. Yet, if it be admitted that "covetousness is idolatry," and that the neglect to offer a just proportion of one's income to the Lord for His service, be a fair indication of covetousness, it will be allowable to say this much, at least, that our Church needs to examine herself candidly on this point. Our system, so perfect in many respects, seems especially imperfect in providing for our own household. The doctrine of voluntary support of the ministry and Church, has gone almost unquestioned from the beginning. Any thing looking like taxes, rates, assessments, has been most sensitively resented. The Reformers, reacting from civil taxes for Church sustenance, passed to the other extreme of perfect voluntarism. "The law of love" has been the popular cry, and the sermon too. As a consequence the law of love has been left without any formal system; shorn of any method of developing in any order that love into steady, organized fruitfulness. The law of love has been a principle without an external code. As usually interpreted it has been an *impulse* in fact. And the law of love has been administered by the annual or semi-annual stirring-up of the impulse from sleep to temporary half-aroused activity. As a result, the returns have ever been feeble and inadequate to the wants of the Church, and not corresponding to the ability of her membership. Her ministry has not been more than half supported; many of her churches have languished and pined

away; and the Holy Spirit has been withheld. She has suffered from the curse of leanness. No one will pretend to assert, we presume, that the spiritual returns have been adequate to the means in operation, had those means been properly employed, and blessed as God promises to bless their righteous use. The memorial offerings exhibit a startling array of Church debts and Church wants, the supply of which seems essential to her successful progress. Country churches, where is large wealth, have let their houses go to rack, and their ministers suppliment their insufficient salaries by devoting their time to the fields, or to literature, or to half-concealed agencies for books, insurance, and the like. In the cities the pew-system has set ministerial support in a business shape, and men have received a *quid pro quo* in sittings, for the preached gospel. In this way the poor have been thrust, quite necessarily in a business point of view, into the background, which is, in practical operation, putting them out of church doors. Grave doubts exist as to whether this business method which prevails under our present system of voluntarism, will meet the demand of the Lord for gifts as sacrifices laid upon His altar, or will be counted in His presence as offerings of the heart to Him. Nor does this system rest upon the vaunted theory of the law of love. It is the law of necessity and respectability. You can not have a pew unless you pay for it, and being a professing Christian you can not afford to be without a pew; therefore, you are taxed to the amount of your pew rent,

though you may choose high or low price as you like, or as your pride will dictate. Now, the result of this country negligence and city business is making itself felt, and yet to be more terribly felt, in the vital point of our Church means of progress—the regular increase and high-standing of the ministry. It can scarcely be questioned that, in comparison with the past, the proportion of young men of real ability consecrating themselves to the work of the ministry is painfully decreased. This is not underrating the candidates we have, or our young ministry. But it is a glaring fact that vastly more of our youth of high gifts and culture are passing by the ministry, and giving themselves to other professions, than formerly. A generation back the avenues opened for young men with greatest attractiveness were chiefly three—the law, medicine, theology. To-day the professions have multiplied, politics has increased its demands, science has opened new fields, literature, especially in the press, is calling them, and business in a hundred modes of development is alluring them to places of trust, reputation, and emolument. Here they find positions of usefulness and abundant means of sustenance. Where is the ministry meanwhile? Its salaries are scanty; its position unsettled and uncertain for lack of permanence in any settlement; its old men are reduced to half-rations; and its widows and orphans are barely provided for in a lower sphere of life than their original rank—and our best and most energetic young men have not been giving themselves to the work. This process, which has been covertly going on for some time, is now beginning to be seriously felt. Our theological seminaries find great difficulty in adequately manning their chairs. Within the semi-circle of a hundred and fifty miles from the writer, he counts *ten* first-class city churches without pastors, some of them having waited long and called frequently. When they themselves they will rob other

churches of like position, will draw from other branches of the Church, or will send to Canada or Great Britain. The seminaries have not young men of parts sufficient to fill these places, and they can not be supplied from the W. C. band. Great stress is laid upon this large body of ministers without charge. But many of these are editors, teachers, agents, and probably—we say it most kindly—the most of them noble and good men whose powers have been dwarfed or exhausted by overwork, half pay, and ungenerous treatment, and who are not acceptable to active churches. Meanwhile the lecture system, the press, the general quickening of mental and commercial activity, and the progress of doubt and liberalism in all directions, have increased the demand for a higher order of preaching. The times require more thorough study, more condensed array of thought, fresh illustration, wider application, and a keener argument against the emboldened and newly-equipped enemies of inspiration. In short, we need the best men, while our system of sustenance is attracting only the inferior. It is needless to assert that this is a result of lack of piety in the Church. This is not the case. Especially among our young people, piety is more quickened and energetic than it ever has been. It then becomes necessary to inquire whether our system of voluntary giving, entirely unregulated, and with scarcely enough machinery to collect such subscriptions as are made—certainly with not enough to do it faithfully—does not lie at the root of this vital disease of the Church. Should not the Church provide some certain, reliable, and adequate means of livelihood for her ministry? Friends come to a young man and say: “You have talents, energy, piety; you should devote yourself to the work of the ministry.”

He answers: “I would like to do so; but look at your ministers—they have not a sufficient support assured to them. The Bible says a man is worse than an infidel who does not provide

for his own household. But how can a man assuredly do this in the ministry? What becomes of the families of deceased ministers? They are usually, except their father have inherited a patrimony, and often even then, thrown helplessly on the world to struggle with poverty. How can I educate my children in the ministry? You say I must trust to the Lord. But it is presumption to trust without the use of appropriate means—and the means in the ministry are totally inadequate. A minister is hemmed in on every side on the money question. He may not do what others can, to make money. He receives less and is expected to give more than any one else. I do not feel called to a work where I can not see my way clear to do justice to myself and to my family. You ask me, Christian people, to give myself to the ministry. Why do not you who do not give yourselves, at least give of your means a stated, systematic, and fair proportion, that can be relied upon from year to year for ministerial support? Why does not the Church provide for a titling, or a system of some kind that shall relieve the consciences of young men of those difficulties, which now stand in the way of their feeling a clear call to the work."

And such a response from a young man seems justifiable under our present management of the methods of ministerial support. Now, you say, it is easy to find fault, but not easy to remedy. But, we reply, if the fault be justly taken, and be of an essential nature, the Church ought to give its wisdom and energies to the correction of it in some shape. Lest we seem to appear a mere iconoclast, let us offer a few remedial suggestions. It seems to be clear that the voluntary system, as at present administered, is inadequate to our necessities. Two methods of remedy open: First, the voluntary system might be made efficient. Very few churches are found where all who might contribute, and who would do so if properly approached, do now give in any just proportion. A thor-

ough canvass under favorable circumstances of our congregations, with an efficient and prompt system of collecting subscriptions, would increase the salaries of our ministers twenty-five per cent. The general laxity or total lack of the present mode is notorious. It is so even in the pew-system, which has forced itself upon us by reason of the inability of the "law of love" lawlessness. Many subscriptions from those who take no pews might be made if properly approached, and the subscribers would be better and happier for it. And many pewholders who are conscious that their pew rent is not an adequate offering of their income, might be permitted thus to ease their consciences and subscribe in addition. Indeed, it seems to the writer that the whole pew-renting system needs remodeling to this extent, at least, that under our present plan the salary should be raised by voluntary subscriptions from all members first, and then if individual pews be selected, the subscriber be allowed the price of the pew selected, out of his subscription, and the balance to be called extra subscription, if that will satisfy.

We assume, what we believe to be true, that the people are ready to do their full duty, if only the matter be efficiently managed and placed in some systematic shape, equally to divide the responsibilities. And if it be true that giving is a means of growth in grace, and that withholding dwarfs the Christian life, then it becomes the first duty of the Church to see that all are brought under a pressure to do their just share.

The other method suggested is a practical superseding of the voluntary or "cold and hot" system, by a constraining law of steady heat. It is taken for granted, generally, that by the law of Christian profession, each professor assumes an obligation to bear his proportion of church burdens. Let this fact be publicly recognized in the pledge taken upon joining the church. Here is where the voluntary idea should come in. It is voluntary

with every one to profess Christ or not; but not voluntary afterwards, but obligatory to obey him. Let it be made an assumed obligation to bear a proportion of expense, and let it be afterwards required of them. This is done among some of our missionary converts with man or woman. It is done practically among the Friends, and is parallel to the Methodist system; it is the spiritual law of the Romanists, and one secret of their influence. But this is a sensitive point, and difficult of management in its application. To this point we address ourselves briefly. In either the systematizing of the voluntary plan, or the operation of the obligatory plan, a body of Christian men of piety and judgment is essential. An office in the Church established for this end existed at the beginning, and is recognized in our system of government. The neglect into which it has fallen may account for the perils into which our Church has come. It is the office of Deacon. Now, in most cases, a board of trustees, part of whom are non-professors, have the management of our monetary affairs. It is perfectly natural for these persons to manage things mainly from a business point of view. So doing, they lose the spiritual power and application to the conscience of Christian duty. Let the trustees still manage the *property* of the congregation, if need be; but in every church let a board of deacons be appointed; let their work be distinctly defined, and they be held responsible for the pastor's salary, church expenses, and raising of contributions. Let it be their duty to assess, or, if that word be objectionable, to *attribute* to every member of the church, without exception, his or her proportion of the amount needful to be raised, and to see to the collection and distribution of it promptly. Of course, if the proportion be deemed by any person unjust, they may consider the matter, and adjust the amount accordingly. If the voluntary system be retained, let them see that every member have

an opportunity to subscribe and be urged to do his full duty, and then see to the collections in a regular and systematic method. The refusal to bear their proportions should be recognized as *ground of discipline*, and be treated accordingly. But under an equally operative system this rule would carry force enough for its operation, and would need little exercise in the way of penalty. We do not want any members in the Church who will not do their duty; and opportunity for evasion should no longer be encouraged, but resolutely shut off. We might have fewer members, but more grace in those we have, which would be more than an equivalent in compensation. By some such plan the law of love would be applied and administered to the conscience, and its power fully developed; and under the obligatory plan the law of love would still have abundant opportunity of display and action, in excess of any levied sum. Many would contribute above that required of them as the Lord would prosper them. No government attempts to support itself by a voluntary plan unsystematically conducted, as ours is. The government taxes in ordinary times, which our people cheerfully pay, would largely increase our church revenues if the church received as much. Those who render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, should also render unto God the things that are God's.

It seems to us that it is the proper time for the Assembly and the Synods to take steps in legislation, not simply in resolutions, to remedy this weakest part of our system which affects its most vital interests. If the love of money be the root of all evil, we should not be afraid to grapple directly with it; and, as in most cases of kindred nature, the fears with which the timid terrify others from their faithfulness, will be found to vanish with the thorough, determined application of a remedy. If the silver and the gold of the cities, and the cattle and crops of the country, are the

Lord's, His Church ought to be able to obtain a juster proportion of it for His needy cause.

A further neglect to move in this matter will result in a constantly decreasing power in the ministry, in the encroachment of materialism, scientific skepticism, rationalism, and grow-

ing love of money and worldliness upon the territory of the Church. Perfect equipment, freeness of action, and resolution in duty, are demands pressing very closely upon the Church of this day, and to whose exactions it is of the utmost importance she should give instant and earnest heed.

CONTINENTAL POLITICS.

BY N. C. BURT, D. D.

THE politics of Europe may be the proper study of statesmen. Yet there are certain phases of the great subject which are open to the easy view of every one, some of which are at present of intense interest. The progress in Europe of what may be called, in the best sense of the term, *liberal principles*, has in recent years been marked and rapid, and has received from the late Franco-Prussian war a fresh acceleration. A glance at the great countries of the continent in order will be sufficient to indicate in outline the character and extent of this progress.

In beginning with RUSSIA we may call to mind the fact that, within comparatively a short time, this great country has been lifted to a place in the European family of nations. Until recently its vast territories were inhabited by various peoples, having little in common except their condition of greivous oppression and brutal ignorance. The word CZAR, as most persons know, like the German KAISER, is only a form of the Latin CÆSAR; and well might the "Autocrat of all the Russias" wear the Imperial name. The progress of Russia from its condition of semi-barbarism, under the despots who preceded the good and great Peter, toward a full civilization has never been more signal than within the past few years. Wars often appear to be of greater ultimate service to the vanquished than to the victors, and the Crimean war, sadly as it ended

for Russia, opened a new era of beneficent reform in the internal administration of the country. Who can estimate the value to Russia of that one grand measure of government, revolutionary of the condition of the people, the abolition of serfdom? Assuredly, we have here a marked example of recent liberal progress in Europe!

If now we turn to AUSTRIA, we recollect that only a very few years since, this country was a stronghold of monarchical and clerical power. Overwhelmingly influential in Germany, and extending her sway, in one form or another, over the greater portion of the Italian Peninsula, the influence of her conservatism was widely felt. We have only to study the concordat between Austria and the Pope, until recently in force, to learn how completely Austria was formerly committed to a policy worthy of the Dark Ages. Ten years ago Austria, with her neck under the heel of the Pope, her affairs administered in the interests of a superstitious Church, and an ignorant and bigoted priesthood dominating every department of social life, afforded even a more unhappy illustration of a government of blind force than has been for some time exhibited by Russia.

Since then how changed! Again we may witness the beneficent effects of war upon the vanquished party. The war of 1866, depriving Austria of her great influence in German affairs, and removing from her grasp

the last of her remaining Italian possessions—thus throwing her back upon herself—began the era of her own emancipation. What a career of liberalism has since been witnessed, especially as led by the Protestant Prime Minister, Count Von Beust! The policy pursued toward Hungary; the general relaxing of intolerant religious laws—particularly the recognition of the civil aspect of marriage, and the inauguration of an effective school system freed from ecclesiastical control—above all, the abolition of the concordat with Rome, and the thorough rescue of the State from clerical interference; these are some of the steps in that career. We are sorry to be compelled to record that recent changes in the Austrian Cabinet wear the appearance of reaction. Possibly the work of reform may have been prosecuted with undue zeal, making a temporary reaction inevitable. We can not believe that Austria will now proceed deliberately to renounce the great moral and political victories which she has so recently won—far more glorious and happy than any mere successes of arms, however brilliant.

Coming next, if the reader pleases, to SPAIN, and whose astonishment is not felt at the revolution which has recently occurred in the governing sentiment and spirit of this land! Spain has long been our synonym for every thing stagnant and effete in national life. It has been our symbol of superstition and bigotry and misrule. If there was any country in Europe where the day for the general enjoyment by the people of the privilege of freedom of thought and life seemed peculiarly distant, that country was Spain. The great depression of her vitality, combined with her thorough submission as an invalid to the prescriptions of her priestly physicians, seemed to make impossible any return to vigorous life.

Yet, the lately reigning queen being driven from the throne and a regency instituted, national life instantly

revived. The priestly physicians were set aside; light and air and wholesome nutrition were supplied; and at once the invalid began to gather strength. Freedom of the press was declared, and now more than one Protestant paper is published in Madrid, and Protestant books and Bibles are largely circulated. Schools were taken under the protection of the State, which removed from them such features as were offensive to the consciences of Protestants. Freedom of religion was proclaimed, and already eight Protestant churches have been organized in the capital, and a network of these churches has been spread over the land. Think of the free circulation of the Bible and of a revival of pure spiritual religion in the country of Torquemada and Philip I, of the Inquisition and the *Autos da Fe*! And now, since the regency, during which the history of the country was so auspicious, Spain has accepted a liberal constitutional monarchy, under which it is not likely to go backward. The combined vote of the clerical party and all the reactionaries in the Cortes, against the present king, was contemptibly insignificant, being far outnumbered by that of the republicans, or representatives of the most advanced liberal opinions. Indeed, the utter contempt shown by the late Cortes for their old masters, the pope and the clergy, is something wonderful. When the question of the election of the present king was before the body a certain member objected against his election, that he was the son of an excommunicated monarch, and called for the reading of the pope's bull of excommunication against Victor Emmanuel. The story runs that the reading was commenced, but that, owing to the bursts of derisive laughter with which the successive paragraphs were received, it was soon discontinued.

Among the latest items of intelligence received from Spain is that of the formal acquiescence of certain Roman Catholic bishops in the new mar-

riage registration laws. This shows that they regard as hopeless the attempt to stem the tide of liberal progress.

Turning now to ITALY, we find the view even more impressive. Indeed, the history of Italy during the last twenty years, culminating in the events of to-day, wears the appearance of an extravagant romance rather than of sober reality. The progress of the Italian Kingdom, descending from the mountains of Piedmont, overspreading Lombardy, Tuscany, and the minor Duchies of the North, incorporating the Two Sicilies, possessing itself of Venetia, and at last overturning the throne of the pope, absorbing the States of the Church, and installing its authority in the old imperial capital of the world—how does it remind us of the prophet Daniel's vision of the Kingdom of God, in which the little stone, cut out of the mountain without hands, brake in pieces the iron, the brass, the clay, the silver and the gold, and rolling on became itself a great mountain, filling the whole earth?

Every step in the marvellous successes of the Kingdom of Italy, it must be borne in mind, has been an advance of Freedom. Italy twenty years ago was bound hand and foot in the chains of political and religious slavery. Tyrants on their petty thrones, and priests omnipresent in society, held the people in dense ignorance, ground them to the earth in poverty, and lorded it without stint over their consciences. The Church was the faithful ally of despotism in the State, and the State was subservient to the Church in enacting and executing all laws repressive of religious freedom. The Kingdom of Italy was nursed in the ancient home of religious freedom. The "Sub-Alpine" Kingdom, as the pope still persists in calling it, cherished originally in its bosom the people of the Waldensian valleys, and in turn was cherished by them. And closely upon the heels of the conquering armies of Italy have perpetually followed the Waldensian pastors and

colporteurs, possessing every conquered capital for their own purposes, and making in quick succession Turin, Milan, Florence, Naples, Venice, and Rome each a focus of spiritual light and power. Yes, only a few hours from the time that Rome, last autumn, witnessed the entry of Victor Emmanuel's troops, the courageous and indefatigable Waldensians marched in, armed with their Protestant Bibles!

When, at any time, we are inclined to reproach the King of Italy and his government with timidity, in their dealings with the pope, we should do well to recollect some of the great radical measures in behalf of freedom which, from time to time, they have initiated and enforced. Some of these measures are similar to those already mentioned as having been adopted in Austria and Spain; such as the recognition of the civil as well as religious character of marriage, and the secularization of the public schools. The measure which, even beyond these, has illustrated the courage of the Italian Government—even, one would think, to the bounds of audacity—is that of the suppression of the monasteries and the sequestration of their property. When we remember how venerable were many of the religious orders, how numerous were their establishments, and how vast was their whole influence, our admiration will be greatly enhanced. Our countryman, Hawthorne, writing of the music of convent bells in Italy, says: "For, like the English drum-beat around the globe, there is a chain of convent bells from end to end, and crosswise, and in all possible directions, over priest-ridden Italy." The writer was informed, when in Naples, that in the Two Sicilies, before the revolution, the Church possessed about two-thirds of all the landed property of the country. The exceeding fierce animosity of the pope against Victor Emmanuel, and his reiterated charges of sacrilege, long before the king laid hands on Rome, were entirely natural. Indeed, it ought to be remembered that the

pope's agitation during the past several years, leading to encyclicals and other fulminations, and at last to a General Council, which have stirred to its depths the whole religious world, has been produced, not so much by the state of affairs existing in the world at large, as the state of affairs existing in Italy. The pope is, first of all, an Italian priest, and he can not readily sink his feelings, as such, in those of the infallible bishop of the Universal Church. The doctrines of the "Syllabus" would probably not have been formally promulgated, had it not been for the secularization of the schools in Italy. Science might have become skeptical in distant lands without much danger of incurring the rebuke of his Holiness; but to see his brother priests of Italy deprived of their opportunities of controlling the minds of Italian youth, and to see this work committed, in Italy, to the hands of unconsecrated men, was more than he could bear.

Throughout all Italy the reign of freedom has now begun. Up to the very doors of the Vatican the tide of free thought, free speech, and free action, sends its waves. There is now liberty of the press and liberty of prophesying in the recent strongholds of papal despotism. Gavazzi's eloquence sounds out from the shadow of the Pantheon. In no less than eight places, inside the walls of Rome, do the Italians now hear the pure gospel preached in the language in which they were born.

It seems but an instance of "poetic justice" that a portion of the money obtained, by the sale of the monasteries, should be applied to the purposes of popular education. That which once darkened the land is thus now made to give it light. The statement of a single fact may serve to show how dense was the darkness which the Italian Government sought to enlighten. Even now, after the effort for the diffusion of knowledge has not only fairly begun, but in some portions of the country has met with a measure of

success, only one-third of the whole people can be considered as having ever received any school instruction whatever. Out of a population of twenty-one millions, seventeen millions can neither read nor write. Really one would have thought that the pope might have safely deferred his war upon secular education a little longer. Perhaps, however, he has laid to heart the words of another Pope, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

Not, however, to linger too long upon Italy, FRANCE next invites our attention. The war of France with Germany is too recently ended to permit an accurate estimate of its results on the French people. Yet there is good reason to hope that the overthrow of the late Empire will result advantageously in various ways. It is true that during the Empire France wore the appearances of prosperity, and by many persons was supposed to be leading the vanguard of the nations in the career of advancing civilization. Many internal improvements were made. Roads were constructed, harbors were enlarged and made secure, cities and towns were beautified. The Empire also extended the French colonial system, and widened the domain of commerce. Especially did Algiers become important. The visitor at Paris found the "Palace of Industry" filled with specimens of French colonial products, especially those of Algiers. How like the presiding and inspiring genius of the peaceful and civilizing industries of the world seemed the French Emperor at the great International Exposition four years since.

Yet the Empire was a deception. Its glitter was that of a bubble in the sunshine. Its brilliant hues were those of decay and death. Whatever of national prosperity it begot was of a material sort, and was unsustained by any thing moral or intellectual. The Empire was morally corrupt, and the contagion was felt from the heart to the extremities of the body politic. With the corruption of morals a paral-

ysis fell upon the intellect of the nation. A few *savans*, under special impulses, successfully cultivated science and philosophy, and helped to instruct the world, but the drift of literary culture was rapidly downward. All this, did space afford, would admit of ready illustration. The hollowness and weakness of the Empire and the people—the degeneracy wrought by the corruptions of a few short years, were terribly proved and exhibited to the world when once the struggle with Germany applied the test. It is demonstrated that while other great nations of the Continent have recently been swiftly advancing, France, even while boasting of her advancement, has been declining in the scale of true civilization.

But is there not reason to hope that the war which has ended so disastrously for France, may, as in other instances of the sort, be found an ultimate blessing? Whatever may be the future form of government in France—even if it should be an Empire—probably *Napoleonism* is at an end, and that is a great point gained. The dreadful humiliation which France has now experienced, if it does not quench her unhappy passion for military glory, will, at least, prevent her from seeking its gratification and turn her activities into more profitable channels. Moreover, the associated Napoleonic idea which made France the guardian of European affairs generally, to arbitrate among the other Powers, to hold at her will the peace of Europe, may certainly be considered as exploded. The next generation will hardly be able to believe that the candidature of a German Prince for the throne of Spain should have been regarded by France as demanding a war upon Germany; or that France should have deemed herself entitled to certain spoils from Germany for giving her consent to the union of the German Powers; or that France should have undertaken the Mexican expedition in behalf of the “Latin race;” or that France should have

quietly performed the work, as if Divinely called thereto, of sustaining by her bayonets the throne of the pope. How profoundly absurd will appear to our children the historical statement, that, in the years just past, the ambassadors of the Powers of Europe, assembled at Paris, were accustomed to await with profound awe the few sentences with which the Sphinx of the Tuileries returned their annual greeting, and that, like them, the whole civilized world gathered its hopes or took its alarms from his smile or his frown. Now the end of Napoleonism will not only be a deliverance of the nations, generally, from the warlike caprices and interference of France, but will be an equal blessing to France herself, by bringing her to devote her energies, otherwise scattered and wasted, to her own development.

We need not, however, anticipate another Empire for France, even if greatly improved upon the last. Some other form of government is more likely to be established. Should a Republic be successfully inaugurated and maintained, France would thereby become the most conspicuous example afforded by the Great Powers of the progress of liberal principles. Enthusiastically as all Americans would hail such a Republic, the signs of its advent do not seem very hopeful. Somebody has said concerning Spain, that a Republican Government can not be had there, because there are so few Republicans. The same may be said of France. There is very little Republican sentiment, of any sort, in the latter country, except in the cities and large towns; and the current sentiment, even among professed Republicans, is such as few Americans could endorse. What sympathy have we with the Communistic notions of the self-conceited and intolerant mobs of Paris and Lyons and Marseilles? And just as little sympathy have we with the views of many of the theoretical Republicans. With us a cardinal doctrine of Republicanism is the right of the people to govern themselves.

Yet Louis Blanc maintains that no other form of government is right except the Republican, and that this should be established even against the wishes of the people!

It can hardly be thought that the French are now capable of self-government, and the actual sentiment of the people, as expressed at the recent election, being largely in favor of a liberal constitutional monarchy, this form of government will probably be yet established. Here would be a decided gain for freedom, in every way, upon the late Empire.

Our bird's eye view of the great countries of the Continent may be completed by a glance at GERMANY. The mighty changes, both in the internal and external relations of Germany, indeed, invite more than a mere glance. Germany becoming a united Empire at the moment that, through her successes in war, she has risen to a position of ascendancy in European politics, affords a most fruitful theme of study for the political scholar. Nevertheless, we will endeavor to indicate, in a few words, the gain to liberal principles likely to result from these changes.

In the first place, the internal changes by which Prussia has been brought to the head of the German Empire must advance the cause of liberalism in Germany itself. Prussian ideas will more and more prevail throughout the Empire; Prussian customs more and more be adopted. There will thus be a gain, in the first place, on the score of religion. Prussia is Protestant; the southern governments are largely Romanist. The pope and his subordinates will have less power in Bavaria, now that the latter has joined herself to a Protestant empire. Dr. Döllinger and his coadjutors have, no doubt, breathed the more freely since the consummation of German unity. So with the other Romanist States. Then there will be a gain on the score of education. The Prussian system of education is the most thorough and complete which the world

has yet seen, unless we except that of our own country. And it is the truth which makes men free. Who can doubt that the Prussian school-system will more and more prevail in Southern Germany, until the whole population of the Empire—perhaps an empire no longer, but a thoroughly free government—shall be emancipated from the fetters of ignorance?

But the exchange of Germany with France, in the matter of relative political importance, must in like manner affect, beneficially, other European nations. Germany, an educated, thinking, working people; Germany, the land of Luther, of the Reformation, of Protestantism—may we not look for peace in Europe, for an undisturbed career of self-government in the different countries, and for a gradual but powerful leavening of European sentiment with the qualities of German Free Institutions. The whole civilized world has been, for some time, taking damaging lessons from frivolous, fashionable, godless France. May we not hope that, in the time coming, more wholesome lessons will be learned from the new and better teaching which Germany will afford?

It may indeed be apprehended by some that the military successes of Germany may turn her from thoughts of peace to those of military conquest, and that she, in turn, may become the disturber of the peace of the nations. Already, in the estimation of some, we have had repeated illustrations of German "lust of territory," and are warned that here is an appetite that grows by what it feeds upon. A broad view of German policy, we think, will relieve the appearances which have led to this opinion. Thus far the legitimate desire of Germany for unity and for self-protection may explain her annexations of territory.

The object proposed at the outset of this article is now fulfilled. Even such glimpses into recent history show clearly that the hand of God is administering the affairs of the nations. And while much doubt hangs over the

immediate future of Europe, while no one can confidently say what is coming upon France, or how the Roman question will yet be solved, or how Germany may use her great triumphs, or how far the reactionaries in every

country may succeed in stemming the tide of Freedom, the Christian may comfort himself in the thought that the same Almighty Hand will still work for the accomplishment of the purposes of Righteousness and Love.

NICE, FRANCE, March, 1871.

THE DYING FLOWER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.

BY C. L. T.

HOPE—for thou shalt live to see
 Spring-time coming back again;
 Does not every withered tree,
 When the Autumn winds complain,
 Hope—with all the silent power
 Of its germ—through wintry days,
 Till the sap shall start the flower,
 And green leaves the branches grace?

“Ah! no sturdy tree am I,
 That a thousand Summers lives,
 And when Winter's dreams shall fly
 Vernal poems freshly weaves;
 I am but a flower, alas!
 Which the kiss of May has waked,
 And of which remains no trace
 When its grave with white is decked.”

Since thou then a flower art,
 Know that flowers of every kind
 (For thy comfort, modest heart,)
 Have some living seed assigned.
 Let the death-storms of the skies
 All thy life-dust downward strew;
 From the dust thou shalt arise,
 Hundred-fold thy life renew.

“Ah! when I no more am seen,
 Some—like me—shall spread their blades;
 The whole presents an endless green—
 The individual quickly fades;
 But, if what I *was* they *are*,
 I, myself, am then no more;
 Only now I live entire—
 Not hereafter, nor before.

"When those rays illuminate
Them, that on me shed their light,
This can not assuage the fate
That condemns me down to night.
Sun! that even now from far
On them castest glances free,
Wherefore with a frosty stare
Dost thou smile from clouds on me?

"Woe is me! that I that ray,
That kissed me into life, did trust,
Fondly met thy glance each day,
Till now it burns me down to dust.
From thy sympathy to free
What of this poor life remains,
Lock I now my heart from thee,
Nurse alone my feverish pains.

"Still to tears thou meltest down
All the stubborn ice of wrath,
Take my life, so nearly flown,
With thee on thy earthly path,
So thy warmth may sun the pain
Out of all my soul at last;
And now dying, I would fain
Thank thee for a blissful past.

"Every wave of morning light
To whose breath I trembled long,
Every butterfly whose flight
Swept around in dance and song;
Eyes, that on my splendor shone,
Hearts, that all my fragrance drank—
Fragrance, splendor, mixed in one—
Thee for these to-day I thank.

"Of the world an ornament,
Small indeed, and frail, and poor,
To the field my bloom was sent,
Like a star on Heaven's floor;
One more breath (but not a sigh)
Let me breathe beneath the sun,
One more glance at yonder sky,
And upon the fair world one.

"Flame heart of the world! on you
Sinks my flickering flame away.
Heaven! span your tent of blue,
Mine is falling to decay.
Hail, oh! Spring, unto thy light;
Air of Morning, hail thy breath!
Griefless, here I sink to-night;
Hopeless, sleep the sleep of Death!"

THE PLANTATION OF ULSTER.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM M. BLACKBURN.

THE O'Neills and their supporters regarded themselves as good patriots, defending their country from the invasion of foreigners. Their idea was, "Ireland for the Irish." They hated English rule and Protestantism. They had not much love for law of any kind. Unless they could govern with rough tyranny they despised government. Oppressors dislike to be held under control. The Irish chiefs were petty despots, never at peace among themselves except when fighting the British. Such patriots, if let alone, would devour each other by civil wars.

King James First regarded them as rebels. From his point of view, their resistance to English rule was rebellion against a government which they had sworn to obey. He could tolerate their Romanism if peaceably cherished, but he would not endure their disloyalty. He vigorously quelled two of their insurrections. Certain chieftains fled the country, one was slain, and others were conquered. Their lands fell to the Crown. By these and other forfeitures King James had at his disposal about half a million acres of land in Ulster.

What should he do with these lands? To give them all to the lesser Irish chiefs and make lords and earls of these land owners might prove a dangerous experiment, for they might take advice of the pope and receive help from Spain, and become patriotic rebels, after the example of the O'Neills. To donate them to the English of the Pale, or the Scots of the Clan Macconnell, would not assure peace and loyalty, for these were papists, who loved Rome more than they admired England. The Gunpowder Plot had made James wary of all papists who

allowed Rome to meddle with their politics.

Ulster must be planted with better men. It was determined to offer part of those half a million acres to Protestants. A company was formed in London to promote the scheme of colonization. Both Scots and English were invited to establish colonies in six of the nine counties of Ulster. Certain Irishmen, who could be trusted, were granted lands on which to settle their tenantry. It is not true, as sometimes represented, that all the lands of the six counties were forfeited, nor that the entire Irish population of Ulster was expelled in order that the whole province might be filled with English and Scotch Protestants. Many Irish landlords remained, and the majority of the tenants upon all the donated lands were the native inhabitants of Ulster.

The men who accepted the lands were called "undertakers." Grants ranging from one thousand to two thousand acres were made to each of them, on condition that they should fortify and people them with tenants. On every large plantation must be built a castle; on every smaller one a brick or stone house; and each castle and house should be surrounded by a *bawn* or walled inclosure, usually with towers at the angles. Thus the indwellers, with their cattle, might be protected from the forays of marauding natives. Some of the old bawns still exist.

This plantation of Ulster began as early as 1605, and five years later the lands were generally occupied. The work was that of restoring the waste places. War had long before desolated the country. In 1575 Sir Henry

Sydney had thus described the best parts of the province:

"*Lecale*, much of the country waste, but on the mending hand. *Dufferin*, or White's country, waste and desolate; the *Ardes* much impoverished, but in good hope of recovery. . . . County of *Clandeboey* utterly disinhabited—town of *Knockfergus* much decayed and impoverished, no plows going at all where before were many; and great store of kyne and cattle, now few or none left; church and houses, saving castles, burned—the inhabitants fled, not above five householders of any countenance left remaining; the *Glynnes* and the *Route* possessed by the Scots now governed by Surley-Boy."

We must count Surley-Boy as a rebel and marauder, even if he was a Scot. Thirty years had passed, but these districts would scarcely have furnished a brighter picture.

When the Plantation began, Armagh, the once famous stronghold of Romanism, was in ruins. One described it as "so poor, as I do verily think, all the household stuff in that city is not worth twenty pounds. It is also of so small power as forty resolute men may rob, rifle, and burn it." "Clogher, which was of old an ancient city, deconed with two churches, and a great number of inhabitants; but in the late wars was utterly ruined—the churches undermined and fired, the bishop's, and the abbot's, and the canon's houses were demolished." In 1628 "there were no more than ten or twelve poor people, dwelling in cottages patched up with skreas and wattles." Such was the condition of most of the unfortified cities; not happier was the country, in which were few houses left, save the lonely castles and "the pitiful cabins of the natives too poor to be plundered." Ashes marked the spot where once were thrifty villages. The people who had survived the ravages of war had been thinned out by pestilence and famine. Many of them had fled to the forests and, as it was useless to re-

turn to their farms and raise crops for wild troopers to steal or burn, they wandered in the friendly woods, living quite in a state of nature, and creeping forth at times to sack a town that happened to have some stores remaining. Their poverty and the desolation around them was their security. Therefore, the new colonists were not guilty of driving a prosperous people from their homes, and seizing upon houses which they builded not, and fields rich in harvests which they did not sow. They called to them the miserable outcasts, and settled those who were willing to improve their condition as tenants, unto means of happiness greater than they had ever enjoyed. There was a large measure of mercy in the planting of Ulster with new landlords.

The province was also a moral desert. The Romanists had long held the sway, without much effort to teach and civilize the people. King James had said: "I have only the bodies of the Irish, while the pope has their souls." The Protestants had neither been wise nor successful. The Church of England had signally failed in Ireland. To send over a few bishops, with the prayer-book in a language unknown and detested by the natives, and then pass rigid laws requiring them all to conform to the English ritual, was not the best way to convert them. It did not savor of apostolic wisdom. Conformity would not secure conversion. The terrors of the English law, in Elizabeth's reign, caused some of the people to yield in an outward manner and profess themselves members of the Anglican Church. But there was no thorough reform, as the statements of Sydney prove: "Not one amongst an hundred knoweth any ground of religion or any article of his faith, but can perhaps say his *pater noster* or his *ave maria* without any understanding of what one word thereof meaneth." Of the clergy he says: "Ye may find gross simony, greedy covetousness, careless sloth, and generally all disordered life in the common clergymen."

They neither read Scriptures, nor preach, nor administer the communion. But baptism they do, for they christen yet after the popish fashion." He asserts that the bishops in the remoter dioceses hold fast to the benefices, and "set their own servants and horse-boys to take up their tithes and fruits." He contrasts the zeal of the Roman priests with the apathy of the Reformed clergy. The priests eagerly "come from Spain, Rome, and Rheims, by long toil and danger traveling hither, where they know peril of death awaiteth them, and no reward or riches is to be found, only to draw the people to the Church of Rome; whereas, some of our idle ministers, without pains and peril, will neither for any love of God, nor any zeal for religion, nor for all the good they may do by winning souls to God, be drawn from their warm nests to look out into God's harvest, which is even ready for the sickle, and all the fields yellow long ago."

A better bishop, at a later day, said to some of the poorer people: "You tell me privately that you dislike popery and the mass; you know not what they mean; you are groaning under the burden laid upon you by the priests. Why, then, do you not forsake them and come to our Church." "Ah!" they replied, "if we adopt your religion no popish merchant would employ us as sailors, no popish landlord would let us have lands to till, nor houses to build or dwell in; we must do as we do, or starve."

When the gentry and richer people were threatened if they did not conform, they replied: "We know that we must be imprisoned at the length, and therefore as good now as hereafter." Religion was despised by the desperate.

Henry Leslie, a Scot, preaching in Ulster, was not likely to undervalue the character of his brethren, and before he became a violent and vainglorious prelate, he wrote thus: "In many places there is no minister at all; in many places a minister is as good as none, even a dumb dog that can not

bark, an idol [idle] shepherd who is not apt to teach, nor able to confute; in other places a lewd and scandalous minister, whose not gospel-like behavior is a stumbling-block to them that are without. Even as the Prince of Cuba said he would not go to heaven if the Spaniards went thither, because he thought that could be no good place where such cruel tyrants were; so, many in this country will not be of our religion because they think that can be no true religion which has so many unconsionable professors and ministers. "It was partly owing to the worthlessness of such a clergy and the want of a better one, that "divine service had not, for years together, been used in any parish church throughout Ulster, except in some city or principal town."

Such was the gloomy state of affairs at the outset of the new scheme of colonization. The work of redeeming Ulster from civil, social, and moral degradation was vast; it required wise, earnest, devoted men. The king, in granting the lands, provided for parish churches, glebes, and schools. A free school must be maintained in every principal town. For churches, schools, and the support of the clergy, one hundred thousand acres were expressly donated. Men of a later day were guilty of perverting them from the original design. There is much to be forgiven in King James, and we can forgive and quite forget much of his bigotry, and many of his blunders, when we remember that he was directing two great enterprises, one along with the other in the same years; one of vast importance to Christianity, and the other to civilization; and both working untold good in the colonies of the Western World—we mean the translation of the Bible into the noblest English, completed in 1611, and the plantation of Ulster mainly with Scots.

For years the work of subduing the Ulster wilds was difficult. To drain marshes, clear woods, and rebuild decayed and deserted towns, was not

romantic toil to be performed with soft hands in rose-colored gloves. The colonial settlers were often assailed and plundered by the natives, who still lurked among the fens and hills. The bawns were needed. We read that "Sir Toby Canfield's people are driven every night to lay up all his cattle, as it were, in ward; and do he and his what they can, the Woolfe and the Wood-kerne, within culiver-shot of his fort, have oftentimes a share." Robbers rode and thieved to the very walls of Dublin.

Yet the success was rapid and substantial. It is pictured vividly by Hume: "The Irish were removed from the hills and fastnesses and settled in the open country; husbandry and the arts were taught them; a fixed habitation secured; plunder and robbery punished; and by these means Ulster, from being the most wild and disorderly province of all Ireland, soon became the best cultivated and most civilized." It became, also, the most permanent abode of the most vigorous form of Protestantism.

What people did most to secure this result? The Scots, unquestionably; not the Scots who had followed the Macconnells and the Argyle Countess, filling the glens of Antrim and the vales of Donegal with their noise and riot, although many of them seem to have united with their kinsmen of the colonies, learned better manners, and acquired something of religion. The Scots who did most to civilize Ulster were a fresh importation from the land of John Knox and the Covenanters. They were not only Protestants, they were also Presbyterians, truly liberal, and not so zealously sectarian as to refuse fellowship with members of the Church of England. The southern and western parts of Ulster were planted chiefly with English; the northern and eastern, with Scots. Among the latter came the minister Andrew Stewart, "a man very streight in the cause of God;" also described as "a learned gentleman and fervent spirit." In the record made by his

son, who bore the name and mantle of his father, we find an explanation of the fact that the Scottish settlers outnumbered the English.

Not many English came over, he tells us, for, having been "a great deal more tenderly bred at home in England, and entertained in better quarters than they could find here in Ireland, they were very unwilling to flock hither except to good land, such as they had before at home, or to good cities where they might trade; both of which, in these days, were scarce enough here." Moreover, the marshes and fogs of the island were not wholesome to them. Many of them soon were laid in the grave, a warning to their kindred not to follow them. "The new English came but very slowly, and the old English were no better than the Irish." The proverb arose concerning the dwellers in the Pale and in the West, *Hiberniores, Hibernis ipsis*, "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

"The king," this writer adds, "had a natural love to have Ireland planted with Scots, as being, besides their loyalty, of a middle temper between the English tender and the Irish rude breeding, and a great deal more like to adventure to plant Ulster than the English, it lying far both from the English native land and more from their humor, while it lies nigh to Scotland, and the inhabitants are not so far from the ancient Scots manners." It was hoped that the Irish would be greatly benefited "by the example of more civility and Protestant profession than in former times had been among them." It was also hoped that the new colonies would not conform to the rude life of the native people, for thus various "plantations" had come to ruin ever since the Norman Conquest.

A living writer says: "The Protestant and largely Scotch colony of Ulster, however, approximated but little to Irish customs and ways. The native Irish were not, indeed, wholly driven from their lands in Ulster, although the possessions obtained by

conquest were increased by peaceable purchase. The new colony was on a large scale, extending over whole counties and enlisting the services of the corporation of London in its erection. Two points in its constitution we would especially note: It was a colony, and it was, in the main, a Scotch colony. The great body of its members had torn themselves from home and old association to go forth into a land of strangers, for whose past they had no regard, whose future they were to create. They were among the boldest and most venturesome of the Scottish nation, a people of strong will and decided convictions. These facts have impressed themselves on every page of the history of Ulster, and, since their advent to this country, upon the history of America. They, of all classes in the British Islands, stand in a position most analagous to that of the American people, being least overawed by traditional associations and historical memories, least slow to adapt themselves to the genius of a new land and a new people."—*Penn Monthly Magazine*, June, 1870.

Upon these Ulster Scots have fallen the reproaches of those historians who imagine that Puritanism was even worse than Popery. Its crime was success, and the nurture of liberty. Peter Heylin, the champion of the English Church, who is almost as amusing in seriously writing history as Cervantes in burlesquing chivalry, vents his prejudice upon the plantation of Ulster by saying: "It was carried on more rigorously, as more unfortunately withal, by some adventurers of the Scottish nation, who poured themselves into this country as the richer soil; and, though they were sufficiently industrious in improving their own fortunes there, and set up preaching in all churches where-soever they fixed; yet whether it hap-

pened for the better or for the worse the event hath showed; for they brought with them hither such a stock of Puritanism, such a contempt of bishops, such a neglect of public liturgy, and other divine offices of this church, that there was nothing less to be found amongst them than the government and forms of worship established in the Church of England. Nor did the doctrine speed much better, if it sped not worse; for Calvinism, by degrees, had taken such deep root amongst them at the last, it was received as the only doctrine which was to be defended in the Church of Ireland."

Such reproaches, so far as they are matters of fact, are an honor to the Scots. They were Calvinists, and so were the English colonists and preachers at that time. They were not Puritans, but Presbyterians. They were industrious; they were intent upon having the gospel preached wherever they settled; they did not see in bishops and liturgies the essentials of Christianity. But they were friendly to the English Church, whose doctrine then agreed with their own. They did not despise the bishops; they used a form of service or liturgy; their ministers did not object seriously to being ordained by Anglican bishops; many of their first preachers were thus ordained. They were supported by the same tithes as their English brethren. For years their system was Presbyterianism within the Episcopal Church, and legalized in it; a sort of compromise mutually accepted by both religious bodies. The Scots were willing to adapt themselves to circumstances in order to maintain the gospel among themselves and to win the Irish to the Christian faith. Pure Christianity was coming to Ulster; the little cloud then rising would increase, and break, and pour its showers of refreshing upon the land.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE BATTLES OF ENGLISH HISTORY. No. III.

BY "ROUND O."

CRESSY, 1346—POITIERS, 1356—AJINCOURT, 1415.

IN this sketch we propose grouping the three battles whose names head our article, because there is a wonderful sameness in the accounts of all of them. They were all fought against the French upon French soil; in each one of them the English were arrayed against fearful odds; in each the French gave battle in full confidence of an easy victory; and in each they were overwhelmingly defeated. Seventy years elapsed between the first and the last of the trio, but change the proper names, alter a few of the details, and one account will answer for all. They were different from those which we have studied before—different in aim and different in result.

Hastings was, indeed, an invasion, but it was fought in the days when, emphatically, Might made Right. Great Britain had always been a sort of debatable ground, open to the newest and strongest comer; the people were regarded only as the tools or the slaves of the successful tyrant, and so that their taxes were kept within bounds, and their hovels left unmolested, they little cared under whose banner they served; while the promise of higher wages, or larger share of the booty, would tempt the best of them from any allegiance. The result of Hastings, as you know, was a permanent change in laws, manners, and language. The Normans did not altogether absorb the Saxons, but the two races

commingled, and the union formed a race of men whose glory shall never die.

At the battle of Bannockburn we saw a down-trodden nation rising successfully against a foreign yoke; the men whose blood there dyed Scotland's soil, fought for home, for families, for liberty; and with the motives which they had, it is no wonder that they fought and won in such a way that the mention of their battle-field makes our pulses beat more quickly and our hearts tingle with emotion. Far different was it when Edward III, the Black Prince, and Henry V, cast their covetous eyes across the Channel to the fair land of France.

England had been almost torn to pieces by factions among the nobles of the land; she had been exhausted by foreign wars and civil broils; yet her monarchs were willing to shed the blood of any number of their people for the sake of conquest, of treasure, of a crown even, to be wrested from a people over whose property they had no possible right. It was the age of chivalry, too, when deeds of daring and of adventure were gladly undertaken by the knights, and these latter having power to command large numbers of retainers, made it an easy matter for a popular commander to assemble an army. Edward III, of England, was informed that the northern parts of France were rich in treasure of every kind, and were, more-

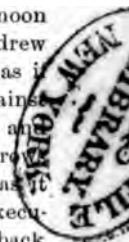
over, comparatively defenseless; that most of the French troops had been stationed in the southern provinces.

Allured by what seemed to him to be favorable circumstances, and led on by a love of fighting, and by ambition, he crossed the water with a not very large or very strong army, and the astonished Philip VI heard, in his capital, stories of devastation and burning and plundering, which roused him from apathy. He levied forces at every side, and hastened to meet his foe, who in the meantime, had swept through the north, sacking the towns, massacring the poorer inhabitants, and sending the richer in the vessels which bore off his stolen treasure to await their ransom in a foreign land. As Philip advanced he was joined by troops in large numbers, for, although he had made his people groan beneath cruel and enormous taxations, they were eager to unite with him in expelling a foreigner from their land; and Edward, before long, found that he should have to struggle hard to hold the advantages he had gained already, while the prospect of wearing Philip's crown appeared to recede even as he advanced. He depended largely, however, upon the Black Prince, on whom he had bestowed the honors of knighthood immediately upon reaching France, and with wonderful foresight he disposed his troops to await the conflict he knew to be near at hand.

The army, elated with its successes, was most sanguine, and inspired with the enthusiasm which seemed to animate the king, declared themselves ready to follow him, if necessary, to the death. An August noon saw the two armies ready for the fight, near the little village of Crecy, or Cressy, as we have Anglicized it. The English had the decided advantage in position; they were arranged in three orderly divisions, led respectively by the King, the Prince of Wales, and the Earl of Arundel; they were guarded by intrenchments, and they awaited the battle calmly and hopefully.

They had also the assistance of some strange masses of hollow iron, from which, at intervals of hours, hot stones could be projected upon the enemy. Very unlike our artillery were these pieces of uncouth mechanism, yet those of the present day are only those of 1346 with one improvement after another added till it seems as if they had reached perfection. Philip had but the one advantage of numbers; his army had been hurried northward under the impression that the sooner the English were encountered the sooner they would be driven back; and only when it was too late did Philip assent to the request of some of his advisers that the contest should be postponed for a day. If it had been, the result might have been very different, but it was too late to promulgate the order; and the troops pressed upon one another until there was confusion in the ranks even at the opening of the battle, while the wearied Frenchmen were entirely unequal to the conflict. At three o'clock in the afternoon some of Philip's hired Genoese drew their bows upon the English, but as the very elements had conspired against them, a shower of rain had wetted and relaxed their bow-strings and the arrows fell short of their foes. Not so was it with the English, who did such execution in return that the Genoese fell back only to be trampled upon by the advancing cavalry, and from that moment the French ranks were in inextricable confusion.

King Edward, holding his division in reserve, looked upon the battle from a hill at a little distance, and his hopes centered upon his son who was in the thickest of the fight, showing valor which proved him not unworthy of his warrior-father. At one time he seemed sorely pressed, so that the Earl of Warwick rode off to the king, beseeching him to hasten to his son's relief. But when he heard that that son was neither slain nor wounded, he still held aloof, believ-



ing him to be equal to the task of conquering, and willing that the whole glory of the day should belong to him. Philip was no less brave than his adversaries, but the day was lost; at evening he allowed himself to be led off the field, sadly and in despair. Two kings, eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, fourteen hundred gentlemen, four thousand men-at-arms, and thirty thousand of inferior rank, were left upon the field; while at the roll-call of the English, incredible though the difference may seem, there were absent only one esquire and three knights, with very few of the common men. One would think that Edward might have been content and have afforded to show mercy; but that was a word not in his vocabulary, and in the fog of the next morning he even erected French standards and then slaughtered the straggling troops who rallied about them. From the old blind King of Bohemia, who had ridden into the battle strapped to an attendant upon either side, and who was found with his guides, all dead, the Black Prince took the three white plumes which adorned his helmet, and adopted them for his crest, with the motto, "Ich dieu"—"I serve." They have been worn by the Prince of Wales ever since, and are even now the distinguishing mark of Victoria's eldest son.

Great as this victory was, Edward was too prudent to march immediately upon the capital. Had he known Philip to be, he was aware that the necessity for defense against a foreign foe will often heal all civil dissensions; and having gained a foothold in the country, having taken Calais, through whose gates he could at any time admit his men into France, he returned to his own country to await a more suitable opportunity for his next attack.

This occurred after the lapse of ten years, when the Prince of Wales entered France with an army estimated by no historian as greater than twelve thou-

sand. Philip, meanwhile, had been succeeded by his son John, a sort of Don Quixote, without that hero's noble qualities. Imaginative, fantastic, living in a sort of dream-land peopled with knights and 'squires, utterly heedless of the lesson which Cressy might have taught the French, that the real strength of an army, as of a nation, is "a line of yeomen good," it is no wonder that the story of Cressy was repeated and intensified at Poitiers.

As before, the French had immensely superior numbers; as before, the English were wise in their choice of position. But this time, had the King of France known how to use his power; had he surrounded the enemy, as he might have done, and cut off their supplies of provisions; had he been a good general as well as a brave fighter; had he had English foresight and prudence, in addition to, or even in place of, French ardor and impulse, he might almost have forced the Prince to surrender without a blow. Instead of this he rushed headlong into the conflict, rejecting with disdain offers of accommodation which Edward made through the Cardinal of Perigord, who, weary of bloodshed, would fain have acted as mediator; and the result was that the name of Poitiers was added to the English roll of honor.

Again the English, in three divisions, awaited the onset of the foe; again the French, upon advancing, were driven back in disorder; again, from that moment, it was a rout rather than a battle; and again the field was strewn with the flower of the French nobility, while King John himself only escaped with his life upon the condition of surrendering himself a prisoner of war. It is much pleasanter to contemplate the Black Prince after Poitiers than Edward III after Cressy. Slaughter was forbidden; exchanges were, in some cases, effected; and the picture of the treatment of the royal captive is one of the brightest in England's historic gal-

lery. He was entertained at the King's table as a guest; his entrance into London was like a royal progress, and although the Prince's position upon an inferior horse of meaner trappings seems an affectation, yet it pleased poor foolish John, and seemed to take away the bitterness of his captivity. He led an easy life in the Savoy Palace, making one visit to his native land, when propositions for peace were being entertained, but refusing to remain there unransomed, saying that if honor were banished from the whole earth, it should still be found in the heart of kings; and so returning once more, to die in England, in 1364, being followed to the grave, after a few years, by the Black Prince, who did not live to ascend the throne to whose brightness he had added so much military luster.

Richard I and Henry IV had more than enough to occupy them at home; but Henry V, after astonishing all the nation by casting off the dissipation and debauchery which had given him an unenviable notoriety as Prince of Wales, restored partial quiet to his country, and entered upon a career of conquest in France, so similar to Edward III's that it is hard to believe we are not reading the old story. He landed near Harfleur, besieged and took it, marched slowly on to Calais, somewhat harrassed by bodies of the enemy, but meeting no large opposing force until he crossed the little river of Ternois, when he was amazed, upon looking down from the heights, to perceive that the whole French army was drawn up on the plains of Ajincourt, and so posted that nothing could possibly prevent an almost immediate engagement. The French were four times his number, and nothing but the recol-

lection of Cressy and Poitiers could have kept the English hearts from sinking at the prospect; as it was, however, they nerved themselves to the contest, and prepared, at least, to give the French a hardly-earned victory.

For the third time the English were in the best position; for the third time French impetuosity cost them the day. They insisted upon an immediate engagement, and they were speedily routed, with the loss of ten thousand slain and fourteen thousand prisoners; many, both slain and imprisoned, being of very high rank. The English losses are said, by some, not to have exceeded forty—though the statements range from that to sixteen hundred; at all events, compared with the French losses, they were inconsiderable, if not insignificant. Nevertheless Henry's victory was *only* the battle; England gained nothing from the war, and the crown-jewels and the king's private property were pawned in order to meet the expenses of the campaign.

The French learned from these battles that the day of chivalry had passed away; that steady determination and discipline, exercised with regard to the people, would accomplish far more than burnished armor and having plumes and gilded trappings; yet even they failed to use the lesson rightly, and England reaped no lasting advantage from all these wars, which were undertaken in vainglory, and carried no real progress with them.

It is a sad, sad picture; and it is impossible for us to realize the suffering that was brought upon the people of both victor and vanquished by the emulation and self-aggrandizing schemes of their respective monarchs.

AN IDLE MYTH.

BY OCTOBER.

IN the dim religious past, when man still heard in Nature the voices of an outer life, there lived a little sprite in the land nearest the sun. Down beneath the yellow, juicy roots of a tree was hidden the rounded hollow rock that made her home; its ceiling glittering bravely with many a pendulous crystal; a restless goblin, bent on improving the state of nature, had rubbed the floor till its glassy surface was smooth enough for foot of tenderest baby sprite. Industrious ants had labored up the channel which ran down to the surface of the stream, with a grooved and pink-tinged shell, that made the couch of fairy Fin. A humming-bird had filled the shell with moss, and a frolicsome breeze had carelessly dropped some thistle-down for its pillow. Nor was her table unsupplied. Near by a busy bee hid from the outer world its store of honey; a frisky squirrel dropped at her door his richest nut kernels, while a morose mole burrowed outlets for her to the high world above, and brought her, besides, many delicious fruits. The rain slid down to fill her tiny reservoir; and the vine, clinging about the tree, distilled its sweet, refreshing life into her wine cup—a cup carved by an elf from a burning carbuncle. And all for what? For naught, that I can say, except for her own sweet self, for her loveliness' sake, that all things to her did minister. For this small, happy being had never even heard of *duties* or of burdens. Responsibility was far too great a word for her to grasp. She did not even study to do good. But in the fullness of her pure and simple life, she sang her merry songs by day, and slept her smiling sleep at night. She fed on the dainties of the fairy, with no thought of hunger for the

morrow. But she gratefully thanked the bee, when she saw it; inquired after the squirrel's children, when he called; and sang to the mole because he was blind and could not see her smile. She loved all things, not excepting the bright-eyed lizard that often came up after his noonday bath in the stream below. Nor did she fear the gliding serpent, whose lifted crest and shining scales often paused before her door. With gentle humility and loving trust she received from each his gift. She did not even turn away from the attempt of the gruff gnome to make her *useful*; "For," said that enterprising spirit as he was starting one morning for his regular toil, "she must be doing something; doing! doing! What's living without doing?" So, pushing aside the silken webs which a thoughtful spider had woven for her door, and, coming in, he lectured her severely upon her idleness, and ended by suggesting that his own *great coat* had need of repairs. Gentle Fin, though somewhat dismayed at the task, gladly consented. But, when it was brought to her, the needle was far too large to be grasped by her slender fingers, and the coat she could not possibly lift. She sat down really wretched for the first time in her life, and waited the gnome's return in fear.

The humming-bird buzzed busily above, the squirrel brought his ripest nuts, the mole opened a new window up to the sunlight, the tree roots filled the air with aromatic odor, and the vine expressed her most delightful juice. She thanked them each; but still uncomfortable and in pain sat little Fin; nor was her grief lightened when the gnome came home. In his impatience he said:

"Of what use are you, any how? I work hard all day, and have nothing but what my toil brings, while even the serpent there serves you for nothing."

Patient little Fin made answer that "Surely she did not know. Indeed she had never thought that fairies were made for any thing in particular, unless to be glad. She was very, very sorry; indeed she feared she would never be happy again."

The gnome relented at her piteous complaint, and, by way of peace-making, gave her the exquisite diamond which he had found in a mine, and intended as a reward for her work. But through the night that followed Fairy Fin could not sleep, and the next morning was really ill; but she arose, meaning to learn to be useful. She would learn to sew, she thought; but no needles could be found small enough for her delicate grasp, and trying to push in and out the unwieldy things but made her grow sick and pale, as hour after hour passed. Besides, her attendants missed their smile and song, and ceaselessly begged her to give up the attempt. And this she had to do, as she grew fainter. A few days of such pain wasted her slight frame. The gnome visited her, and spent all his time seeking some new dainty to

tempt her appetite. But she hid her face on her downy pillow, and cried "I am of no use." Still she said such loving words to all her willing servants, she was so brave and cheerful, that for the joy they found in her presence they lingered by her side. They saw plainly that she was going from them. They tried to tell her about the upper world; but they knew so little of it themselves that she grew confused and only said:

"There is sunshine there, I know, for some of it has come down here. Perhaps I may be of use there," she added slowly.

Neither they nor she knew of the nest of birds in the tree above, one of whom was longing to receive his song spirit; but in the gladness of the new morning, while they mourned for her below, the gnome the loudest and longest of all, the waiting bird received her gift of song. And singing Fin was wiser in the new life than in the old; for a little child, whose heart was so like the birds that she knew its language, said the first words she sang were these:

To be, is better than to do;
To lowly be, is higher than to do humbly;
To noble be, is better than to do nobly;
To lovely be, is higher than to do bravely.

AT THE WINDOW.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

HOW nice it is to watch, beside the window,
The pleasant sights that one may often see;
I mean a body who has lots of leisure
And isn't always hard at work like me.
(Seven and five are twelve and eight is twenty:
Add three more, carry two and set down three.)

O what a cunning treasure of a baby!
It looks like that new crying-doll of mine;
And how its pretty French nurse seems to love it!
It must be very rich to dress so fine.
(Two and nine are eleven, and eight added
Make nineteen; two more fives make twenty-nine.)

Mamma is going out with sister Rachel;
 Oh dear, if I could only go! but then
 I merely am a wretched little school-girl,
 And Rachel's big and flirts with gentlemen.
 (Add two to six, and that is eight, and two more
 Make ten; and add a pair of nines to ten.)

Before I get to be a grown young lady
 There are so many stupid years to meet.
 O there's an organ grinder and a monkey—
 Isn't the monkey's jacket just *too* sweet!
 (Add up the sum's last column quite correctly,
 And when it's finished—run across the street.)

RUTH DEANE'S BIRTHDAY.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

RUTH DEANE sat by the window, one bright day in June, drawing lovingly through her fingers a tiny gold chain. It was her tenth birthday, and when she came down to breakfast she found on her plate this exquisite gold chain, with a dainty little heart attached to it. It was just long enough to clasp round her neck. But she could not yet spare it out of her sight long enough to wear it. It was a gift from Uncle Will, her especial favorite, and of course more valuable on that account.

"Ruth," said Mrs. Deane, who was sewing by the other window, "do you remember the bottle of gold dust that your Uncle Will showed us when he first came home?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Ruth. "I used to like so much to shake it about."

"Well, your chain and heart are made of part of that very gold."

"Oh! are they, mamma?"

"Yes, and you must always remember that Uncle Will himself got that gold out of the dirt."

"Did he have it made, mamma?" asked Ruth.

"He gave me the gold and I had it made," said mamma.

"Oh! did you, mamma? Where?"

"At a factory where they do such things."

"Did you see them do it?" asked Frank eagerly, looking up from the boat he was shaping.

"I saw it begun," answered Mrs. Deane; but it took too long to make the whole chain. I could not stay so long."

"Do tell me all about it!" exclaimed Ruth. I want to know everything about my dear little chain from the time it was tiny specs of gold, away down in the dark ground."

"Well, I needn't tell you how it came into Uncle Will's bottle, need I?" asked Mrs. Deane, smiling.

"Oh! no; I remember all that. Take it up when you gave it to the factory-man."

"The first thing done to it in the factory was to weigh it; and the next thing was to put it into a small crucible—"

"What's that?" asked Ruth.

"I know," said Frank. "Fred Town's got some. They're just cups to melt things in."

"Yes," said Mrs. Deane, "they are shaped something like a thimble, and are made of very tough materials, so they will stand an intense heat."

"Well," said Frank, "they melted the gold up, did they?"

"They put the gold dust into a cruci-

ble, as I said, and with it a little silver and a little copper."

"Oh! what for, mamma?"

"Because pure gold is too soft. It would wear off very fast, and bend with the least pressure."

"Well, then, I'm glad it's in," said Ruth, "though it would be nicer if it had nothing but Uncle Will's gold."

"The crucible was put into a very hot coal fire, and in a few minutes gold, silver, and copper were all melted together. The man then took a pair of tongs, lifted it out, and poured the mass into a mould."

"What shape was the mould?" asked Frank, who felt an interest in moulds, because he was very much given to melting lead and running it into various shapes that he dug out of wood with a jack-knife.

"The mould was in the shape of a bar. It came out in a minute a tiny bar of gold."

"I should have liked it best in that shape," said Frank.

"It didn't stay very long in that shape," mamma went on. "It went at once to the rolling machine."

"What is the rolling machine, mamma?" asked Ruth.

"Is it like the rolling mills?" asked Frank, eagerly, "where papa took me to see them make railway tracks?"

"It is the same idea. The gold bar goes between several heavy rollers, and comes out a long, thin ribbon."

"It must be hard work to do that," said Ruth.

"It is hard, but it is done by steam-power, and looks as easy as rolling out dough. To make the rivet to hold the links together, a little of the ribbon was drawn into wire."

"Oh! how, mamma?"

"The man who makes the wire has a steel plate with holes in it of all sizes, from the size of quite a large wire down to the size of a fine needle. This plate is fastened to a bench, so as to be steady.

The workman takes a small strip of the gold, sharpens the end, and puts it through one of the larger holes a little smaller than it is itself. He then takes hold of the end that is through the hole with pinchers, and just draws the strip of gold through by main strength. Of course, that makes it into a wire. So he goes on, drawing it through smaller holes every time, till it is the size he wants to make."

"Does it take long, mamma?"

"It took only a few minutes to draw the little that your chain needed. The next thing was to cut out the links of the chain, which was done by the neatest little machine I ever saw. The thin ribbon of gold was put in at one end, and snapped off into links faster than I can tell it."

"How funny it must be to see that!" said Ruth.

"Yes. It is very curious and wonderful to see."

"Did you see them put the links together?" asked Frank.

"I saw them polished next, by holding against a wheel, and then I followed them to the making-up room."

"Mamma, I should think they'd have to have very honest workmen, or they might steal a lot of gold."

"They are very careful to weigh every grain they give to a workman, and he is obliged to give back the same weight. Those who make up the chains are mostly girls, and I saw yours made for about an inch before I went to see the heart made."

"Did you see that made, mamma?"

"Yes. A man took a piece of the gold ribbon left from cutting the links, and put it into a sort of a stamping machine. Down came the stamp and cut out one-half of the heart; then, in a moment, the other half. The two halves were then taken to another machine, and shaped at one blow."

"Shaped? Didn't the first machine shape it?"

"No. The first machine only cut them out. They were flat as possible, and the second machine rounded them up."

"Oh, yes!"

"Then, after they were fastened together, and the little ring put in at the top, which I didn't see, as I was examining various ways of making gold chains, they took it to the chasers."

"Oh, mamma! what a funny name! What do they do?"

"They make all the engraved work—called chasing. You see your name is on one side."

"Yes; and the date."

"Well, the chasers do this. The one I looked at had a small box of cement, which was soft. He pressed the heart down into it till you could only see one side. When it got hard—the cement, I mean—it held the heart perfectly steady, and he cut all the little figures in it, as well as your name, which I wrote for him."

"How did he get it out of the cement?"

"He softened it by heat, and then put the other side down so he could engrave the back."

"Was that all, mamma?"

"No; they had yet to be polished. The polishers' room was a funny place, the walls all hung with loose papers."

"What for?" asked Frank.

"To catch the fine particles of gold which the polishing wheels fling all over the room."

"I don't see how they get it off, such tiny atoms of gold!" said Frank.

"They do it easily enough. They burn the paper, and get the gold out of the ashes. They also make the workmen, or workwomen—for the polishers were all women—wash faces, hands, and aprons before they go home, and thus get a great deal of gold from the settlements of the water. They need washing too, for the oil and stuff put on to the chains, to polish them, is all brushed off by the wheels—made of bristles—and settles all

over them, so they look as if they worked in a coal bin."

"They are done when they are polished, ain't they?"

"Yes, they're done; but they have a bath of hot soapsuds before they leave the factory, and a drying in a box of sawdust. Then they are packed and sent off; but this one was put in a little box and given to me when I went for it."

"Mamma, what was it grandma used to wear on her neck?" asked Ruth. "I can just remember a big chain—or something like gold."

"I know!" said Frank. "It was big gold beads! Didn't they look jolly!"

"They were solid gold," said mamma. "You see, in old times, it wasn't safe to put much money in banks—they had a trick of failing once in a while. So the girls used to put their spare money into solid gold beads, and always wear them. They were as good as money when one wanted the money, and perfectly safe if one didn't want it."

"No one else wore them—that I ever saw—when grandma did," said Frank.

"She did wear them long after they were out of fashion. She was attached to them, and couldn't bear to give them up."

"Did they make chains as big as yours, at that factory, mamma?" asked Ruth.

"Yes, and larger; but I read the other day of a gold chain that I guess was the largest ever made."

"How large was it?" asked Frank.

"It was as large as a man's wrist, and three hundred yards long."

"Oh, mamma! who made it?"

"One of the Incas of ancient Peru had it made to celebrate the birth of a son. A bigger birthday chain than yours, Ruth," said mamma, smiling.

"But I'd rather have mine," said Ruth, "for I'm sure I don't see what he could do with his; and I can wear mine."

"I'm sure I don't know what they did do with it," said mamma.

"They must have had lots of gold," said Frank.

"They had; even the kitchen utensils of the Inca's palace were all gold and silver."

"I'd like that," said Ruth.

"Wouldn't it be jolly?" said Frank.

"Do you suppose food would taste better cooked in a gold frying pan than

it does from an iron one?" asked Mrs. Deane, smiling.

"I don't know as it would. It tastes good enough out of an iron one," said Frank.

"But it would look so pretty," said Ruth.

MAY-DAY IN YE OLDEN TIME.

BY E. W. KEITH.

MANY of my young readers have doubtless heard of "going a-Maying," though in our changeable climate warm clothing and bright fires are generally much more comfortable on the first of May than the white dresses and sunrise rambles which the words suggest. But in the days of our ancestors, whether it was that the climate was warmer, or that they were less sensitive to the cold than we are, May-day was a time of great rejoicing, and every one joined in the out-of-door sports which celebrated the return of

"That swete and joyouse season."

In this country the May festivities seem never to have been much observed, and even in England they have long ago been abandoned; but in "the merry days of old" every village-green had its "May-pole, straight and tall," painted in bright colors, and adorned with flags and garlands. Sometimes it was part of the ceremonies for all the villagers to go out to the woods and cut down a tall tree to serve as the pole. Six or eight oxen were then harnessed to it, their horns tipped with gold paper, and their heads wreathed with flowers and ribbons, and all the villagers, in their holiday finery, joined in the procession that escorted it to the green. Here it was adorned with flowers and ribbons, and raised to its place

amid mirth and shouting, and the rest of the day was spent in dancing around it, and playing at various rustic games.

Some of these were known by the name of "Robin Hood Games," and all the members of Robin's famous troop of foresters were represented in the company. There was bold Robin himself, with his tunic of Lincoln green, a sheaf of arrows at his back, a bow in his hand, and "sword and dagger true" stuck in his belt; Little John, also in forester's dress; Maid Marian, with her bow and arrow, and her cap trimmed with May roses; and Friar Tuck, the chaplain of the jolly outlaws, in a monk's gown and hood, with a huge quarter-staff on his shoulder. The spectators were challenged to join with them in wrestling, shooting at a mark, and other trials of strength and skill.

Another character who always created a great sensation was the *hobby-horse*, personated by some peasant properly equipped, who galloped, paced, and trotted around, frisking and tossing his head, vastly to the amusement of the spectators. He was often accompanied by the *dragon* adorned with wings and tail, after the most approved fashion of such monsters, and hissing and yelling in a style that would have done credit to the guardian of the Golden Fleece, or the renowned victim of Saint George's bravery.

The assembly were always greatly delighted by this part of the exhibition, and testified their pleasure by shouts of laughter and applause.

But to the younger part of the community the most interesting part of the day's entertainment was the choosing and crowning of the Queen of May. The prettiest and sweetest maiden of the village was chosen to fill the throne, and it was considered a great honor. A bower covered with flowers was built for her near the May-pole, and she sat within it on a throne, with a crown and scepter also of flowers, to watch the proceedings of her subjects. Of course her Majesty was not expected to take any part in the games or dances, but when the day was done, it was her office to judge who had acquitted themselves best, and to distribute rewards to the winners. An old poet thus refers to this pretty custom:

"As I have seene the Ladye of the May
Set in an harbour
Built by the May-pole, where the jocund
 swaines
Dance with the maidens to the bagpipe's
 strains,
When envious night commands them to
 be gone,
Call for the merry yongsters one by one;
And for their well performance some dis-
 poses
To this a garland interwove with roses;
To that, a carved hooke, or well-wrought
 scrip;
Gracing another with her cherry lip;
To one her garter, to another then
Her handkerchief, cast o're and o're again;
And none returneth empty that hath spent
His paynes to fill their rurall merriment."

May Queens have long been out of date in England; but the relics of the custom still survive in some remote villages, where the children go about on May-day morning with a gaily-dressed doll, which they call "The Lady of the May," and a few little sticks trimmed up like May-poles, and beg pennies of all whom they meet. The beautiful white hawthorn blossoms are called May-flowers, and two or three hundred years ago it was the universal custom to go

out before the May-day sun rose to gather them and bring them home to adorn the doors and windows of the houses. Even kings and queens sometimes "went a-Maying." We read that in the time of King Henry the Eighth the Lord Mayor of London and all his officers "went to gather the May," and were met and escorted home by King Henry and Queen Katharine.

A kind of May-day carol, which is as old at least as the days of Queen Elizabeth, is still sung by the children in some English parishes. They go from house to house carrying hawthorn branches and singing a number of verses, of which the following are a specimen:

"We have been rambling all this night
And almost all this day,
And now returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

"A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands,
It is but a sprout, but it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

"The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower:
We are here to-day and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in one hour.

"The moon shines bright and the stars give
a light
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and
small,
And send you a merry May!"

Among all nations the return of Spring, with its life and beauty, is hailed with joy. The fragrant arbutus, which is called the May flower in New England, is generally out of bloom before May in the Middle States; but there are violets, blue, white, and yellow, Spring beauties, and green Jack-in-the-pulpits in shady places by the brooks, anemones and liverworts on the hill, and a hundred others, each perfect in its kind, and all telling eloquently of the love and power of Him who made them. And birds, blossoms, and breezes, all joining in chorus, unite in wishing to all "a joyful May."

OUR MISCELLANY.

"BE SHORT."—*Cotton Mather.*

OUR THIRD VOLUME.—With the issue of the present number we complete our third volume. The commendations of the press, and of friends in private, which pour in upon us from all sides, assure us that in many respects we are making steady advances in favor and in usefulness. Our subscribers are scattered over the whole land, from Maine and Vermont to California and Oregon, from Louisiana and Mississippi to Minnesota. In the meantime, we hope those of our subscribers who are in arrears for the present year, will send us in their subscriptions *promptly*, as the year is half gone, and we are under constant and heavy expenses. Our terms are *in advance*. We especially urge our friends to notice that we send to *one old and one new* subscriber for *five* dollars. By finding some friend to share thus with you in the benefits of OUR MONTHLY, you will reduce your own subscription price materially. If we could afford to do so, we would gladly furnish free to all our friends, healthful and pure literature to shut out, in some measure, the largely increasing tide of materialism and half-concealed, half-revealed infidelity and questioning of great essential truths of the Word of God, which the daily and the unevangelical presses are pouring forth to flood our whole land. What will the next generation do, if the minds of our youth are filled with doubts and disrespect for the revealed Truth, imbibed unconsciously from these streams flowing by every wayside?

A CHICAGO SIDE-SHOW.—The *Examiner*, a Chicago Review, published in the inter-

est of Liberal Christianity, in an article to its subscribers and friends in its April number, thus announces a portion of the contents of the succeeding issue: "Other articles will be '*Robert Collier on Balaam's Ass,*' &c." This seems a modest way of comparing Brother Collier to Balaam; the editor we presume, personating Balak, badly wanting to have Israel cursed. Our "liberal" brethren are truly the Balaams and Balaks of the day. As such an article as this is rare in this country, we modestly suggest that it be adequately illustrated. We knew the resources of our sister city to be very great, and many of its acquisitions decidedly original; but we were not previously informed that with its numerous and various importation of foreign stock, it had added this ancient and valuable beast to its stables. We are glad to know that he is in liberal keeping and in good, not to say congenial, company. When we visit Chicago, in the Assembly times, we shall keep our eyes well open for this interesting sight of "*Robert Collier on Balaam's Ass.*" But truth to say, much as we respect Mr. Collier, we had a little rather see old Balaam himself on his own beast. Can not the editor of the *Examiner* strain a point, and make the show perfect, while he is at it?

WOMAN AGAIN, AND HER "RIGHTS."—"The only right woman has is the right to a natural protector; give her that, and the rest will follow." This passage from the *London Times*, which occurs in some remarks on the proceedings of the National Woman Suffrage Association of England, has been the subject of various comments.

On the one hand it is stigmatized as an exponent of masculine selfishness; and on the other, as taking away from women their moral responsibility. One who takes the latter view of it says, that in the law of the Creator "it is written that no protector can shield woman from the result of her own sin and folly; no protector can give her the security which is the reward only of honest endeavor; or take from her the responsibilities which are hers." While this is certainly true, it is also true that the protector may prevent the sin and folly, may secure opportunity for the honest endeavor, and may furnish an undergirding support for bearing the responsibilities. The sentence from the *Times* might, indeed, be improved by changing the last clause so as to read, "give her that and she will wish for nothing more."

At the same time it is evident to most who are willing to allow that the Creator has any thing to do with this and other things of human interest, that man was not made to be woman's protector, but woman to be man's helper. The Scriptures themselves tell us that "the man was not created for the woman, but the woman for the man." However the pride of womankind may rebel against it, there it stands, and there is no comfort but in submission. No amount of rebellious feeling can make it otherwise. And if rights are based on Divine appointment, it is only inherently that woman's claim for even a protector can come in. The protectorship springs up as a natural consequence of woman's greater delicacy of organization and less physical strength. In a perfect state of society nothing more would be necessary to the harmonious working of the blended interests of the two sexes. If man had continued in his first estate, we should not have the ugly fact that he has made his primal precedence as well as his physical pre-eminence (we will waive the question of mental equality for the present) excuses for selfishness and tyranny. But as he did not so continue, we must do the best we can with him as he is, and with woman too, who lost in the fall an equal proportion of her perfections.

That little mistake made a great disturb-

ance in human affairs. With it the jumble began, in which we now find women clamoring for men's prerogatives, and men trying to drive them off with the not always just cry, "Ye are idle, ye are idle; get ye to your burdens." But for it, perhaps, no woman would be left without her own special protector, and no man be borne down by the weight of seven women seeking to be placed under the covert of his sheltering name. Of this we may be certain, that if all women were happily married, the question of their "rights" would never enter their heads. And if all men were happily married, it is almost as certain that they would have no wish contrary to the comfort and satisfaction of their wives.

But that little two-lettered monosyllable—a tiny, but impregnable barrier—if—comes between the human race and a whole ocean of happiness. All are not married, and all who are do not find happiness in being so. The maladjustments which have grown out of the first sin have disturbed the balance of the sexes, and many women are left unmated. And the selfishness and ill-temperances which have sprung from the same root, have left it a doubtful question, in many minds, whether these unmated ones are not better off than those whom it is the fashion to consider more fortunate. At any rate, the question of an individual protector for each woman is set aside by this state of things, and it can not be denied that an instinct of humanity should, as it does, impel the stronger sex to establish a general protectorate over women as such. It needs to be stronger and more efficient than it now proves itself, as every thing good needs to be improved in this degenerate world; but such as it is, it is of value, and devoutly do we hope that woman will not despise it, and throw it off in willfulness, and leave herself exposed to her enemies; and that man will continue patient and conciliating, and protect and defend her, even though she may seem ungrateful, just as a wise parent does not discontinue the care which the willful child is silly enough to scorn.

AMELIA LEFFERTS.

A DAY OF RAIN.

O morn of mist! O weary day,
 That knoweth not thy monarch's face!
 The clouds droop downward cold and gray,
 Veiling the fair blue fields of space.
 And all day long the constant rain
 Hath fallen with a sound of woe;
 The wild wind sings a sad refrain,
 Swaying the tree-tops to and fro.
 And oh! my life is like the day—
 So evermore my tear-drops fall;
 So lower life's shadows o'er the way,
 And drop around me like a pall.
 But from the day's deep grief, behold!
 The grass has caught a deeper hue;
 The buds on shrub and tree unfold,
 And show sweet blossoms peeping through.
 So 'neath my life's o'ershadowed sky
 Shall faith and hope take deeper root,
 To bloom in beauty, by and by,
 And bear hereafter golden fruit.

ANNETTA DARR.

LAWYERS AND MINISTERS.—Dr. Parker, the author of "Ad Clerum," makes the following sensible remarks with reference to the analogy which is sometimes attempted between the oratory of the bar and the pulpit: "It has been complained that the minister does not often compare favorably with the barrister; the appeals of the former are said to be inferior to those of the latter, and the effect is considered to suffer proportionately. Without going into the argument, which might be justly founded upon the difference of subjects which engage the attention of the respective speakers, it may be enough to refer to two or three points which destroy the tenableness of the analogy. Are our hearers bound upon oath to listen to us, and to give their verdict before leaving the church? Set a barrister to expound an act of parliament eighteen hundred years old; let him address the jury upon it twice every week in the year; let each juror pay five shillings a quarter for a seat in the jury-box; let the barrister call upon the jury for a monthly collection to enable other barristers to expound the same act of parliament to other juries; when the court-room falls out of repair let the jury

be called upon to pay for its restoration; and when the barrister has thus put himself upon an outside equality with the minister, let him have five years work, then five more; let him double the ten and add five, and then we shall see how he compares for freshness, variety, and power, with a painstaking minister of Jesus Christ."

AN EARTHQUAKE-PROOF CHURCH.—

Since the great earthquakes, two years since, in California, it has become a serious problem how to make their houses sufficiently substantial to resist or to be safe, in case of the recurrence of shocks. We learn, that in San Francisco, the Roman Catholics are building an "earthquake-proof church" called, of course, St. Patrick's—for if any man is so utterly imperturbable as to defy an earthquake it is certainly Pat. The sidewalls of this building are only thirty feet high. From these "a roof rises which, with the main roof, is supported independently of the walls by two rows of pillars inside. Both roofs are firmly bound to the pillars, which are fastened together by iron cross-beams secured by heavy bolts, forming a network of great strength." In case of earthquake the roof would be launched off by the pillars, as a vessel is launched from her stays, falling eighty feet from the way, thus giving the worshipers a chance to escape with their lives. We should not, however, choose to reside in the neighborhood where property will likely be considerably depreciated. For we would not know when the papal anathema, in the shape of a big roof, might not be shied sideways at our Protestant dwellings. From present appearances Rome will have to make her church earthquake-proof by some other method. For, as Mrs. Browning said, the old giant is writhing in pain beneath Italy; St. Peter's shakes, and the castle of St. Angelo is in danger. As to our Protestant churches we need no such invention as this San Francisco structure. Judging from appearances, many of them seem to have been long-earthquake-proof, and it will take something more than that to make them stir. But if they could launch their roofs occasionally, it would be a blessing.

ABOUNDING INIQUITY—WANING PIETY. Are these to give character to the latter days? So the Lord Jesus distinctly informs us, Math. xxiv: 12. Stern realities forbid visionary theories. The characteristics of these days are before us. Where are the spirituality, the deadness to the world, the abiding sense of eternal things, which should mark the Church's character? Where the hope, the joy, the gratitude, the consecration, which should distinguish the children of God? Is not the Church in close communion with the world? Is not her spirituality decayed? Is not the pulpit largely in bondage to the world; do not the people like to have it so; and does not the demand for intellectual and sensational preaching, that so extensively prevails, prove a vitiated taste, if it does not prove an emasculated Gospel?

Much of the preaching of the day is vague, sapless, lifeless; and much of the religion of the day is weak, without unction, without depth, many having but the form of godliness, and not a few following the Lord afar off.

In apostolic days the sinner who believed in Jesus, at once rejoiced in conscious acceptance; in these days, months and years only suffice to bring to what is termed an humble hope. In apostolic days faith was a matter of personal consciousness; in these days faith is so much wrapped in mystery that it becomes a question of painful uncertainty, and therefore the soul is in a state of constant unrest. The summing up of the good qualities we find in us, our thoughts, feelings, exercises, graces, are now considered the true way of peace; in the apostle's days Christ was the sinner's peace, and the word of God the warrant to so regard Him. And with such a departure from the simplicity of the Gospel, is it to be wondered at that the religion of the day should be wanting in power; that a bustling activity should be substituted for the energies of the new life, and a morbid Pharisaism for the obedience of faith.

M. A. F.

HILLTOP LETTER—FASHIONABLE CALLING.—*Dear Miscellany:* In our last note to

you we referred casually to that modern invention called "fashionable calling." We regret to say, in thinking upon the subject, that its prevalence is not confined to mere city life. But you will find its superlative degree in the large cities, and this is the way they do it: Two hours or more spent in prinking themselves up to the height of the last folly extreme, "dressed to death" or "to kill;" with ribbons and flowers, streamers and flounces, silks and satins; all the hair, original and borrowed, they can conveniently support on their necks; immaculate gloves, wafer slippers, the daintiest sunshade, and all the airs of the first maid of the queen. Then to the carriage, with a big man in front and a little man behind, both dressed like militia generals—the effect being greatly heightened if these attendants be persons of color; horses glistening in harness and mountings; the coach shiny as the face of a hypocrite, and lined within with satin cushions of the best quality—a sort of quadrilateral bed for the encouragement of idleness and relaxation; all of the establishment ministering to vanity and pride and folly, as if earth were heaven and women were divinities indeed. Thus gorgeously equipped and accoutered, the princess enters, is driven to the enormous distance of the fourth door on the same block; the little general dismounts, takes a tiny card in his gloved fingers, mounts the stone steps of the stone front, pulls the bell in a gentlemanly way, and, upon the appearance of a servant, hands in the card; receives the answer that Mrs. Wealthy is not at home, or begs to be excused, or is very much engaged, or feels indisposed to-day; which means that she doesn't want to see Mrs. Folly who has called, and whose carriage she has discerned standing at the door as she has peeped through the lace curtains. Very well! Mrs. Folly does not want to see her either—glad in her heart she didn't see her; draws a breath of relief. *One call made!*

The same door-performance at the third house beyond. This time, Mrs. Foggy is in; so Mrs. Folly alights—is shown in. Then

enters Madame Foggy: "So glad to see you; beautiful day—charming weather we are having! Were you at the concert? Ah! Mrs. Folly, how I envy your leisure! Can hardly find time to dress. Must you go? Good morning." Time:—four minutes. Degree of friendliness:—zero. Amount of sense:—nothing. Carriage re-entered—an-other breath drawn: "That call is made!"

And so Mrs. Folly circulates, and makes forty calls in one afternoon. Splendid time! Calls all paid up but two hundred and fifty!

Now, absurd as all this may seem, we don't do very much better in the village, only in a modest way: "Oh! I haven't been to see Mrs. Tongs for ever so long. She'll be really put out if I don't come! I'll just run over and see her a little while." So you go. She is baking, or holding the baby, or mending the husband's coat, or just sewing generally; for when women haven't any thing else to do they *sew*. You take off your sun-bonnet and sit down. How do you do? You ask after the children, the chickens, the flowers, the garden, the cow, the price of prints, the trouble the

children make. Do they learn any thing at school? Have you any new dresses? How are you going to make them; the sewing machine? Do you take *Our Monthly*? And so you plunge through the course of a half-hour's gossip just as a matter of duty. What good does it all do? When you come away do you feel any better? Has the time been well spent? Is Mrs. Tongs any more comfortable? Have you lifted any of her trials or borne any of her burdens for her?

A shame on this caricature of human intercourse! When so much might be done by injecting a sincere purpose, an honest desire to do good, a loving sympathy into your communion! How much we might do if we only entered into our neighbors' houses with the resolve to lighten their hearts, and to point them to duty, and to cheer them on in the way, in which they meet so many difficulties! Fashionable calling is mere heart-pickling. But the same time and the same trouble, properly employed, might bless souls for long days to come. I am yours truly,

STIFF BREEZE.

THE SAME OLD HASH.

A stranger and spouse strayed into St. Luke's,
And followed the minister clear through;
Said the man to his wife, "I'd like to come here—"
Said the woman, "I think this will do."

"We have no set place," said the man to his wife,
"In the which to attend Sunday meeting—"
"Well, let us come hither," the female replied,
"Shall we go give the preacher a greeting?"

He waited for this, at the head of the pew,
Till the people should pass down the aisle,
But as they moved by he heard a man growl—
"Just the same dry old hash, all the while."

Then the stranger he turned to his partner and said,
"Suppose, dear, we postpone the occasion;"
And they strode out the pew, through the door and away,
And took seats in a new congregation.

The moral: If one would help "gather them in,"
Let him blare out his wise comments freely,
And the hearers will bow to his critical taste,
And respond—"Well, 'twas poor preaching, really."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Life and Letters of Hugh Miller. By PETER BAYNE, M. A., author of "The Christian Life. In two volumes. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard & Co. There is sadness in the thought that these are probably the last volumes we shall have concerning the stonemason of Cromarty. There is, however, a fund of pleasure and profit to all the readers of Hugh Miller's works in these volumes, by one who knew him so well and appreciated him so thoroughly. A biography is successful in proportion as it conceals the writer and takes the reader into the inner life of its subject. Mr. Bayne stands aside and shows us Hugh Miller. To the admiration we felt before there is now added the warmth of a personal friendship. We love the grandest self-made man of Scotland; and we understand, better than before, how the man overflowed his work. He is greater than his books or his science. The heroism, whose existence gleams in all he does, overtops also all his achievements. He is the man—Hugh Miller—to be admired for his diligence, his courage, his genius; to be loved for the rugged, earnest manhood that glorified his every undertaking and relation in life.

The volumes before us constitute a very important contribution to literature. Long may they keep alive the memory of the most sinewy Scot since the days of John Knox.

The Times of Daniel. By HENRY W. TAYLOR, LL. D. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. This volume contains an able and interesting discussion of the great prophetic problems of the Book of Daniel. The design of the argument is to ascertain, if possible, the duration of the several periods indicated by the prophet-priest in the expressions: "A time,

times, and half a time"; "1260," "1290," "1335," and "2300" days. The argument, in the main, is new and quite ingenious, in parts far-fetched we are inclined to think. We can not, of course, give even an outline of the work in this brief notice. The scope of the argument is seen in the author's purpose to ascertain, if possible, the time (1) of the end of the Roman Hierarchy, (2) of the disappearance of the Mahometan delusion, at least from the Holy Land, (3) of the restoration of the Jews, (4) of the coming of our Lord, and (5) of the beginning of the Millennium. The author places the close of our dispensation in the year A. D. 1942. The book will interest and instruct, even if it does not convince.

Fresh Leaves in the Book and Its Story. By L. N. R. New York: R. Carter & Bro. For Sale by Sutton & Scott, Cincinnati, O. (Illustrated.) A beautifully printed work upon a subject of surpassing interest, and from the pen of the author of the well-known "Missing Link." It contains a great deal of information respecting the Bible not accessible, we presume, to the mass of readers, presented in a clear and simple way, and admirably adapted to stimulate to further studies in the divine oracles. We are quite sure that all of our readers who have the author's "Book and its Story" will get also the "Fresh Leaves."

The Union Bible Companion. Containing the evidences of the divine origin, preservation, credibility, and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures; an account of various manuscripts and English translations; all the books and the chief doctrines of the Bible, and plans of Christian work; with a copious analytical index. By S. AUSTIN

ALLIBONE. Philadelphia; American Sunday School Union. For sale by Geo. Crosby, 41 W. Fourth st., Cincinnati. Price \$1 25. We have given the crowded title page of this book as indicating sufficiently the field it aims to travel. The first impulse is to say there is a sad disproportion between the breadth of the title and the size of the work. Of course, no one book could go thoroughly over one-fourth of the ground covered by these three hundred pages. But we must remember its object. "A manual for Bible classes, whether in churches or families, which should also serve as a popular compendium of Divinity for our missionaries and teachers, has long been a desideratum." This book aims to supply the want. "A little learning is" not "a dangerous thing," but a good deal of ignorance is. If this book shall be a stimulus by suggesting questions which its compass does not allow it to answer—if it shall so be the stepping-stone to a wider study—it will be helpful to the cause of religion.

Genesis of Species. By ST. GEORGE MIVART, F. R. S., New York; D. Appleton & Co. R. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

This is one of the manifold responses called forth by the celebrated "Origin of Species" of Mr. Darwin, none of whose reviewers, to say the least, have approached him in learning and ability. Mr. Mivart is very respectful and honest in his response, and shows thorough knowledge of his subject; and we think he makes it plain again as Agassiz has before, that the theory of "natural selection" is not competent to the demands of the case. He holds that the genesis of species is through the operation of laws not yet discovered, and, probably, "through laws which may be most conveniently spoken of as special powers and tendencies existing in organisms." He supposes the organic world formed "by the force of indwelling laws, rather than by the accident of struggling individuals and the survival of the fittest," the Creator working through the laws of nature already established. Mr. Mivart's theory is professedly consistent with orthodox religious views, and is carefully guard-

ed in its wording against any seeming opposition to the acknowledged truths of revelation and their explanations as generally received. There has naturally been great timidity in regard to these views of Darwin and his followers or modifiers, increased by the singular reticence of style and hesitancy of conclusion which is so prominent a trait of this "great natural selection" of humanity. This volume, if not proving wholly satisfactory as we judge, will at least, help to clear away some of the rubbish which has gathered about the subject.

Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1871.—Edited by Prof. JOHN TROWBRIDGE, etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.

This annual resume of the progress of scientific knowledge is one of the most welcome books that finds its way to our table. It presents detailed and accurate accounts of the various inventions and discoveries during the year, and no one can keep pace with the wonderful progress of the times without possessing some such volume as this. In glancing over it we find articles upon the Hoosac Tunnel, the Broadway Underground Railroad, the St. Louis Bridge, the Loss of the British Iron-clad "Captain," Telegraphic Cables, The Mechanical Formation of Ice, and so on through the range of mechanics and the useful arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Geology, Biology, Astronomy, Geography, etc. The volume is printed in excellent style, uniform with former volumes, and is a scientific vade mecum.

Cruden's Complete Concordance. DODD & MEAD. New York: Geo. E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.

In issuing a new edition of Cruden's great work, the publishers have determined to put it upon the basis of large sales and small profits, and so bring it within the reach of all, including any who have been induced by difference in price to purchase either of the numerous abridgments of the complete work. Though now one of the very cheapest books published, it is not poorly made, but is well printed on fine paper and neatly and substantially bound. The sur-

passing value of this Concordance is acknowledged by all the ministry. It should be in every family for the sake of the children, if not for the parents, rendering it easy to find any particular verse by its prominent words. As a help to the study of the Scriptures it has no rival.

Musings Over the Christian Year, etc. By CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Miss Yonge had special facilities for long and familiar intercourse with Rev. John Keble, Vicar of Hursley, in Hampshire; and her reminiscences of the sweet poet's home and life are of unusual interest. They are written, too, by one in fullest sympathy with the subject and the man. Keble was the Poet of "the Church;" and the "Musings, etc.," are full of the odors of churchliness. That Keble was a poet of rare genius, however, all must admit. "The Christian Year" is the work which has made his name and fame. We do not wonder at this, though we can not wholly indorse the commendation of Professor Wilson who says: "We peruse his book in a tone and temper of spirit similar to that which is breathed on us by some calm day in spring, when

'Heaven and earth do make one imagery,' and all that imagery is serene and still—cheerful in the main, yet with a touch and tinge of melancholy which makes all the blended bliss and beauty at once more endearing and profound. We should no more think of criticising such poetry than of criticising the clear blue skies, the soft green earth, the 'liquid lapæ' of an unpolluted stream, that

'Doth make sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every flower
It overtaketh on its pilgrimage.'"

To our readers who desire to learn more of the gifted poet, we commend the "Musings, etc.," of Miss Yonge.

The Daisy Chain. By Miss YONGE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols.

A novel by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe," designed to trace the effects of

those aspirations which are a part of every youthful nature. Miss Yonge has been a prolific writer of the High Church School, enforcing in some of her works the peculiar opinions of that school. It is said the entire profits of this work, amounting to ten thousand dollars, were given to the erection of a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand.

THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD, through Sutton & Scott, send us three unusually excellent volumes for the Sabbath-school.

Mark Thoresby; or, the Evangelist among the Indians. A Narrative of the 17th Century.

This tale of missionary life was published some years ago in an English magazine. "Except in the names of persons and places, and in the collocation of events, this volume claims to be a life-like and true sketch of early missionary labors among the North American aborigines. Although placed in new combinations, and woven into the form of a narrative, the leading incidents were carefully drawn from the lives and labors of Eliot, Brainerd, and their predecessors and contemporaries. The volume is now published in the earnest hope it may aid the growth of a truly missionary spirit among the youth of the present generation and those who may come after us."

Lessons of Experience; or, Tales from Real Life. Riches Without Wings, illustrated by Lessons from Life.

These two volumes are republications from the English, as we judge, of moral and religious stories of the better kind. The former contains eight and the latter ten of these. They will doubtless be interesting to youth, and impress lessons for good upon them.

ROBERT CARTER & BROS., through Sutton & Scott, send us a new volume by JOANNA H. MATHEWS, author of the "Bessie Books" and the "Flowerets," entitled *Dora's Motto*. This motto was, "Live as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous." This lady is one of the sweetest, tenderest, gentlest, and most sympathetic writers for children. Her books are all eagerly sought

for by the older folks as soon as they make their appearance in our household, and we would not dare, in the face of this home applause, make any deprecating comments if we felt inclined. But the fact is, for a resting hour, the editor likes to run through these books, and see the human nature in them, as well as the rest of the folks.

The Wonders of the Heavens. By CAMILLE FLAMMARION. From the French, by Mrs. NORMAN LOCKYER. Charles Scribner & Co., New York. For sale by George E. Stevens & Co., 39 West Fourth st., Cincinnati. We shall reach the end of our laudatory adjectives if many more of this charming Library of Wonders make demands on our vocabulary. In all moderate truth, we regard every one of these books as worthy a place in every youth's library; and we regard the astronomical volume now before us as one of the very best. Its forty-eight illustrations are in the best style, and its popularized descriptions of the science, most attractive to all, will be the best kind of stimulus to the young mind for further study.

Life at Three Score and Ten. By Rev. ALBERT BARNES. American Tract Society. Seely Wood, Cincinnati.

With a melancholy interest we look over the pages of this volume, which is the substance of a discourse delivered in 1868, but

latterly revised by the author for the American Tract Society, and was going to press at the time of his decease. It is a tender and yet a masterly discourse. How impressive the closing words: "My life has been a favored life. I know not that I have an enemy on the earth—that there is one human being that wishes me ill. I am certain that no wrong has been done me, the recollection of which I desire to cherish, or which it is not easy to forgive."

THE LESTRANGE FAMILY. HARRY AND HIS PONY. TRUE TO HIS FLAG. The above books, from the Carters, have been put on our table by Sutton & Scott, of Cincinnati, and are after the usual excellent order of the Carter books. The second belongs to the Fireside Library No. 3; the third to the "Drayton Hall Series." They will be found instructive and interesting to Sunday-school scholars, and to children generally.

Ashcliffe Hall. A Tale of the Last Century. By EMILY SARAH HOLT, author of "Mistress Margary," "Sister Rose," etc. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. For sale by Sutton & Scott, Cincinnati. Price, \$1 25.

Gabrielle André; An Historical Novel. By S. BARING-GOULD, M. A., author of "Curious Myths," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

OUR GLEANINGS.

IN the life of Hugh Miller, just published, his disappointment with the theater is set down thus: "When reading," he says, "the plays of Shakespeare, or of Otway, of Rowe, or of Addison, I saw with the mind's eye their heroes, not as actors, but as men. And the scenes they described brought to my view, not the painted scenes of the stage, but the real face of nature in the same manner that a beautiful portrait gives us the idea of a real person—not of a mask. But when I saw men who neither, in ap-

pearance nor reality, came up to the idea I had formed of the characters they represented, I rated them in the bitterness of my soul as mere pretenders, who could not act their part upon the stage so well as common men do the parts assigned them, in the great drama of life."

FROM the *Annual of Scientific Discovery* for the last year, we make the following interesting extract: "The manufacture of ice by artificial processes is steadily gain-

ing ground and favor. During the last summer it has received a powerful impulse from the exorbitant prices asked, and unwillingly paid for ice, in New York and Southern cities, in which this article has become so much a necessity that people will pay almost any price rather than be deprived of it. In New York its price reached two cents per pound before the close of summer, and in one Southern city, we are informed by a correspondent, it reached five cents per pound. It is not probable that such exceptionable prices can be maintained during ensuing seasons; but even at the prices at which we may reasonably hope to purchase ice, or at least such prices as must be demanded for ice shipped to Southern towns, it is now demonstrated it can be produced artificially at large profits and in any required quantity."

PROF. MORRIS, of Lane, has an able and timely article in the *American Presbyterian Review* for April, on lay preaching. He takes ground against an intermediate class between the ministry and the laity like the local preachers of the Methodist Church or the monkish orders of the Roman Catholics. He is strongly backed by the authority of Scripture in holding the view that earnest Christian zeal and fidelity, witness-bearing faithfully, will do all that is required. We would add the adoption of some practical and efficient means of ample support for the ministry to induce our best young men to enter it, as suggested in the article, "The Presbyterian Weakness," found in our present number.

OUR BOARD OF PUBLICATION is constantly issuing the best practical tracts to be found, the use of which our best pastors find very efficient in aid of their work. Among their latest is one entitled "The Great Inquiry Proposed and Answered." Though no name appears upon it, we learn that it is by one of our ablest writers in Maryland. An examination shows it to be one of the simplest and most complete

expositions of that greatest of all human problems, "What must I do to be saved." Let us circulate our own literature, and then we are surely safe; *for those imported tracts and books are not to be trusted in the hands of the inquiring.* It is a solemn thing to mislead anxious souls.

NOTHING has promoted, in a greater degree, the spirit of household devotional music than the modern parlor organ. Now, that instruction in instrumental music is become an essential part of a complete education for young ladies, these organs are heard in thousands of Christian homes on the Sabbath, leading the praise of God; and as to our Sabbath Schools, we could not do without such instrumental leaders and accompaniments. The late improvements and low price of these wooden singers, especially those of J. Estey & Co. and Taylor & Farley, should make them household companions every-where. In our own city, D. H. Baldwin (whose advertisement is found elsewhere) has a large supply of the best, at very liberal rates.

A NEW book, by Rev. John Hall, D. D., is shortly to be published by Dodd & Mead. Its contents will be of a highly popular character, and entirely fresh to American readers, no part of it, with the exception of a single chapter, having appeared here, in any form. It will be warmly welcomed by the distinguished author's numerous admirers, and will, doubtless, share the success which the Doctor himself has won.

THE new religious novel, "The American Cardinal," to be published by Dodd & Mead early in May, is written by an Episcopalian clergyman of note, who will remain anonymous. The plot is laid in the time of the great rebellion, and turns on an incident transferred from the life of Archbishop Manning, who obtained a dispensation from the Pope separating him from his wife that he might enter the Roman Catholic priesthood. The novel will attract great attention and lead to much discussion.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

AUG 30 1938

